

# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XIX.

JULY, 1821.

VOL. IV.

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## THE LION'S HEAD.

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THE Lion's Head is determined on having a paw in the Coronation : It has serious thoughts of putting in its claim to sit on the right side of Britannia (if Britannia intends being present), its old established place, as the earliest pocket-pieces testify. The Lion's Head can pledge itself, that the Unicorn will not be there, so that there will certainly be nothing to apprehend from that old and graceless broil about the Crown : at any rate, Lion's Head will fight for nothing so little as a Crown ; and Mr. Dymoke would be by to settle all squabbles, as in duty bound. Lion's Head, or some part of its family, attended heart in hand, at Richard Cœur de Lion's Coronation ; and it will certainly prowl its way into Westminster Hall, on the approaching splendid day, and bear a watchful eye upon the ceremony. Lion's Head is not a Dandy-lion, but its mane will be carefully cut and turned for the occasion ; and it will go ruffled, like a true British Lion. The readers of the LONDON MAGAZINE, in fine, may rest assured, that Lion's Head will, on that day, seek its own food, and not trust to the established Jackalls of the diurnal press.

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We promised a Plate in the present Number, from Mr. Hilton's picture, of " Nature blowing Bubbles for her Children ;" but being disappointed in the Engraving, we are compelled to defer the fulfilment of our promise till next month.

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Table Talk, No. XI. and the Buccaneer, will certainly appear in our next Number.

---

We really cannot commend such poetry as the following, and say with our Correspondent — that it " mingles delicacy, tenderness, and sprightliness, and is among the prettiest that has been written on that poetic favourite, the *Nightingale*."

The Nightingale, pent in his cage,  
Cleora, is musical still ;  
He *harps* on the wires in his rage,  
And his sighs in soft melody trill.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh ! hear how he warbles ! each note  
Is a mystical, soft *billet doux*,  
Sent *post* to the woods, from his throat,  
With the sweetest and saddest adieu.

---

We wish the Author of the "Ballad to his Mistress," had been near the postman of the woods, mentioned above, as he might have compassed a cheaper delivery. Surely this "earnest of future, and more valuable contributions," was never written in earnest.

The "Public Office Clerk" must share the fate of many of his brethren, and be *dismissed*.

---

"Two Sorts of Men" shall be carefully considered. We will, as a learned personage says, "take the papers home with us, and give judgment on a future day."

---

J. W. G. must excuse us if we decline inserting the "two more little efforts of his unfledged muse," which we the less regret, as he says, "they cost no effort."

---

Our respect for the *original* of Mr. R——'s "poetic paraphrases," impels us to refuse his friendly offer. *Non hæc conveniunt lyrae*. And if it were not so, the lyre he aims at holding is too heavy for his hands, judging from the specimen he has sent us.

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"The Lawyer, a Picture," is quite to our taste; and we promise our poetical readers a treat, by the insertion of it in our next number.

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The paper of A. W. upon the encouragement of Autograph-Epitaphs—(a species of writing to which we never particularly applied our minds) partakes rather too much of the sombre sobriety of its subject. We are obliged by the offer of it for our pages; but, like young ladies at an offer of another description, we really cannot yet make up our minds.

---

The Translation from Earl Conrad, of Kirchberg, in Praise of May, will appear in our next. We may answer our fair Correspondent's proverb of a "day after the fair," with another: "a miss is as good as a mile." The season, however, seems to have put itself off to oblige her.

---

M. A. will see that we have availed ourselves of one of his papers. We cannot promise as to the rest, for we have really not yet had time to read them.

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E. R. and Zara, and the author of the versified Epistle on Poetical Deception, are unavoidably deferred.

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The proprietors of the following signatures must frame excuses the most pleasant to their own feelings for our omission of their several contributions. We sincerely thank them one and all for their kind intentions; but the public is a dainty personage, and we are obliged to cater cautiously.—Ensign S.—H. L.—Jack Straw.—J. J. W.—Beta.—Chevalier.—James with his Pocket Book.—Singultus.

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Our Publishers desire to say a word or two, but we have not room for them this time: they shall have a fair hearing on a future opportunity. In the mean time, the Public are assured, that all the former Contributors to the LONDON MAGAZINE are earnest in giving it their powerful support; and the contents of the present Number are, in our minds, a more substantial recommendation than a thousand promises.

THE  
**London Magazine.**

Nº XIX.

JULY, 1821.

VOL. IV.

**WARWICK CASTLE.**

*The castle I do give thee,—here's the keyes.* Old Ballad.

If any one would choose to pay Antiquity a visit, and see her in her grand tiara of turrets, see her in all her gloomy glory,—not dragging on a graceless existence, in ruined cell, with disordered dress, and soiled visage; but clad in seemly habiliments, bearing a staid, proud, and glowing countenance, and dwelling in a home that seems charmed, and not distracted by time:—let such a one go to the wooded solitudes, the silent courts, the pictured walls, and rich embrowned floors of Warwick Castle. There dwells Antiquity like a queen! There she holds her sombre state, amid spear and sword, and battle-axe and shield: there she keeps rich and solemn revel through all time. The air takes a more hallowed softness from her presence; and the paintings which hang in her halls, appear to warm and brighten under her mild care and sovereignty. Time breathes patiently upon them, and they ripen in his breath, like fruit in the rich mellowed airs of autumn. The Titian cheek deepens and glows into rich perfection; the black hair becomes more black, magnificent, intense. The velvet garmenting, and crimson robe, and gloomy fur, seem filled with thought. All around looks sacred, and dedicate to Time. Warwick Castle is sure the palace of Antiquity: and here let me tell how I found that gracious and queenly creature, when I last was in her presence. I will minutely describe my

visit, for unless I go regularly through the pictures of my memory, and point them out in their proper lights and sequent courses, I become confused and wandering, like the powdered guide of Hampton Court, who drags along his aged silken feet, from painting to painting, day by day, and hour by hour, with a rigid and tedious precision—pointing out to every comer the same picture, from the same spot, directing the visitor (*every* visitor) to “stand there and admire the perspective,” and never failing, winter and summer (I have been there I know not how oft), to select a brass pan in the picture of the Deluge, as a thing that “is reckoned very fine.” Leave him to his own course,—and he knows a Rembrandt from a Guido, a Titian from a Raphael, a Vandyke from a Sir Peter Lely; but take him up on the sudden, and call him back to a picture past in his description, or to one considerably a head of his narrative, and you ruin his knowledge, lay waste his recollections, pillage his pictorial saws and ancient instances, and plunge him into a tumult of names, from which he cannot easily extricate himself. I have his trick to a nicety, and must be allowed to “begin at the beginning,” or I shall confound oak with myrtle, shade with sun light, and vase with cauldron. Let me proceed “orderly, as it is meet,” or you get nothing true of me. I must, if the reader

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love me, take up at the gate, and then my description will be sure to prosper.

No—I must begin with the bridge that leads the road over the river (the Avon! Shakespeare's Avon!) from Leamington to Warwick,—because I once beheld from it one of the finest scenes of evening-quiet and beauty that ever blessed me in my poetical days. The sky all around was cloudless; so much so, as to appear thrice spacious over my head; and the set sun had warmed it, and tinted it with a soft pink lustre, that made it extremely calm and reposing to the eye. Peace “sailed upon the bosom of the air.” I leaned against the parapet of the bridge, and gazed in lazy wonder and delight at the castle. It crowned the river, and looked proudly down from its nest of trees and ancient rock, as though watching and brooding over its image in the water, silver bright beneath it. Nothing could be more strangely still and clear; not a leaf thrilled on the trees; not a wave, not the shudder of a wave, arose to break the mirrored smoothness of the charmed Avon! Every sound and moving object even confirmed the silence; for the long low evening moan of the cattle, in the level meadows by the river side, took a deep far-off echo, as though no other sound was alive to disturb or break it; and the passing of a sparrow across the air was most distinct, and apparently most solitary. I never shall forget this scene,—and when in a morning of last spring, I crossed the bridge anew, that evening arose before my eyes in its placid splendour and beauty, and the past revived, with all its warm and slumberous lustre. How poor does the scene appear in this colourless description, and yet it seemed to contain at the time the inspiration of a thousand glowing pages! Why did I not “write it down” at the moment I saw it, as a landscape-painter colours from nature; then should I have had a sketch worthy the possessing: but the opportunity is gone by, and such evenings do not occur frequently in these degenerate days. I can but exclaim with master Shallow, “Ha! o' my life, if I were young again!”

The reader will admit that I have

not staid on the bridge longer “than one with moderate haste might count a hundred.” I proceed. The gate of the castle is walled, or rather rocked, deeply in; and the transition from the coarse road, meagre gravel, and barren wall, to the verdant riches of the garden, to its soft shades and tender lustres, is high enchantment. You pass the gate, and the world is shut out!—You enter,—and Adam's banishment seems reversed. I would only recommend, and this earnestly, that all lovers of the picturesque rush onwards immediately, and that they dally not with a sleek modern porter, who does antiquity great disservice at her very portal. He may be a worthy man, but he should not stand there yet. He is old—a trifle—but not old enough for his situation. He ought to be *infra-annuated*.

The garden, or park, for I know not which it should be called, is pleasantly relieved with hill and slope,—distance, and sweet bounded dells; and clumps of trees—not of those slim, young things,—saplings, I would call them,—which usurp the name of trees in these impoverished times,—but of old solid family trees, trees of character, and long standing,—break the prospect grandly and irregularly, and vary the green expanse of grass and shrubs, with beautiful strewings of light and shade. The castle stands at no great distance from the gate, but you are purposely and cunningly perplexed with a winding path, that will have its own way, and will not let you have yours; and, it is therefore a work of time to reach the foss and solemn walls of this noble building. To be candid, I must own that my shrewdness and ingenuity adopted an erring path, and maintained it contrary to the advice of two young creatures (women-kind, as my friend Jonathan Oldbuck hath it) who accompanied me; and thus we were carried far beyond the castle, and, indeed, were brought to the greenery before its time. Greatly were my associates disconcerted, and, as my powers as a guide were considerably disordered, I attempted no excuse, but sought by other topics to divert the minds of my friends from the recollection of my perversity. We

talked of the beauty of the day, the charm of fine scenery, the pleasures of a picturesque solitude—of all those delights, in short, which so romantic a place never fails to suggest, but we entered the greenery, and my errors were instantly and utterly forgotten. The tall and beautiful myrtles, the wide-spreading geraniums, the graceful and delicate roses of every variety, plants of the most rare flower and odour, were disposed around us in the most cunning order, and arranged, so as to set each other's beauties off, like "jewels in an Ethiop's ear." We admired in silence,—save that one of us (I will not disclose the name of the Extravagant) wished for the possession of the tallest and handsomest geranium, and that another hinted at a certain mother going mad in such a paradise of plants. In the midst of the most delicate stems and tender leaves, which crept and twined around, as forming a verdant nest, stood the far-famed vase, presented to the Earl of Warwick by Sir William Hamilton. This noble piece of antiquity, with its silent Bacchanalian emblems, and fair shape of white marble, seemed to us a fit urn to hold the ashes of Anacreon. Its decorations of the vine-leaf, and the grape, would fain remind us of joy, and life, and love, and

——the wine,

Brought from the gloomy tun with merry shine.

But there is in the pale cold stillness of the white marble, a mystery that touches the imaged joy to sadness. The heart becomes awed under the strange and tomb-like quiet of the vase, and scarcely dares to ask

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about its shape.

We gazed upon it in silence, until we departed from its magic presence, when I could not help uttering those beautiful lines, which the most original poet of the age hath consecrated to an imaginary vase.

——Cold pastoral!

When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou  
say'st,  
Beauty is truth, truth beauty.

A gardener now joined us, and proceeded forthwith to fasten himself upon us as a guide. He led us back into the green-house, from which we had slyly and quietly oozed at his approach, and with tedious officiousness went into a prose account of the vase, *hoeing* up all our little previous poetical feelings, and plainly telling us that the handles were formed of interwoven vine-branches, and that the basin would hold one hundred and sixty-three gallons, wine measure. He then descanted on the plants, and on the prospects, and contrived to take us out of the green-house, in a far more perplexed and ignorant state, than that in which we entered it. In spite, however, of the cruel learning of our guide, we forgave him in the open air. He was an old man, lame, and clothed in a grey dress, a shade darker than his hair. His garments and general appearance were remarkably neat and placid, and he might have been mistaken for a quaker of the forests—a romantic sectarian. I myself could not but conceit him to be a kind of lay-gardener, let loose by the Earl to ornament the grounds more by his presence, than by his labour: to be sure, he picked a weed from the walk, as he toiled idly and relaxedly before us, and rooted up a stray daisy or so, but he did no more; and he had no spud, no spade, no hoe, no hook, no blue apron, no curved clasp knife, to mark him a man of garden-occupation. He stood before us an ideal gardener only! His long grey locks curled loosely and irregularly over his grey shoulders, and around his dark healthy neck, which, being slightly 'kerchiefed, was deeply embrowned by the united efforts of the air and sun. His step was heavy and solemn, as though he dragged at his heels all his past years, the withered weeds and brambles of existence. I thought his aged face handsome, and my companions detected in it a kindly and benign expression: and I have, indeed, remarked or fancied that men who associate with plants and flowers only become as simple and as pure as they; that their faces ever speak of the gentleness of pleasant plants. So country schoolmasters are touched with the simplicity of childhood, and become un-



fitted to compete with the difficulties and crafts of the world: and we all know and love the artlessness and kindliness of good old master Isaac Walton, and he had but rivers and brooks, and silly fish, for his companions.

Descending the few steps of the green-house, it was impossible not to be struck with the superior odour, foliage, and shape of the plants around us. The nobility of the family seemed to have passed into leaf and blossom,—and the myrtles and geraniums grew as of stately birth. They were luxuriant, without a sign of decay; and they spake to my mind of the ladies under whose smiles they might have flourished. I fancied that I detected the hand of one of the youthful countesses of the house among the shining leaves; and I at once imagined her bending over a *flight* of myrtles arranged on the marble steps, in her silken attire, and with her pearl-bound hair; while an Italian greyhound was looking up at her eyes, and the flowering roses clustered fondly over her head. I have seen old pictures after this fashion,—and all before me seemed complete, and pausing only for the presence of such a lady and her milk-white hound.

We were now conducted towards the castle; and the silence deepened as we approached the grassed dell (a foss of old) and the iron gate that led into the courtyard. We trod our way with timid feet, loth to disturb the mid-day serenity that held reign there. The spacious court had a cold quiet about it (warm though the day might be), resembling that which surrounds a forest spring, or a cloistered abbey. My usual sagacity in castle-hunting conducted me to a wrong gate, which I discovered to be as utterly a “*no thoroughfare*,” as locks, bolts, and bars could make it. This second conviction under the *Perjury Act*, found no mercy in my

fair judges—and I was admonished and sentenced accordingly. The gardener had deserted us, for his dominion was over leaf, and stem, and blossom, and twig,—and extended not to gate, buttress, or window. He had set us in the right path, previous to his departure,—and had duly touched his shilling and his hat at our separation: but this same “right path” *forked* in course of time, and my unfortunate sagacity recommended the wrong *prong*. I dared not call aloud, for I knew Echo, with her hundred tongues, would reproach me from every angle and nook of the castle; and indeed the locks and bolts had a resolute rust of age and disuse about them, which sadly discouraged all hope of their relaxing for our admission. We retraced our steps, and ultimately succeeded by another path.

But as I returned, I should not, I cannot, omit to mention,—that a trifling circumstance sent my mind suddenly back on a boyhood journey. By what slender threads are the thoughts bound each to other!—and how light and strange are the airs that waft the mind on its varying and mystic voyages! A cluster of trees, resembling one that frowned over my school-playground, carried me there on the instant,—and all the idleness, and luxury, and pastime of boyhood, burst in *full cry* upon my heart. I used to read old ballads in my playground, out of a torn and miserable book, and I have never read with such delight since. This clump of trees reminded me at once of Gilderoy, and Childe Waters, and Earl Percy, and a thousand other names of glory and green song; and I love to be so reminded. My reverence for antiquity was, perhaps, born of these early, ancient, and sweet histories; and therefore am I pleased when I am reminded of them, and of the days when they were first taken into my heart.

#### OLD BALLADS.

I.

I loved the ballad of Gilderoy,

Dear, dear was it to me;

I read it when I was a boy,

Under the play-ground tree:—

I read it in those happy hours

When the setting sun was on our towers.

## 2.

Oh, many and many an evening fled  
O'er me and my ballad-book ;  
And the antique tale I deeply read,  
To the voice of the lofty rook :—  
I read of Gawaine, that name of pride,  
And of famous Yarrow's bonny bride.

## 3.

How well do I remember yet,  
Reading and reading on,—  
Or looking up at the sweet sun-set  
Asleep on the turret-stone ;—  
And wishing the sun should be ever so—  
Though why I wish'd it, I could not know.

## 4.

Then too, in darkness or in moon-light,  
When others were all at rest,—  
I told the tale of gallant or knight,  
The tale I loved best :  
And my school-fellows—half in joy and fear,  
Lay wide awake in their beds to hear.

## 5.

And they heard how Lord Percy a hunting went  
In the noble Douglas' wood ;  
And how his cloth-yard bow was bent,—  
And how arose that feud  
Which laid the proud Earl Douglas low,  
And loosen'd for ever the Percy bow !

## 6.

I told at night, from my pillow, the tale  
Of the young Plantagenet ;  
And how he was led by a man in mail,  
To where the watch was set  
By the loftiest tent, while the moon did reign  
In glory pale over Bosworth plain.

## 7.

And when I came to speak how the Childe—  
The unknown Childe—was met  
And caress'd with a rapture sad and wild,  
By Richard Plantagenet !—  
My hearers thrill'd in their beds, and sigh'd  
That Richard in Bosworth battle died !

## 8.

Those nights are over—those nights are gone !  
And the towers I ne'er shali see—  
While the sun-set gilds the old grey stone,  
Nor sit by the play-ground tree !  
The rooks are dead—long, long ago—  
And I have been in the world also.

## 9.

But I love the old, old ballads yet,  
Of Percy and Gilderoy,—  
And of gallant Richard Plantagenet,  
The obscure and kingly boy.  
And when I read them, I seem to be  
Young, and under the play-ground tree.



But to leave this idle verse, and to proceed in that sensible and direct style of prose, which best becomes the faithful and unaffected historian—I turn my Pegasus loose, dismounting at the proper entrance to the court-yard of Warwick Castle. We entered at a *pannel* of the iron gate, if I may so express myself, for the enormous worked leaves of the gate itself seemed “not easily moved;” and, indeed, from the repose of the bolts and hinges, I should guess that when moved, they would “be perplexed in the extreme.” A *sixteenth*, however, made gate enough for such as myself, and I entered with a stoop of the head, not perhaps from any great necessity, but from a disinclination to appear so very a dwarf as this diminished aperture would endeavour to make me. We all crossed the court-yard, with great diffidence—gingerly, as Sterne would more aptly express it,—as though we were likely to meet a group of the early inhabitants of the castle, walking forth in doublet and hose, in ruff and hood: for my own part, I can safely say, that I had some such feeling; I was, indeed, conscious that my blue coat had no business to bring its abominable gilt buttons into so venerable and ancient a place. My *Wellingtons* were on a trespass. Had Guy, accoutred in the armour, or even in the stately undress of his time, met me in the court, he might have run me through with one of his eyelashes; so very a nothing did I seem to be in that spacious, awful, and noiseless square. We spake in whispers, or in respectful undertones, lest some of the dead Earls might overhear us, or the Countess of two centuries ago overtake our steps in the glory of her brocade, and have our modern bodies unceremoniously put out. A domestic of the castle, as we approached the entrance door, came from a small side portal, and crossed to some other part of the building. This was, as heretofore, an old man. I beckoned him to me, and begged him to procure us admission to the interior, which he very readily and respectfully undertook to do. He had what may be called “a silver look.” His manners, however, I thought, had much of the courtesy of the earlier ages, when servants were indeed servants, and

kept their stations with a becoming and worthy humility. He entered the castle, to procure us the guardianship of the venerable housekeeper, and we patiently awaited his return.

Methought the voice of antiquity was audible in the space around me,—the pavement had a stainless and aged look,—and the trees stood around, beautiful, and full of years; seeming to muse over the mystery of time, or to utter, as they stirred in the wind, the awful language of the past. It has been said, and greatly said, “stones have been known to move, and trees to speak.” I heard their voices now! Every thing about me awed the present into nothing—and the days of old came trooping forth in all their pomp, circumstance, and pride, to take their solemn march through the mind. While we waited the return of our aged messenger, our imaginations peopled the empty court, and called from many a nook and angle, the figures of Butler, and Groom, and Squire, in all the antique costume of the best days of the castle. “Who cannot behold,” said one of my companions, “an armed Earl cross that white and regular pavement, and even now, methinks I see him enter that left wing, and hear the ring of his iron heel, as he is lost in the long, dim, and intricate passages.” “Look,” cried I, “at that low door, in the corner of the castle—and you will see two antique cooks, with larded beef, and the butler with his full flagons, staggering along in stately order, to the servant’s hall.” I could have schemed a life away in these antique speculations, and my companions were no less inclined to abandon their thoughts to such aged whimsies, and delectable illusions; but the return of our grey-haired Mercury put a finish to these our little Essays on Population, and recalled us to “the business in hand.” The old man came forth, followed to the door by a most venerable lady, clad as be seemed her office, and whom he quietly motioned us to approach. We advanced accordingly to the presence of Mrs. Hume (I love to speak her name), and beheld the aged and comely housekeeper of Warwick Castle. Well worthy was she to hold the keys—but not at the fag end of a period must she be de-

scribed. Her merits claim a mended pen, and a new paragraph.

We saw before us a very aged, but a very hale and intelligent looking lady, somewhat a-kin to the healthy and comely antiquity of the castle committed to her charge. The keen sensible expression of her countenance, the easy, yet respectful familiarity of her address, and the pointed and pretty neatness of her laced cap and silken garments, quite recommended her to my favour. She made no formal and marked curtsy; her whole manner was subdued, quiet, and extremely polite, being quite of the *old school*. Her body seemed to have settled into a perpetual curtsy; and time had crystallized her politeness. I guessed Mrs. Hume to be of Scotch extraction, if not a native of Scotland, for several reasons:—her features had a lined seriousness and acuteness, which you in vain look for in our foolish southern faces—then her speech had not lost all its original music,—and finally, she herself was *not* in Scotland. These are reasons “plenty as blackberries,” and I give them without compulsion.—Oh that the reader could, on the pleasant June morning in which I am writing this, (June is my favourite month,) turn from my idle and imperfect description, and contemplate the pleasant and orderly visage of kind Mrs. Hume, nested in its white laces, and gleaming placidly along from picture to picture, as though she herself were a happy work of the old masters, and partook of the kindness of Time! Would that I could cast aside my pen, and be of her company! She loves the place—it belongs to the Earl of Warwick; or rather, “to the Earl,” for to her there is no other Earl!—She is proud of the inlaid and ancient cabinets—things of India—ebon-black, with brass birds, and leaves, and clasps,—huge, grand, and (thanks to the inventors!) useless!—She prizes the glowing canvas, more on account of its station in Warwick castle than for its bearing the magic hues of a Rembrandt or a Titian. The lofty rooms, the cedar-lined walls, the glossy wainscots, all speak to her of patient and never-dying grandeur. What to Mrs. Hume is the meanness, the modern noise, the foppery of

this working-day world?—she knows it not!—She travels from Rubens to Titian, from Titian to Guido, from Guido to Vandyke—and there is no change. As were the colours when she was young, such are they still, if not brighter: and it may be, that she scarcely finds her own change a whit different from them. She speaks of the “late Earl” as of some spirit that haunts her,—and of the present Lord as of some crowning power with whom she communes, but whom you cannot look to meet. Observe that bust, that is “the Earl.”—You ask whether the family is at the castle, so much is there of the invisible in true greatness, and she answers in a lower tone,—awed, it may be, by the subject, or fearing lest the nobility of the place should over-hear her,—that “the Earl was down last week!” And you seek to know no more.—But I must not keep Mrs. Hume at the entrance of the castle;—she has lifted the key, and is pointing it to the armour—so pray, good reader, let me proceed.

The hall is paved with stones, white and black alternately:—it is a noble place, and hath a baronial look. The arranged arms, decked with branching antlers of the deer, give that mingled tale of war and chase which at once speaks the lives of the castle’s early inhabitants. There was a dreariness about the gloom and haughty silence of this huge place, unbroken, save when the passing of a distant foot disturbed the spirit of the spot for an instant:

As when, upon a tranced summer night,  
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,  
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest  
stars,  
Dream, and so dream all night without a  
stir,  
Save from one gradual solitary gust,  
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,  
As if the ebbing air had but one wave.

After passing an ante-chamber, in which is a whole-length picture of my Lady Brooke, with a boy on her knee,—you come to a room lined with carved cedar. The floor is of polished oak, and your image is reflected at your feet, as though you were walking upon water. But Mrs. Hume discourages your stepping off a strip of carpet, by intimating that it is sadly dangerous, though I have some reason to conclude that she does not



choose to have the polish molested. This room is very rich and solemn, and the furniture is costly and massive, to suit it. Among the pictures, the only one I recollect is a Circe, by Guido;—but I *do* recollect this. Other rooms follow, with the same *intensely* bright floors,—filled with curious cabinets and fine pictures,—and confirming the magnificence and space of the castle. The picture that made the deepest impression on my mind, was one of Ignatius Loyola, a whole length, by Rubens;—but it was not the beauty of the colouring, or the name of the master, that worked this impression—it was the sweet and sainted expression of the features,—the lustrous resignation of the lifted eyes,—the placid virtue of the bald and passionless forehead; and, perhaps, I should not have felt all these so deeply, if they had not been recognized by others with me, as forming the perfect resemblance of a lost friend of ours.

From a small room or cabinet at the end of the building, a window gives you a most romantic view over the Avon, and the country beyond it. My recollection of this part of the castle is, however, rather treacherous. A gallery, with a whole length of Charles I. on horseback, at the one end, leads to the chapel. I was much struck with the neatness and quiet of this place of prayer:—and, indeed, the heart seemed to repose in such an oratory, as in a place of peace, for which it had become fitted by the previous solemnity and magnitude of the castle. Many a prayer hath been *felt* there, though perchance not uttered, by those who might not be suspected of indulging in devotion at the time.—We parted with Mrs. Hume at the door with great reluctance, for her intelligent conversation, and engaging manners, had quite delighted us; but she had other visitors to gratify,—and it is not very likely that she shared in all our feelings at the separation.

Before quitting the park, we ascended the mount at the west of the castle, accompanied by a *new* old gardener, and reached the tower, which is a Gradus ad Parnassum for the number of its steps. Endless, indeed, did seem our upward travel:

—it was the journey of life in miniature! In this tower, it is believed, that the lady Ethelfleda, the daughter of King Alfred, sojourned,—making it a melancholy but secure abode. There are, indeed, many interesting stories and magnificent recollections attached to Warwick Castle. In the reign of Henry III. we are told, “that the extraordinary strength of this building was alleged as an excuse for particularly prohibiting the widowed Countess of Warwick from re-marrying with any other than a person attached to the King.”—George, Duke of Clarence, was, by his brother, Edward IV. created Earl of Warwick, and lived here in great splendour. The Dudleys followed the Plantagenets, and possessed the earldom. The accomplished Sir Fulke Greville, at length, succeeded to the title, and from him the present Earl descended.

But not the least famous of the names which Warwick Castle suggests, is that of Guy—the great Sir Guy—of whom Chaucer speaks,—

Men spoken of romancis of price,  
Of Horne Childe and Ippotis,  
Of Bevis and *Sir Guy*.

The celebrated ballad thus mentioned was, as Dr. Percy informs us, usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and bride-ales: it is, as may be expected, quaintly written, and bears marks of great antiquity: in proof of which, the following description of the dragon, which Sir Guy demolished, may suffice.

He is black as any cole,  
Rugged as a rough sole;  
His bodye, from the navill upward,  
No man may it pierce it is so hard;  
His neck is great as any summere;  
He renneth as swift as any distrere;  
Pawes he hath as a lyon:  
All that he toucheth he sleath dead downe.  
Great winges he hath to flight,  
That is no man that bare him might,  
There may no man fight him agayne,  
But that he sleath him certayne:  
For a fowler beast than is he,  
Ywis of none never heard ye.

Guy, after all this bitter exposition of the dragon's character, settles his business. He also conquered and slew five terrible princes, two giants, another dragon, and a lion, and tri-

\* A thick beam of timber which formerly tied the upper walls of a house together.

† A war-horse.



umphed over the magnanimous Dun Cow. These are facts, or I would not record them. It should not be forgotten that Sir Guy was a determined lover.

Was ever knight for ladye's sake,  
Soe tost in love as I Sir Guy,  
For Phillis fair, that ladye bright,  
As ever man beheld with eye?

This ladye, ladye-like, put her lover to much trouble, and compelled him to many difficulties before she would look favourably upon him. For her, he killed "a bore of passing might and strength," near Windsor, and his bones are yet somewhere in Warwick Castle. Sir Guy says, that he returned from all his dangers, and died with Phillis at Warwick Castle, and we must give credence to the words of a dead man. The porter at

the gate of the castle, as you go out, checks you for a few minutes to show you the cauldron, the flesh-fork, the spear, &c. of the renowned Sir Guy;—and you go away convinced that he was a real hero, and thus give him an advantage over many other heroes.

I have thus "said my say." I have conducted the reader safely over the castle and the park; and wishing him goodly rest after his fatigues, and praying that he will, if I have proved a tedious guide, forgive me for the true wish I had to please him with what has pleased me—I take my leave in fair humility. Should my description fail of interest, I pray the reader not to be discouraged, but to go the first fair summer, and banquet his imagination in the baronial halls of Warwick Castle.

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#### ON GRAY'S OPINION OF COLLINS,

WITH A SONNET FROM COSTANZO.

I HAVE often felt a strong desire to know what men of genius, who have lived in the same age and country, have thought of one another. It is a curiosity, that, as ill fortune will have it, does not stand much chance of being gratified. For whatever opinions they have recorded on this subject in their published writings, we may generally suspect of having been influenced either by personal partiality on the one hand, or a spirit of rivalry on the other. There remain only their letters to friends, in which they may happen to have declared their undisguised sentiments, or such casual hints as have dropped from them in familiar conversation, and been preserved by the zeal of biographers and writers of memoirs. It is from the latter source we collect that Milton thought of Dryden as little more than a man of rhyme, and that he highly esteemed the poetical abilities of Cowley. Posterity has not ratified the award; for it is probable that where Cowley has now one reader, Dryden might reckon not fewer than ten. It should be added, however, that the author of *Paradise Lost* did not live to witness the last effort of Dryden, his *Fables*, in which, though the produce of his

old age, his imagination is more exuberant than it had before been.

In the letters of Gray, certainly never intended to see the light, there are many passages, in which, without the slightest reserve, he passes sentence on the merits of his contemporaries; and as he was entirely free from that *esprit du corps*, to which authors are to the full as liable as any other description of mortals, and always strictly maintained the character of a dilettante, no more concerned in the petty jealousies and factions of his poetical brethren, than the gods of Epicurus in the affairs of this lower world; there is no reason to suppose that his mind was under any bias on these occasions. In the earlier part of his life he met with Southern, the dramatic writer, who was then seventy-seven years old, and whose memory had nearly deserted him. With the enthusiasm, natural to a young mind, Gray found him "as agreeable as an old man could be, or at least persuaded himself so, when he looked at him, and thought of Oroonoko and Isabella." Some years afterwards we find him speaking his mind very freely on Akenside's *Pleasures of Imagination*; then just published according to its first model. "I

will tell you," says he to Doctor Wharton, who had the rare felicity of being a friend to both the bards, "though I have rather turned it over than read it, that it seems to me above the middling; and now and then, for a little while rises even to the best, particularly in description. It is often obscure, and even unintelligible, and too much infected with the Hutchinson jargon." (It must be recollected that Gray had early shown his aversion for metaphysics.) "In short, its great fault is, that it was published at least nine years too early." What follows, is in a strain of modesty, that I would beg leave most earnestly to recommend to the notice of our professional critics. "And so methinks in a few words '*à la mode du Temple*,' I have very pertly dispatched what perhaps may for several years have employed a very ingenious man worth fifty of myself."

Of Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, when that poem, so worthy of the author of the *Seasons*, first made its appearance,—he contented himself with saying very coldly, that "it had some good stanzas in it." But as he grew older, his reluctance to be pleased increased. "Dodsley's two last volumes were worse than his four first, and particularly Dr. Aken-side was in a deplorable way."

To the excellence of Sterne, who, perhaps on the whole, may be considered as the most original writer of his day, he was, however, still alive; and even thought his sermons, "in the style most proper for the pulpit," as they were marked by "a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience." Cowper has since put this mode of pulpit oratory,—which indeed was somewhat too much in Friar Gerund's taste, entirely out of countenance; and will allow no preacher to be merry, till he can discover a jest in St. Paul's Epistles for his text. With the humour of the *Bath Guide*, where, to say the truth, humour was more in its place, Gray was not less de-

lighted, and pronounced it to be "of a new and original kind." Of Lyttleton,—Matthew Green, the author of the *Spleen*,—Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*,—Johnson's *London*,—Dyer,—and several of the "*Poetæ Minimi*" in Dodsley's *Miscellany*, he has past a tolerably fair judgement, (with the exception perhaps of Lowth,) in two of the letters to Walpole.

But what was his opinion, what his feelings with respect to a writer, who in the eyes of the next generation, was to be regarded as his rival, and either to contest or share with him the supremacy of the lyre?—Had the name of Collins escaped him, or did he think it fit to be past over in silence, when he was thus pointing out to his friends, so many writers—good, bad, and indifferent—among their contemporaries?—Was the character of Collins of too high a species even for Gray himself to estimate on its first appearance? or was he too much disgusted with its faults to attend to the beauties?

These were questions, which I could never satisfactorily solve, till, happily for my peace of mind, some few years back Mr. Mitford gave the world those parts of Gray's correspondence with Dr. Wharton, which had been omitted by Mason. Guess, reader! if thou art not thyself a perfect non-conductor to this kind of fluid, guess,—I say, how pleasingly it glided through me, when the following paragraph presented itself to my view:—"Have you seen the works of two young authors, a Mr. Warton\* and a Mr. Collins, both writers of Odes? It is odd enough that each is the half of a remarkable man, and one the counterpart of the other. The first has but little invention, very poetical choice of expression, and a good ear. The second a fine fancy, modelled upon the antique, a bad ear, great variety of words and images with no choice at all. They both deserve to last some years, but will not." So then one of the few copies of the odes, descriptive and allegorical, which had got abroad before their author, in his indignation at the cold reception

\* The Warton here spoken of is Joseph, the elder brother, whose Odes were published about December 1746, the time when this letter was written. Of Thomas, the younger, it is probable Gray thought much more highly.



given them by the public, committed the remainder to the flames, fell into the hands of Gray. How much it is to be regretted that poor Collins did not know the favourable sentence, but without the ill-boding and falsified prediction that was attached to it, passed upon them by so competent a judge. "A fine fancy modelled upon the antique! great variety of words and images." Such praise as this, and from one who was himself to bear the proud title of Britain's Pindar, among the sepulchres of her poets! It might have been enough, if he could have known all, not only to encourage the writer, then in the "morn and liquid dew" of his youth, to put forth new and yet more beautiful blossoms, but to have saved him from that fatal "blastment," which not long afterwards blighted and withered the whole plant.

Seldom has there been an instance of more just and appropriate criticism conveyed in so few words. It was indeed "a fine fancy, modelled upon the antique," so that an Englishman, who would form some conception of the lyrical parts of the Greek tragedians, and particularly Euripides, without going to the original sources, has nothing to do but to take up the Odes of Collins, and he will meet with as true a likeness of them as his own language can supply. He has not, like Gray or Chiabrera, taken entire pieces out of the ancients, and stuck them among his own workmanship. He does not

—Talk in a high sounding strain of the stars,  
Of the eagle of Jove, and the chariot of Mars;

but he fills himself with the divinity, which breathes from their labours, and then goes home and works in the spirit that he has caught. It is for this reason, I suppose, that we have no editions of Collins, favourite as he is amongst us, stuffed with parallel passages from the bottom of the page, that sometimes rise so high as scarcely to leave room for the text to float on over their surface. We easily discover to what land he has traveled, as the pilgrims in the middle ages showed they had visited the Holy Sepulchre by the palm that was wreathed round their staff; but he brings

home with him no relics to make a display of, no nails drawn out of the crosses of martyrs, no dry bones pilfered from tombs of Apostles and Saints.

The opening of his "Ode to Liberty," to which we have scarcely any thing that is equal in its way, reminds us, it is true, of the beginning of a noble chorus in the *Iphigenia at Aulis* of Euripides, v. 1036; but it is merely in the manner, with which the music strikes up in each.

Who shall awake the Spartan life?

I could not be quite so sure in what follows, that he had not lately been reading Statius; though it is likely, that if he had, the images only remained in his mind, unaccompanied by any consciousness of the quarter from whence they came.

And call in solemn sounds to life  
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,  
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,  
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,  
Applauding Freedom loved of old to view!

The "hyacinthine locks" were as old as Homer; and Milton, we know, has given them to Adam; but that with all their beauty they "shed the breath of fear," when overshadowing the brow of the young Spartans, had been observed by Statius.

*Simplexque horrore decoro*

*Crinis et obsessæ nondum primoque micantes*

*Flore genæ. Talem Lædæo gurgite pubem*

*Educat Eurotas. Sylvæ, l. 2.*

In the "Ode to Mercy," again we might suspect him of having borrowed from the same writer, if the ornament were not carried with so much freedom by its wearer, as to take away all doubt of his having come honestly by it.

When he, whom e'en our joys provoke,  
The fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,  
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey,

Thy form from out thy sweet abode  
O'ertook him on his blasted road,  
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away,

I see recoil his sable steeds, &c.

— adhuc temone calenti

Fervidus, in lævum torquet gradivus habenas.

Cum Venus ante ipsos nullâ formidine  
gressum,  
Fixit equos; cessere retro, jamjamque ri-  
gentes  
Suppliciter posuere jugo.—Theb. l. iii. 265.

But it is not only on the banks of the Ilissus, or the Tyber, that Collins has left us tidings of himself; we may sometimes hear notes from him that he has caught in other fields. Thus, in his Ode on the Poetical Character,

I view that oak the fancy'd glades among,  
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,

From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal  
dew,  
Nigh spher'd in heaven, its native strains  
could hear,  
On which that ancient trump he reach'd  
was hung.

we are reminded of an Italian writer, Angiolo Costanzo, in one of those sonnets which the historian of their poetry has called the "Ideal of good sonneting." It is a little presumptuous to be sure; but, for the sake of our subject, I will venture on a translation of the one in question,

*Quella cetra gentil, &c.*

The harp, that whilom on the reedy shore  
Of Mincius, to the listening shepherds sung  
Such strains, as never haply, or before  
Or sithence, mid the mountain cliffs have rung  
Of Mænalus, or on Lycæus hoar;  
And sounded next, to bolder music strung,  
The gifts of Pales, and what perils bore,  
What toils achiev'd, that Phrygian goddess-sprung,—  
Now on an aged oak, making the gloom  
More awful, hangs; where, if the wind have stirr'd,  
Seems as a proud and angry voice were heard:  
"Let none with unwise hardiment presume  
To touch me; for, once vocal at command  
Of Tityrus, I brook no meaner hand."

As to what Gray has said of "the bad ear" of Collins, and "the no choice at all of his words and images;" the latter, as far as the imagery is concerned, is plainly inconsistent with the praise he has bestowed on him. For his want of ear, the same charge has been brought against him by Johnson, who tells us that "his lines commonly are of

slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants;" so I suppose there is an end of the matter; though I would fain put in a word on his behalf even on this point. Thomas Warton pronounced the same judgment on Milton, but has surely merited the punishment of Midas for his pains.

NOEMON.

# SONNET.

(MILTON VISITS GALILEO IN PRISON.)

Oh! master, who didst lift thy watching eye  
Unto the moon, and through thy magic glass  
Beheld'st her and the wheeling planets pass  
On their bright ways,—making the midnight sky  
A common road through which all stars might fly:  
Thou must have had great joy,—great as a lover,  
Whene'er some lustrous world thou didst discover,  
Not known before,—from off thy mountains high.  
Oh! starry sage, return, return!—Again  
Come thou and view the pale moon from thy hills;  
And say, if when she wanes, or when she fills  
Monthly her round,—or while the stars are clear,—  
Thou ever hadst such large delight, as when  
Great MILTON clasp'd thy hand in prison drear.

11th May, 1821.

B.

## THE HEROES OF NAPLES.

## A NEW BALLAD.

He who in battle runs away,  
May live to fight another day.

At Naples, the folks  
Who are fonder of jokes,  
Than of bayonet, musquet, or powder;  
Leaving tweedle-dum-twee,  
And resolved to be free,  
Wax'd, day by day, fiercer and prouder.

The army first ran  
To arms, and each man  
Demanded a new constitution;—  
There were none to oppose,  
So they conquer'd their foes,  
And effected a grand revolution.

In Parliament speeches,  
The storming of breaches  
Was talk'd of, as pastime inviting;  
The brave Lazzaroni  
Ate no macaroni,—  
No stomach had they but for fighting.

They hurl'd hot defiance  
Against the Alliance  
Term'd Holy—(religion to slander);  
And scorn'd all advances,  
To Frederick,—Francis,—  
Or even the great Alexander.

Fierce Filangieri  
Bade Frimont be wary,  
Or he soon should have bullets for grey pills:  
Cried bold Carascosa—  
"I'll dig for our foes—a  
Grave on the frontiers of Naples."

Pepe, swearing an oath,  
Out-Heroded both,—  
For he vow'd—when he pull'd on his boots—he  
Would spit man and horse,  
Of the Austrian force,  
In the passes they call the Abruzzi.

By his language and air,  
Every officer there  
Was a sort of a Cromwell-Protector;  
And to judge by his swagger,  
And flourish of dagger,  
Each man was Achilles or Hector.

Those coal-heaving Bruti,  
Carbonari, men sooty,  
Swore deeply (as most of that trade do)  
To call o'er the coals  
The poor Austrian souls,  
And their Teutonic hides carbonado.



They march'd from the city,  
 All shouting a ditty,  
 Comparing themselves to our island;—  
 "The English by sea  
 Are the bravest, but we  
 Are the doughtiest heroes on dry land."

But in marching along,  
 To this valorous song,  
 They somehow received an impression,—  
 That the fat English knight  
 Said undoubtedly right,  
 "The best part of valour's—discretion."

So at war's first alarms,  
 They threw down their arms,  
 And manœuvred their legs with such cunning;  
 When th' invaders drew nigh,  
 They fought—but 'twas shy,  
 And vanquish'd them fairly—in running.

Not a battle was lost  
 By th' invincible host,  
 Which, as nobody fought, was no wonder;  
 Some were knock'd up in flight,  
 But none knock'd down in fight,  
 So eager were all to knock-under.

Thus they made pretty dupes  
 Of the Austrian troops,  
 By their fierce gasconading and banter;  
 All the glory they hoped  
 To achieve—had eloped,—  
 So they march'd into Naples instanter.

Neapolitans spoke  
 Of these troops (what a joke!)  
 As doom'd to mince-meat and dissection;—  
 Those they threaten'd to kill,  
 Carbonado and grill,  
 In the end, they devour'd—with affection.

They might take a kick,  
 But why they should lick  
 The foot that bestow'd it—I'm puzzled;  
 And I can't understand,  
 Why they fawn'd on the hand  
 By which they were chain'd up and muzzled.

Should they think fit to rise  
 Again—it were wise  
 To exhibit less talk and more fighting;  
 Freedom's perils to brave,  
 Or still crouch like the slave,  
 And not show their teeth without biting.

So God save the King,  
 (Him of Naples I sing,)   
 Who ran from one oath to another;  
 May he long live to reign,—  
 For the people, 'tis plain,  
 And the monarch, are worthy each other.

## TRADITIONAL LITERATURE.

## No. VII.

## THE DEATH OF WALTER SELBY.

I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,  
 To put not your trust in the trumpet and sword ;  
 Else the proud name of Selby, which gladden'd us long,  
 Shall pass from the land like the sough of a song. *Old Ballad.*

BEFORE dame Eleanor Selby had concluded her account of the Spectre Horsemen of Soutra-fell, the sun had set—and the twilight, warm, silent, and dewy, had succeeded—that pleasant time between light and dark, in which domestic labour finds a brief remission. The shepherd, returned from hill or moor, spread out his hose—moistened in morass or rivulet—before the hearth fire, which glimmered far and wide, and taking his accustomed seat, sat mute and motionless as a figure of stone. The cows came lowing homewards from the pasture-hills ; others feeding out of cribs filled with rich moist clover, yielded their milk into a score of pails ; while the ewes, folded on the sheltered side of the remote glen, submitted their udders, not without the frequent butt and bleat, to the pressure of maidens' hands. Pastoral verse has not many finer pictures than what it borrows from the shepherd returning from the hill, and the shepherdess from the fold—the former with his pipe and dogs, and the latter with her pail of reeking milk, each singing with a hearty country freedom of voice, and in their own peculiar way, the loves and the joys of a pastoral life. The home of Randal Rode presented a scene of rough plenty, and abounded in pastoral wealth ; the head of the house associated with his domestics, and maintained that authority over their words and conduct which belonged to simpler times ; and something of the rustic dignity of the master was observable in his men. His daughter, Maudeline, busied herself among the maidens with a meekness and a diligence which had more of the matron than is commonly found in so young a dame. All this escaped not the notice of her old and capricious kinswoman Eleanor Selby ; but scenes of homely and domestic joy seemed alien to her heart. The intrusion too of the churlish name of

Rode among the martial Selbys, never failed to darken the picture which she would have enjoyed had this rustic alloy mixed with the precious metal of any other house. It was her chief delight, since all the males of her name had perished, to chaunt ballads in their praise, and relate their deeds from the time of the Norman invasion down to their final extinction in the last rebellion. Many snatches of these chivalrous ballads are still current on the Border—the debateable land of song as well as of the sword—where minstrels sought their themes, and entered, harp in hand, into rivalry—a kind of contest which the sword, the critic's weapon of those days, was often drawn to decide. Much of this stirring and heroic border-life mingles with the traditionary tales of Eleanor Selby. Her narratives contain, occasionally, a vivid presentment of character and action ; and I shall endeavour to preserve something of this, and retain, at the same time, their dramatic cast, while I prune and condense the whole, to render them more acceptable to the impatience of modern readers. She thus pursued her story.

“ I am now to tell a tale I have related a thousand times to the noble and the low—it is presented to me in my dreams, for the memory of spilt blood clings to a young mind—and the life's-blood of Walter Selby was no common blood to me. The vision of the spectre horsemen, in which human fate was darkly shadowed forth, passed away—and departed too, I am afraid, from the thoughts of those to whom it came as a signal and a warning—as a cloud passes from the face of the summer-moon. Seated on horseback, with Walter Selby at my bridle-rein, and before and behind me upwards of a score of armed cavaliers, I had proceeded along the mountain side about a mile, when a horn was winded at a

small distance in our front. We quickened our pace; but the way was rough and difficult; and we were obliged to go a sinuous course, like the meanderings of a brook, round rock and cairn and heathy hill, while the horn, continuing to sound, still seemed as far a-head as when we first heard it. It was about twelve o'clock; and the moon, large and bright and round, gleamed down from the summit of a green pasture mountain, and lightened us on our way through a narrow wooded valley, where a small stream glimmered and sparkled in the light, and ran so crooked a course, as compelled us to cross it every hundred yards. Walter Selby now addressed me in his own singular way: 'Fair Eleanor, mine own grave and staid cousin, knowest thou whither thou goest? Comest thou to counsel how fifty men may do the deeds of thousands, and how the crown of this land may be shifted like a prentice's cap?' 'Truly,' said I, 'most sage and considerate cousin, I go with thee like an afflicted damosel of yore, in the belief that thy wisdom and valour may reinstate me in my ancient domains—or else win for me some new and princely inheritance.' 'Thou speakest,' said the youth, 'like one humble in hope, and puttest thy trust in one who would willingly work miracles to oblige thee. But ponder, fair damsel—my sword, though the best blade in Cumberland, cannot cut up into relics five or six regiments of dragoons—nor is this body, though devoted to thee, made of that knight-errant stuff that can resist sword and bullet. So I counsel thee, most discreet coz, to content thyself with hearing the sound of battle afar off—for we go on a journey of no small peril.' To these sensible and considerate words, I answered nothing, but rode on, looking, all the while, Walter Selby in the face, and endeavouring to say something witty or wise. He resumed his converse: 'Nay, nay, mine own sweet and gentle cousin—my sweet Eleanor—I am too proud of that troubled glance of thine, to say one word more about separation,—and our horses' heads and our cheeks came closer as he spoke. 'That ballad of the pedlar, for pedlar shall the knight be still, to oblige thee, his ballad told more

truth than I reckoned a minstrel might infuse into verse. All the border cavaliers of England and Scotland are near us, or with us,—and now for the game of coronets and crowns—a coffin, coz, or an earl's bauble—for we march upon Preston.' Prepared as I was for these tidings, I could not hear them without emotion, and I looked with an eye on Walter Selby that was not calculated to inspire acts of heroism. I could not help connecting our present march on Preston with the shadowy procession I had so recently witnessed; and the resemblance which one of the phantoms bore to the youth beside me, pressed on my heart. 'Now do not be afraid of our success, my fair coz,' said he, 'when to all the proud names of the border—names thou hast long since learned by heart, and rendered musical by repeating them—we add the names of two most wise and prudent persons, who shall hereafter be called the setters-up and pluckers-down of kings—even thy cool and chivalrous cousin, and a certain staid and sedate errant damosel.' This conversation obtained for us the attention of several stranger cavaliers who happened to join us as, emerging from the woody glen, we entered upon a green and wide moor or common. One of them, with a short cloak and slouched hat and heron's feather, rode up to my right hand, and glancing his eye on our faces, thus addressed himself to me in a kind-hearted, but antique, style:—'Fair lady, there be sights less to a warrior's liking than so sweet a face beside a wild mountain, about the full of the moon. The cause that soils one of these bright tresses in dew, must be a cause dear to man's heart—and, fair one, if thou wilt permit me to ride by thy bridle-rein, my presence may restrain sundry flouts and jests which young cavaliers, somewhat scant of grace and courtesy—and there be such in our company—may use, on seeing a lady so fair and so young, bowne on such a dangerous and unwonted journey.' I thanked this northern cavalier for his charitable civility, and observed, with a smile, 'I had the protection of a young person who would feel pleased in sharing the responsibility of such a task.' 'And, fair lady,' continued



he, 'if Walter Selby be thy protector, my labour will be the less.' My cousin, who during this conversation had rode silent at my side, seemed to awaken from a reverie, and glancing his eye on the cavalier, and extending his hand, said, 'Sir, in a strange dress, uttering strange words, and busied in a pursuit sordid and vulgar, I knew you not, and repelled your frank courtesy with rude words. I hear you now in no disguised voice, and see you with the sword of honour at your side instead of the pedlar's staff: accept, therefore, my hand, and be assured that a Selby—as hot and as proud as the lordliest of his ancestors, feels honoured in thus touching in friendship the hand of a gallant gentleman.' I felt much pleased with this adventure, and looked on the person of the stalwart borderer, as he received and returned the friendly grasp of Walter Selby; he had a brow serene and high, an eye of sedate resolution, and something of an ironic wit lurking amid the wrinkles which age and thought had engraven on his face. I never saw so complete a transformation; and could hardly credit, that the bold, martial-looking, and courteous cavalier at my side had but an hour or two before sung rustic songs, and chattered with the peasants of Cumberland, about the price of ends of ribbon and two-penny toys and trinkets. He seemed to understand my thoughts, and thus resolved the riddle in a whisper;—'Fair lady, these be not days when a knight of loyal mind may ride with sound of horn, and banner displayed,

summoning soldiers to fight for the good cause; of a surety, his journey would be brief. In the disguise of a calling, low, it is true, but honourable in its kind, I have obtained more useful intelligence, and enlisted more good soldiers, than some who ride beneath an earl's pennon.'

"Our party, during this nocturnal march, had been insensibly augmented; and when the gray day came, I could count about three hundred horsemen—young, well-mounted, and well-armed—some giving vent to their spirit or their feelings in martial songs; others examining and proving the merits of their swords and pistols, and many marching on in grave silence, forecasting the hazards of war and the glory of success. Leaving the brown pastures of the moorlands, we descended into an open and cultivated country, and soon found ourselves upon the great military road which connects all the north country with the capital. It was still the cold and misty twilight of the morning, when I happened to observe an old man close beside me, mounted on a horse seemingly coeval with himself,—wrapped, or rather shrouded, in a gray mantle or plaid, and all the while looking stedfastly at me from under the remains of a broad slouched hat. I had something like a dreamer's recollection of his looks; but he soon added his voice, to assist my recollection,—and I shall never forget the verses the old man chaunted with a broken and melancholy, and, I think I may add, prophetic voice:

OH! PRESTON, PROUD PRESTON.

1.

Oh! Preston, proud Preston, come hearken the cry  
Of spilt blood against thee, it sounds to the sky;  
Thy richness, a prey to the spoiler is doom'd,  
Thy homes to the flame, to be smote and consumed;  
Thy sage with gray locks, and thy dame with the brown  
Descending long tresses, and grass-sweeping gown,  
Shall shriek, when there's none for to help them: the hour  
Of thy fall is not nigh, but it's certain and sure.  
Proud Preston, come humble thy haughtiness—weep—  
Cry aloud—for the sword it shall come in thy sleep.

2.

What deed have I done—that thou lift'st thus thy cry,  
Thou bard of ill omen, and doom'st me to die?  
What deed have I done, thus to forfeit the trust  
In high heaven, and go to destruction and dust?

My matrons are chaste, and my daughters are fair;  
Where the battle is hottest my sword's shining there;  
And my sons bow their heads, and are on their knees kneeling,  
When the prayer is pour'd forth and the organ is pealing:  
What harm have I wrought, and to whom offer'd wrong,  
That thou comest against me with shout and with song?

## 3.

What harm hast thou wrought! list and hearken—the hour  
Of revenge may be late—but it's certain and sure:  
As the flower to the field, and the leaf to the tree,  
So sure is the time of destruction to thee.  
What harm hast thou wrought!—haughty Preston, now hear—  
Thou hast whetted against us the brand and the spear;  
And thy steeds through our ranks rush, all foaming and hot,  
And I hear thy horns sound, and the knell of thy shot:  
The seal of stern judgment is fix'd on thy fate,  
When the life's blood of Selby is spilt at thy gate.

## 4.

Oh! Selby, brave Selby, no more thy sword's braving  
The foes of thy prince, when thy pennon is waving;  
The Gordon shall guide and shall rule in the land;  
The Boyd yet shall battle with buckler and brand;  
The Maxwells shall live, though diminish'd their shine,—  
And the Scotts in bard's song shall be all but divine;  
Even Forster of Derwent shall breathe for a time,  
Ere his name it has sunk to a sound and a rhyme;  
But the horn of the Selbys has blown its last blast,  
And the star of their name's from the firmament cast.

"I dropt the bridle from my hand, and all the green expanse of dale and hill grew dim before me. The voice of the old man had for some time ceased, before I had courage to look about; and I immediately recognized in the person of the minstrel an old and faithful soldier of my father's, whose gift at song, rude and untutored as it was, had obtained him some estimation on the border—where the strong, lively imagery, and familiar diction, of the old ballads, still maintain their ground against the classic elegance and melody of modern verse. I drew back a little; and shaking the old man by the hand, said, 'Many years have passed, Harpur Harberson, since I listened to thy minstrel skill at Lanercost; and I thought thou hadst gone, and I should never see thee again. Thy song has lost some of its ancient grace and military glee since thou leftest my father's hall.' 'Deed, my bonnie lady,' said the borderer, with a voice suppressed and melancholy, while something of his ancient smile brightened his face for a moment, 'sangs of sorrow and dule have been rife with me than ballads

of merriment and mirth. It's long now since I rode, and fought, by my gallant master's side, when the battle waxed fierce and desperate; and my foot is not so firm in the stirrup now, nor my hand sae steeve at the steel, as it was in those blessed and heroic days. It's altered days with Harpur Harberson, since he harped afore the nobles of the north, in the home of the gallant Selbys, and won the cup of gold. I heard that my bonnie lady and her gallant cousin were on horseback; so I e'en put my old frail body on a frail horse, to follow where I cannot lead. It's pleasant to mount at the sound of the trumpet again; and it's better for an auld man to fall with the sound of battle in his ear, and be buried in the trench with the brave, and the young, and the noble,—than beg his bread from door to door, enduring the scoff and scorn of the vulgar and sordid, and be found, some winter morning, streaked stiff and dead, on a hassoc of straw in some churl's barn. So I shall e'en ride on, and see the last of a noble and a hopeless cause.' He drew his hat over his brow; while I endeavoured to cheer him by describing



the numbers, resources, and strength, of the party. And I expressed rather my hope, than firm belief, when I assured him 'there was little doubt that the house of Selby would lift its head again and flourish, and that the grey hairs of its ancient and faithful minstrel would go down in gladness and glory to the grave.' He shook his head, yet seemed almost willing to believe, for a moment, against his own presentiment, in the picture of future glory I had drawn—it was but for a moment. 'Deed no—'deed no, my bonnie, bonnie lady, it canna—canna be; glad would I be could I credit the tale, that our house would hold up its head again, high and lordly. But I have too strong faith in minstrel prediction, and in the dreams and visions of the night, to give credence to

such a pleasant thought. It was not for nought that horsemen rode in ranks on Soutra side last night, where living horseman could never urge a steed,—and that the forms and semblances of living men were visible to me in this fearful procession. Nor was it for nought that my grandfather, old minstrel Harberson, caused himself to be carried in his last hour to the summit of Lanercost-hill, that he might die looking on the broad domains of his master. His harp—for his harp and he were never parted—his harp yielded involuntary sounds, and his tongue uttered unwilling words—words of sad import, the fulfilment of which is at hand. I shall repeat you the words; they are known but to few, and have been scorned too much by the noble race of Selby.

I rede ye, my lady—I rede ye, my lord,  
To put not your trust in the trumpet and sword;  
To follow no banner that comes from the flood,  
To march no more southward to battle and blood.  
League not with Dalzell—no, nor seek to be fording  
The clear stream of Derwent with Maxwell and Gordon,—  
To a Forester's word draw nor bridle nor glaive,—  
Shun the gates of proud Preston, like death and the grave—  
And the Selbys shall flourish in life and in story,  
While eagles love Skiddaw—and soldiers love glory.

" 'These are the words of my ancestor—what must be must—I shall meet thee again at the gates of Preston.' As he uttered these words he mingled with the ranks of horsemen under the banner of a border knight, and I rode up to the side of my cousin and his companion.

" It is not my wish to relate all I heard, and describe all I saw on our way southward; but our array was a sight worth seeing, and a sight we shall never see again—for war is now become a trade, and men are trained to battle like hounds to the hunting. In those days the noble and the gentle, each with his own banner,—with kinsmen and retainers, came forth to battle; and war seemed more a chivalrous effort than it seems now—when the land commits its fame and its existence to men hired by sound of trumpet and by touch of drum. It was soon broad daylight; all the adherents of the house of Stuart had moved towards Lancashire, from the south of Scotland

and the north of England; and forming a junction where the Cumberland mountains slope down to the vales, now covered the road as far as my eye could reach—not in regular companies, but in clusters and crowds, with colours displayed.—There might be, in all, one thousand horsemen and fifteen hundred foot, the former armed with sword and pistol and carabine—the latter with gun and spear. It was a fair sight to see so many gentlemen dressed in the cavalier garb of other days—some with head and bosom pieces of burnished mail; others with slouched hats and feathers, and scarlet vests—and all with short cloaks or mantles, of velvet or woollen, clasped at the bosom with gold, and embroidered each according to their own or their mistress's fancy. A body of three hundred chosen horsemen, pertaining to my Lord Kenmure, marched in front,—singing, according to the fashion of the Scotch, rude and homely ballads in honour of their leader.

Kenmure's on and awa, Willie,  
 Kenmure's on and awa,  
 And Kenmure's lord is the gallantest lord  
 That ever Galloway saw.  
 Success to Kenmure's band, Willie,  
 Success to Kenmure's band;  
 There was never a heart that fear'd a Whig,  
 E'er rode by Kenmure's hand.  
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,  
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap,—  
 He'll steep it red in ruddie life's blood  
 Afore the battle drap.

“Such were some of the verses by which the rustic minstrels of those days sought to stimulate the valour of their countrymen. One hundred horse, conducted by Lord Nithsdale, succeeded; those of Lord Derwentwater followed—a band numerous, but divided in opinion—unsteady in resolution, and timid in the time of need and peril—like their unfortunate lord. The foot followed: a band of warriors—strange, and even savage in their appearance—brave and skilful, and unblenching in battle—with plaid and bonnet and broadsword—bare kneed, and marching to a kind of wild music, which, by recalling the airs of their ancestors, and the battles in which they fought and bled, kindles a military fury and resolution which destroys all against which it is directed. These were men from the mountains of Scotland, and they were led by chieftain Mackintosh, who was to them as a divinity—compared to whom, the prince, in whose cause they fought, was a common being—a mere mortal. I admired the rude, natural courtesy of these people, and lamented the coward counsels which delivered them up to the axe and the cord, without striking a single blow. The rear, accounted, in this march, with an enemy behind as well as before, a post of some peril, was brought up by about two hundred border cavaliers and their adherents; and with them rode Walter Selby and his new companion. The command seemed divided among many; and without obeying any one chief in particular, all seemed zealous in the cause, and marched on with a rapidity regulated by the motions of the foot. No serious attempt was made to impede us: some random shots were fired from the hedge rows and groves; till

at length, after a fatiguing journey, we came within sight of Preston; and there the enemy made his appearance in large masses of cavalry and foot, occupying the distant rising grounds, leaving our entry into the town free and uninterrupted. Something in my face showed the alarm I felt on seeing the numbers and array of our enemies: this passed not unobserved of the cavalier at my side, who said, with a smile, ‘Fair lady, you are looking on the mercenary bands which sordid wealth has marched against us; these are men bought and sold, and who hire their best blood for a scarlet garb and a groat. I wish I had wealth enough to tempt the avarice of men who measure all that is good on earth by the money it brings. And yet, fair one, I must needs own, that our own little band of warriors is brought strangely together, and bound by ties of a singular kind. It would make a curious little book, were I to write down all the motives and feelings which have put our feet in the stirrup. There’s my Lord Kenmure—a hot, a brave, and a self-willed, and the Scotch maidens say a bonnie Gordon; his sword had stuck half-drawn from the scabbard, but for the white hand of his wife: but he that lives under the influence of bright eyes, Lady Eleanor, lives under a spell as powerful as loyalty. And what would the little book say of my Lord Nithsdale, with whom ride so many of the noble name of Maxwell? Can scorn for the continual cant and sordid hearts of some acres of psalm-singing covenanters, who haunt the hill-tops of Terreagles and Dalswinton, cause the good lord to put the fairest domains on the border in jeopardy? or does he hope to regain all the sway held by his ancestors of yore over



the beautiful vale of Nith—humbling into dust, as he arises, the gifted weaver who preaches, the inspired cordwainer who expounds, and the upstart grocer who holds rule—the two former over men's minds, and the latter over men's bodies? There's my Lord Carnwath——.' At this moment I heard the sounding of trumpets, and the rushing of horses behind us; and ere I could turn round, my cavalier said, in the same equal and pleasant tone in which he was making his curious communication of human character,—'Fair lady, here be strange auditors, some of my friend General Willis's troopers come to try the edges of their new swords. Halbert, lead this fair lady to a place where she may see what passes—and now for the onset, Walter Selby.' The latter, exchanging a glance with me, turned his horse's head; swords were bared in a moment; and I heard the dash of their horses, as they spurred them to the contest, while a Scottish soldier hurried me towards the town. I had not the courage to look back—the clashing of swords, the knelling of carabines, the groans of the wounded, and the battle shout of the living, came all blended in one terrible sound—my heart died within me. I soon came up to the Scottish mountaineers, who, with their swords drawn, and their targets shouldered, stood looking back on the contest, uttering shouts of gladness, or shrieks of sorrow, as their friends fell or prevailed. I looked about, and saw the skirmish, which at first had only extended to a few blows and shots, becoming bloody and dubious; for the enemy, reinforced with fresh men, now fairly charged down the open road, and the place where they contended was soon covered with dead and dying. I shrieked aloud at this fearful sight; and quitting my horse's bridle, held up my hands, and cried out to the mountaineers, 'O haste and rescue, else they'll slay him—they'll slay him!' An old highlander, at almost the same instant, exclaimed, in very corrupt English, 'God! she'll no stand and see the border lads a' cut in pieces!' and uttering a kind of military yell, flew off with about two hundred men to the assistance of his friends. I was not allowed to remain and witness the

charge of these northern warriors, but was led into Preston, and carried into a house half dead, where several of the ladies, who followed the fortune of their lords in this unhappy expedition, endeavoured to soothe and comfort me. But I soon was the gayest of them all; for in came Walter Selby, and his companion, the former sprinkled with blood, but the latter soiled with blood and dust, from helmet to spur. I leaped into my cousin's bosom, and sobbed with joy; he kissed my forehead, and said, 'Thank him, my Eleanor—the gallant knight, Sir Thomas Scott, but for him, I should have been where many brave fellows are.' I recovered presence of mind in a moment, and turning to him, said, 'Accept, Sir, a poor maiden's thanks for the safety of her kinsman, and allow her to kiss the right hand that wrought this deliverance.' 'Bless thee, fair lady, said the knight, I would fight a dozen such fields for the honour thou profferest; but my hand is not in trim for such lady courtesy; so let me kiss thine as a warrior ought.' I held out my hand, which he pressed to his lips; and washing the blood from his hands, removing the soils of battle from his dress, and resuming his mantle, he became the gayest and most cheerful of the company.

"It was evident, from the frequent and earnest consultations of the leaders of this rash enterprize, that information had reached them of no pleasing kind. Couriers continually came and went, and some of the chiefs began to resume their weapons. As the danger pressed, advice and contradiction, which at first were given and urged with courtesy and respect, now became warm and loud; and the Earl of Derwentwater, a virtuous and amiable man, but neither warrior nor leader, instead of overawing and ruling the tumultuary elements of his army, strode to and fro, a perfect picture of indecision and dismay, and uttered not a word. All this while, Sir Thomas Scott sat beside Walter Selby and me, calm and unconcerned; conversing about the ancient house of the Selbys; relating anecdotes of the lords of Selby in the court, and in the camp; quoting, and, in his own impressive way of reciting verse, lending all the



melody of music to the old minstrel ballads which recorded our name and deeds. In a moment of less alarm, I could have worshipped him for this; and my poor Walter seemed the child of his companion's will, and forgot all but me in the admiration with which he contemplated him. The conference of the chiefs had waxed warm and tumultuous; when Lord Nithsdale, a little, high spirited, and intrepid man, shook Sir Thomas by the shoulder, and said, 'This is no time, Sir Knight, for minstrel lore, and lady's love; betake thee to thy weapon, and bring all thy wisdom with thee, for truly we are about to need both.' Sir Thomas rose, and having consulted a moment with Lord Kenmure, returned to us, and said, 'Come, my young friend, we have played the warrior, now let us play the scout, and go forth and examine the numbers and array of our enemies; such a list of their generals and major-generals has been laid before our leaders as turns them pale; a mere muster roll of a regiment would make some of them lay down their arms, and stretch out their necks to the axe. Lord Kenmure, fair Eleanor, who takes a lady's counsel now and then, will have the honour of sitting by your side till our return.' So saying, Walter Selby and Sir Thomas left us; and I listened to every step in the porch, till their return, which happened within an hour. They came splashed with soil, their dress rent with hedge and brake; and they seemed to have owed their safety to their swords, which were hacked and dyed to the hilts. The leaders questioned them: 'Have you marked the enemy's array, and learned ought of their numbers?' 'We have done more,' said Sir Thomas; 'we have learned, and that from the tongues of two dying men, that Willis, with nine regiments of horse, and Colonel Preston, with a battalion of foot, will scarcely await for dawn to attack you.' This announcement seemed to strike a damp to the hearts of several of the chiefs; and, instead of giving that consistency to their councils which mutual fear often inspires, it only served to bewilder and perplex them. 'I would counsel you,' said Sir Thomas, 'to make an instant attack upon their position,

before their cannon arrive; we are inferior in number, but superior in courage; let some of our border troopers dismount, and, with the clansmen, open a passage through Colonel Preston's troops which line the hedge rows and enclosures; the horse will follow, and there can be no doubt of a complete victory.' Some opposed this advice, others applauded it; and the precious hours of night were consumed in unavailing debate, and passionate contradiction. This was only interrupted by the sound of the trumpet, and the rushing of horse; for Willis, forcing the barriers at two places, at once made good his entry into the principal street of Preston. I had the courage to go into the street; and had not proceeded far, till I saw the enemy's dragoons charging at the gallop; but their saddles were emptied fast, with shot, and with sword; and the clansmen, bearing their bucklers over their heads, made great havoc among the horsemen with their claymores, and at length succeeded in repulsing them to the fields. As soon as the enemy's trumpets sounded a retreat, our leaders again assembled; assembled not to conquer or fall like cavaliers, with their swords in their hands, but to yield themselves up, to beg the grace of a few days, till they prepared their necks for the rope and the axe. The highland soldiers wept with anger and shame, and offered to cut their way, or perish; but the leaders of the army, unfit to follow or fight, resolved on nothing but submission, and sent Colonel Oxburgh with a message to General Willis, to propose a capitulation.

"Sir Thomas Scott came to Walter Selby and me, and said, with a smile of bitter scorn, 'Let these valiant persons deliver themselves up to strain the cord, and prove the axe; we will seek, Lady Eleanor, a gentler dispensation; retreat now is not without peril; yet let us try what the good green wood will do for poor outlaws; I have seen ladies and men too escape from greater peril than this.' We were in the saddle in a moment; and, accompanied by about twenty of the border cavaliers, made our way through several orchard enclosures, and finally entered upon an extensive common or chace, abounding in clumps of dwarf holly and

birch, and presenting green and winding avenues, into one of which we gladly entered, leaving Preston half a mile behind. That pale and trembling light which precedes day began to glimmer; it felt intensely cold; for the air was filled with dew, and the boughs and bushes sprinkled us with moisture. We hastened on at a sharp trot; and the soft sward returning no sound, allowed us to hear the trumpet summons, and military din, which extended far and wide around Preston. As we rode along, I observed Sir Thomas motion with his head to his companions, feel his sword and his pistols, glance to the girths of his horse, and, finally, drop his mantle from his right arm, apparently baring it for a contest. In all these preparations, he was followed by his friends, who, at the same time, closed their ranks, and proceeded with caution and silence. We had reached a kind of road, half the work of nature and half of man's hand, which divided the chace or waste in two; it was bordered by a natural hedge of holly and thorn. All at once, from a thicket of bushes, a captain, with about twenty of Colonel Preston's dragoons, made a rush upon us, calling out, 'Yield! down with the traitors!' Swords were bare in a moment, pistols and carabines were flashing, and both parties spurred, alike eager for blood. Of this unexpected and fatal contest, I have but an indistinct remembrance; the glittering of the helmets, the shining of drawn swords, the flashing of pistols and carabines, the knell of shot, the rushing of horses, and the outcry of wounded men, come all in confusion before me; but I cannot give a regular account of this scene of terror and blood. It was of brief duration. I laid my bridle on my horse's neck, and wrung my hands, and followed with my looks every motion of Walter Selby. He was in the pride of strength and youth, and spurred against the boldest; and putting soul and might into every blow, made several saddles empty; I held up my hands, and prayed audibly for success. A dragoon, who had that moment killed a cavalier, rode to my side, and exclaimed, 'Down with thy hands, thou cursed nun, down with thy hands; woot pray yet, woot thou;

curse tha then;' and he made a stroke at me with his sword. The eyes of Walter Selby seemed to lighten as a cloud does on a day of thunder, and at one blow he severed the dragoon's head, bone and helmet, down to his steel collar. As the trooper fell, a pistol and carabine flashed together, and Walter Selby reeled in the saddle, dropt his head, and his sword; and saying, faintly, 'Oh, Eleanor!' fell to the ground, stretching both hands towards me. I sprung to the ground, clasped him to my bosom, which he covered with his blood, and entreated Heaven to save him; and oh, I doubt I upbraided the Eternal with his death; but Heaven will pity the ravings of despair. He pressed my hand faintly, and lay looking on my face alone, though swords were clashing, and pistols were discharged, over us. Ere the contest had ceased, Sir Thomas sprang from his horse, took Walter Selby in his arms, and tears sparkled in his eyes, as he saw the blood flowing from his bosom. 'Alas! alas!' said he, 'that such a spirit, so lofty and heroic, should be quenched so soon, and in a skirmish such as this. Haste, Frank Elliot, haste, and frame us a litter of green boughs, cover it thick with our mantles, place this noble youth upon it, and we will bear him northward on our horses' necks; ere I leave his body here, I will leave mine own aside it; and you, minstrel Harberson, bring some water from the brook for this fair and fainting lady.' All these orders, so promptly given, were as quickly executed; and we recommenced our journey to the north, with sorrowful hearts, and diminished numbers. I rode by the side of the litter; which, alas, became a bier, ere we reached the green hills of Cumberland. We halted in a lonely glen; a grave was prepared; and there, without priest, prayer, or requiems, was all that I loved of man consigned to a sylvan grave. 'The dust of our young hero,' said Sir Thomas, 'must lie here till the sun shines again on our cause, and it shall be placed in consecrated earth.' The minstrel of the ancient name of Selby stood gazing on the grave, and burst out into the following wail or burial song, which is still to be heard from the lips of the maids and matrons of Cumberland:

## LAMENT FOR WALTER SELBY.

1.

Mourn, all ye noble warriors—lo ! here is lying low  
 As brave a youth as ever spurr'd a courser on the foe :  
 Hope is a sweet thing to the heart, and light unto the ee,  
 But no sweeter and no dearer than my warrior was to me :  
 He rode a good steed gallantly, and on his foes came down  
 With a war-cry like the eagle's, from Helvellyn's haughty crown ;  
 His hand was wight, and his dark eye seem'd born for wide command ;  
 Young Selby has nae left his like in all the northern land.

2.

Weep for him, all ye maidens—and weep for him, all ye dames ;  
 He was the sweetest gentleman from silver Tweed to Thames.  
 Wail all for Walter Selby, let your tears come dropping down ;  
 Wail all for my young warrior, in cottage, tower, and town.  
 Cursed be the hand that fired the shot ; and may it never know  
 What beauty it has blighted, and what glory it laid low ;  
 Shall some rude peasant sit and sing, how his right hand could tame  
 Thy pride, my Walter Selby, and the last of all thy name ?

3.

And mourn too, all ye minstrels good, and make your harpstrings wail,  
 And pour his worth through every song, his deeds through every tale.  
 His life was brief, but wond'rous bright : awake your minstrel story !  
 Lo ! there the noble warrior lies, so give him all his glory.  
 When Skiddaw lays its head as low, as now 'tis green and high—  
 And the Solway sea grows to a brook, now sweeping proudly by—  
 When the soldier scorns the trumpet-sound, nor loves the temper'd  
 brand—

Then thy name, my Walter Selby, shall be mute in Cumberland."

*Lammerlea, Cumberland.*

## MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

BRIDGET ELIA has been my house-keeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness ; with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as *it should be among near relations*. Our sympathies are rather understood, than expressed ; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more *kind* than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with

assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teazes me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must have a *story*—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of any thing that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her, that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She "holds Nature more clever." I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religio Medici* ; but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous,—but again somewhat fantastical, and original—



brain'd, generous Margaret New-castle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when she was a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out, that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points; upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition, or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an aukward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters, which are not *stuff of the conscience*, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in

wedlock might not be diminished by it; but I can answer for it, that it makes (if the worst come to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter; but in the teasing accidents, and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is sure always to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit; but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since, into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End; or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire; a farm-house,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheat-hampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget; who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. *I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible.* The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman. My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who, or what sort of persons, inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from Saint Alban's, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollection, affected me with a pleasure

which I had not experienced for many a year. For though I had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place, which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that*, which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it; the season was in the "heart of June," and I could say with the poet,

But thou, that did'st appear so fair  
To fond imagination,  
Dost rival in the light of day  
Her delicate creation! \*

Bridget's was more a *waking bliss* than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy; but the scene soon re-confirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every out-post of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous, at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty, which to me singly would have been insurmountable; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers, and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature, that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this *adopted Bruton*, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a style. But the name of

kindred, and of cousinship, was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rendering atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, *loving Hertfordshire*. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted, as if we had been born and bred up together; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. *No Christians should call one another.* To have seen Bridget, and her—it was like the meeting of the two Scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us.—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the Kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was already so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget, with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her own—and to the astoundment of B. F. who sat by, *almost the only thing that was not a cousin there*,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a *friendly warmth*,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

ELIA.

\* Wordsworth, on Yarrow Visited.



## SKETCHES ON THE ROAD.

## No. II.

Naples, February 13, 1821.

RETURNING from a convivial party the other evening, about ten o'clock, by Santa Lucia, we were struck by the brilliant appearance of Vesuvius: we had for some days past been interested by a singular change that had taken place in the source and direction of its *lava*, and had indeed resolved on an excursion to the smoky, sulphureous summit of our old friend. The night, though cold and windy, was rather fine; there was moonlight enough to light us up the rugged ascent, without torches—the virtuous bottles of *Capri rosso* we had drunk, had kindled a light and warmth in our spirits that rendered us quite *en état* to dare hazardous, and investigate curious, things; therefore, we determined at once to go up; and, calling a hack, in about an hour were rolled to Resina, the little town which joins Portici, at the foot of the mountain, and in which is the entrance to the too confined excavations of Herculaneum.

At Resina, according to custom, of “time immemorial,” we hired asses and guides: this operation, which one would think easy enough, was in this instance (as it has been in several others) to me attended with much difficulty; a crowd of fellows, at the sound of our approaching carriage, rushed out with their asses and mules, and surrounded us in a most clamorous manner. Scarcely had we set foot to ground, when about half a dozen of these half naked rough rogues seized upon me as an object of contest; first, I was pulled by one, who declared by his patron saint that his ass never stumbled; then, by another, who with great warmth of asseveration, gave me to understand that all the *Milordi Inglesi* took his mule, which was the best mule ever created; then, another, who protested that if his ass made one false step with me, he would suffer me to throw him (id est, the master, not the ass) into the mouth of the volcano; then came another, who swore they were all liars,—that his was the only good animal—then “another, and ano-

ther, and another.” Tired of this squabble, and seeing that my companions were already mounted, I drove two or three of these bellowing rascals off my arm, and choosing an ass of a “comely appearance, and stout withal,” caught hold of the rope, and put my foot in the stirrup. My tormentors, however, were too tenacious to resign me so quietly; one of the most forward again caught hold of me, and pulled me in his arms to his own *chucha*: the master of the ass I had mounted was no chicken; he followed up the enemy, retiring with the prey, and began to pull me back again. This game of “pull devil, pull baker” continued, no way to my satisfaction, until I contrived to get one of my arms free, and bestow on the intruder an Englishman’s fist on “that feature which the human face embosses.” This testimonial of wrath, arrested his bold perseverance, and at last I found myself in saddle, and trotted after my friends, to the no small triumph and heart’s content of the owner of the ass, which so nobly bore me. You remember how rough and laborious the ascent of the mountain is, being nearly all steep, and over rough old lava; we arrived, however, safe at San Salvatore, so very improperly called a hermitage, as it is, in fact, nothing but a *taverna* (low inn) and the old fellow who wears the hermit’s garb, nothing more than a *tavernaro*; and a fleecing and insolent one too, he is, as I have several times experienced to my cost.

Here we found a company of Englishmen (composed chiefly of officers from the fleet now lying in the Bay of Naples) who had just returned from the crater: while we were discussing some boiled eggs and *Lacrymæ Christi* (for so the old rogue persists in calling his bad wine) another company arrived, consisting of three English gentlemen, and two ladies; the dear eyes of the latter had been reddened by the heat of the lava, and the violence of the wind; their white faces and hands, and “snaw white” drapery had been



sadly smoked and blackened in the regions of sulphur they had just quitted; and I was particularly touched, by observing the sad derangement of Spanish leather boots; "for surely," thought I, "the sharp lava that has treated them so roughly, can hardly have respected the tender feet they inclose."

Well! let our enemies say what they will of us, they never can deny that we are a curious enthusiastic people—always the first to run in crowds where information is to be had, or curiosity to be satisfied, whatever be the sacrifices required, or the price to be paid. What feats have been done, even by our ladies!—Within these few years, how many a white gown and straw hat, made in Bond-street, the Arcade, or some other of the purlieus of fashion, has floated on the summit of this flaming mountain, glanced among the pillars of Grecian ruins, or glided along the bases of the tremendous pyramids! For one of any other nation that comes to this mountain, I suppose there are at least three Englishmen; and perhaps only the Germans and Russians come so near as one to three. I never ascended the mountain but twice, without meeting some of my countrymen. Two years ago, on the first of January, I passed a cheerful night on the mountain, with twenty Englishmen, and four ladies; we cooked some tolerable good beef steaks and pork chops over the lava, whose heat and light sufficed us: whilst seated in groups, we drank to the success of our distant country, and distant friends. But let me return to the subject.

We left the hermitage about one o'clock—the wind, which had tormented us considerably during the ascent, now blew so violent and so cold as to be almost irresistible. You remember when you ascended the volcano, there was a path by which you could approach within a few paces of the cone within which, for some centuries, has been the grand crater—this path continued practicable until lately, but we now found it destroyed, and covered with rough masses of hardened lava, at a short distance from the hermitage; here, therefore, we were obliged to dismount. We began immediately to cross the lava, accompanied by one

old *Cicerone*. This was an enterprize of considerable difficulty: the lava had cooled in very rough, irregular masses, and many loose knobs, affording an insecure footing, rolled from under our feet, as we bounded from one to the other; each of us sustained several falls, and even the long pole and longer practice of our guide, could not at times keep him on his feet. After walking in this fatiguing way for a little while, we turned off to the left, and continued along a sort of valley or ravine, which separates the cone of Vesuvius from the rugged *Monte di Somma*. This direction soon brought us to the present mouth, which opened about six weeks ago. As we approached, we were struck with its tremendous and horrid grandeur—we could wish for a pencil all genius, and fire, to delineate it, for we feel with particular force, just at the moment, the difficulty of describing with words grotesque shapes, tremendous figures, awful glaring lights, murky and blue sulphureous shades—the intricacies of form, and the nuances of *chiaro oscuro*.

A cone about twenty feet high rose up in the ravine; it was flattened in part, on the side towards the sea, and on this side opened a chasm in the form of a parallelogram, rounded at the top; this mouth has never thrown out lava, stones, or ashes, so that we had no hesitation in approaching to its very sides. In looking inward, we saw at about twelve or fifteen feet below us, a broad deep stream of lava, in its most liquid state, rolling on slow and silently, emitting a heat and brilliancy which almost blinded us as we gazed. We saw—

A dungeon horrible on all sides round,  
As one great furnace flamed.

I know nothing to which the lava might be compared, excepting, perhaps, a large stream of molten gold. It is common to compare the flowing lava to founded iron, but in this early part of its course (no doubt near to the primary source) it is too glittering, and has too much of a yellow hue to resemble that metal. The cone (on which we now stood) was hollow, indeed the incrustation which held us from fire and destruction, was very thin: from the top of the

interior of the cone hung strange figures, all red-hot, resembling in shape the incrustations of a cave, or the forms of large icicles; laterally were other figures equally glowing and capricious, which a heated imagination might easily have converted into infernal fiends, and damned sufferers. While we stood, the wind as it passed the dreadful orifice, roared deep and awfully, a few sparks and small particles of fiery matter issued forth; now and then a piece of matter breaking away from the sides of the hollow, fell upon the flowing lava with a strange tinkling noise, that chilled one's blood, and at times a low murmuring was heard, as if proceeding from far within the mountain. We had stood in this critical situation some time, holding by the side of the mouth, and hanging over the deadly stream, when a sudden gust of wind, which caught my plaid cloak, and almost hurled me in, warned us to depart.

How dreadful would be such a death! or rather, how horrible is its aspect—for such a fire, and the sulphur, and the smoke, no doubt would stupify and destroy one in a few seconds; but, perhaps, death itself is nearly, in every case, equally mild; it is the preparation which is tremendous,—it is the path which leads to the bourne, and not the bourne itself, that is occupied by anguish and despair.

Be this, however, as it may, but two nights before our excursion, an unfortunate Frenchman threw himself into this mouth. He ascended with only one guide, a lad; when at the terrific spot which he had chosen for his destruction, under some pretext he sent the youth away to some little distance; after a few minutes the lad returned; he found a coat and hat—he gazed (we may suppose, stupified with horror) into the mouth, but of the resolute victim, not an atom was to be seen. It appears he had arranged all his affairs, and

written several letters, one of which, to the police at Naples, to prevent suspicions, imparted that he died by his own deed—another was to his mother—unhappy woman!

It is said in Naples, that a hopeless, cureless disease urged him to the commission of the dreadful act.

On descending from the perilous eminence, we proceeded to examine the course of the lava. It continued to flow for about twenty yards from the mouth, under an incrustation in which several apertures allowed us to see the fiery flood beneath: from this covered passage it emerged in a bold wide torrent, which, running for some time along an inclined plane, came to a steep descent, down which it precipitated itself with headlong fury. The effects of this tremendous cataract, were seen for some distance in the hurried pace of the lava—"the waves of torrent fire inflame with rage," the stream widens, and rushes rapidly on.

Qual torrente allor, che gonfio, e altero  
D'acque non sue, fuor dell' antica sponda  
Torbido uscendo impetuoso e fiero  
Le cittadi minaccia e i campi inonda.

We continued to *cotoyer* the flood, until we came just below the elevated ridge, on one point of which stands *San Salvatore*; here the stream had divided itself into another branch, and from a hillock of lava, we saw it continue its course in two large currents, until it was lost in some of those deep hollows which fortunately former eruptions have made, and left between the often destroyed town of the *Torre del Greco*, and the sides of the mountain.

But should the present eruption continue with vigour for two or three weeks, or should another considerable one in the same direction succeed it, these hollows will be filled up, the stream will roll onward to the sea, and some of the inhabitants of the lava-built \* *Torre del Greco*, will once more be obliged to abandon

\* Nearly all the materials of the buildings of the *Torre del Greco* are lava. This town has been destroyed several times, and built up as often with the very lava that had destroyed it. The grand road that traverses the town, is in one place sunk twenty feet in the lava, whose dark rough sides close the passenger in on either hand. Every thing in this neighbourhood is of lava—Vesuvius is an inexhaustible mine—"cut and come again," is the word. The streets of Naples are paved with lava: the fine road that leads from Naples, as far as the *Torre del Greco*, is flagged with lava. All the



their homes, and see their houses and streets buried beneath their old enemy.

We stood awhile, on the before-mentioned hillock—the scene was too novel to some of us, and too interesting to all, to be speedily abandoned. I have seen the *volcano* under many and various aspects, for we are old friends; and on this night, I wrote my name in the book at the hermitage for the thirteenth time: I have seen it belching out flames to the clouds, and throwing out red-hot stones to overtop the flames; I have watched those innumerable stones as they fell, and observed immense fiery masses chase each other down the declivities: I have stood by the brink of the lava, which poured rapidly down the steep sides of the cone—I have seen the mountain nearly in all its humours, but I never saw it more impressive than on this night. The broad burning streams came down, slow, silent, and majestic—at times, pieces of lava were broken away from the banks, and slid into the current with a slight tinkling sound; not unfrequently large pieces of lava (carried away in a similar manner) came floating, like horrid black islands, down the stream, and at intervals ghastly vapours, some of a bright blue colour—some yellow—some of an angry red, played over the scorching waves. There is a tall hardy sort of weed grows in the crevices of the lava; at the foot of the hillock on which we were, there was a large clump, on a sudden the winding stream approached it, and it was soon in a blaze. We observed many of these conflagrations while watching the course of the lava.

We at length left the little height, but before I leave it, I must attempt a description of the scenes that spot commanded. The moon was shining pretty clearly—just above us, in front, was a bold precipice, on whose edge lay the white buildings of San Salvatore, its chapel and its large

bell, the fine high trees before it, the little avenue of white pillars, terminating on the brow of the steep with a large wooden cross; on our right hand, at some distance up an ascent, we saw the fiercely burning mouth already described, and the streams of fiery matter rolling down—further on, the rugged cliffs of the *Monte di Somma*, mournful and sombre: on our other hand, we saw the lava continuing its course, and getting paler and paler, and slower and slower, until it reached the hollows—still farther down was the Bay of Naples, darkened at intervals by dense clouds, which were scudding across the sky, and roughened by the strong night wind: behind us,—

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top  
Belch'd fire and rolling smoke—

the lower part of the cone lay in a thick shade; for the small flames which were playing above, only illuminated the head of the mountain.

As we were already sufficiently fatigued, and there was nothing of much interest to invite us to undertake the difficult climb up the cone, we determined, when we left our hillock, to make the best of our way to the hermitage. To shorten our way, we descended a little to where the stream was less wide and rapid, and with hasty steps crossed over the burning lava; the other stream which lay in our way, we crossed in the same manner, and after a most laborious walk of about half an hour we reached the hermitage. Here we got on our asses and began to descend, “highly gratified” of course, but somewhat less gay than when we mounted; for the spirit of the good wine was evaporated; we felt fatigue, and that lassitude which always follows exhilaration, and exertion. Each of us was very glad, when, a little after sunrise, he found himself in Naples at the door of his own lodgings.

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walls which close in the road and separate the gardens, are of lava—the rocks on the sea shore are lava—there is more lava than any thing else in the houses of Portici and Resina, under which, “full fathom five,” lies Herculaneum buried in lava.



## RODOMONTADES ESPAGNOLES.

IN the novel of "The Abbot," where Queen Mary is offended by the taunts of one of the rebel lords, she asks her attendant for the "Rodomontades Espagnoles." A rebuke which the peer feels sufficiently for her purpose. The passage reminded me of a little adventure.

It may be now six years since I found myself one evening in the heart of a forest in Lorraine. My business was not with the world, or the men of the world,—so I avoided the high road, where I should have found nothing else, and generally took up my rest for the night in the houses of the farmers. Nature is the same every where, but in Paris; and I found decent hospitality for my civility, and for the trifling contributions which I could prevail on pride to accept,—and which it seldom accepted without a look of half-courteousness and half defiance,—that to a painter, or even to a mere wandering collector of the curious shades and shapes of the human heart, was worth twice the money.

It was a delicious evening, one of those in which Autumn puts on all its beauty, as if to make us grieve for its departure. But I leave the setting sun, and its radiance upon forest, and lake, and mountain, to those whose pens are dipped in poetry. My business is to talk of other things. The path which had been pointed out to me by a red cheeked *garçon*, with hair as brown as the chesnuts that he was gathering, seemed leading deeper into the forest. I was rapidly losing sight of the sun, among oaks and elms that might have made the "mast of some great Ammiral." Stories of banditti came lucklessly over my recollection. I listened for the baying of a dog,—the whole canine race seemed to have been struck with sudden dumbness. I plunged on, but what had been a path was now a thicket. A glimpse of the sky through the vault of branch and leaf above showed me that the sun was down; it was twilight without the wood, and night within. I suddenly remembered what I had heard from my last host, that I was in a royal forest. My next step might

then be on the lair of a wild boar, and I might be, like Polonius, at supper, not where I ate, but where I was eaten. My powers were now fairly tasked, and after a consultation with the two most perplexing advisers in the world—anxiety and ignorance, I fired my only pistol, without knowing whether my signal might not invite a banditti. The report of the pistol was answered by hallooings and the sound of horns on every side, and in a few minutes I was surrounded by half a dozen robust, dark-featured men with *couteaux de chasse*, and rifles in their hands. They were the gamekeepers, who were on the look-out for intruders on the king's venison,—and my pistol had put the forest on the alert. I soon proved myself guiltless of poaching, and after a good deal of coarse humour on all sides, was led to the house of the chief farmer of the district, the *Sieur Bourdeille*, who received me at his door, and, with the profusion of bows and compliments, which a Frenchman in his hour of civility lavishes on every thing human from his mistress downwards, introduced me to his mansion. He was a venerable and handsome old man, with long white locks. Yet age had come gently upon him, and "his eye was not dim, neither was his natural force abated." He had *served*,—and when we fell into conversation, our talk was of "hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent, deadly breach." Above the fire-place,—a huge hearth piled with wood, that lighted up a circle of bright faces of sons and daughters,—hung an old picture of a cavalier, somewhat obscured by the hospitable smokes of this hall of breakfast, dinner, supper; but evidently painted by a superior hand. The figure was in the costume of the age of *Henri Quatre*. He was lying on a sofa, with a little table beside him; a manuscript was on the table,—and from the pen still hovering over it in his hand, and his look down the leaf,—that certain, indescribable look of authorship, the grave complacency—compounded of doubt and delight—he was obviously its author: yet the smile was on a pale

countenance, and the handsome and manly features were worn thin by pain and confinement. A few pieces of armour were laid against the walls,—and a sword, with a handle in the shape of a cross, hung beside his pillow. The sun was sinking, and a long, rich ray fell upon the yellow hair of a page sleeping beside the couch, with his head on his knees. Like Brutus's page, he had fallen asleep to his own minstrelsy,—for a guitar was sliding from his hand to the floor. The room was filled with that sweet and tempered golden light, which comes from the sky of a continental sun-set, dyed and softened through casements thick with vines and roses. As I expressed my admiration of the picture—"You are looking," said the old man, "at my ancestor, a man of famous name in his day, and as gallant in the field as he was gay in the bower. That picture was painted by an Italian artist in the suite of our good *Henry*; and has been handed down as a treasure from father to son ever since. You see Bourdeille, the famous Lord of Brantome; he is in his sick chamber, writing the *Rodomontades Espagnoles*."

I remained under this hospitable roof for some days, and might have remained there during pleasure on condition of talking of the accomplished forefather of this fine old man. My extracts from his work are taken at random. The Spaniards of the sixteenth century were the foremost troops of Europe, they had been formed by a succession of distinguished generals,—and Charles the Fifth, by his stern regularity, had given discipline to their native valour. The possession of the new world had inflamed the national spirit to its highest exaltation,—and the Spanish soldier had no equal for boasting and bravery.

"When I was with the French troops at Malta, about twelve thousand men were sent by the king of Spain under Pescara to the Grand Master's assistance. I asked one of the Spaniards how many troops had arrived, 'Why, sir,' said he, 'we have three thousand Italians and three thousand Germans, but we have only six thousand soldiers.' He reckoned the Italians and Germans for nothing."

"When Antonio di Leyva was made governor of Pavia, in expectation of its siege by Francis I. four hundred Spaniards were appointed to compose a part of the garrison. The officers and men flatly refused. 'The Spanish companies (said they) have nothing to do with watching walls. Their business is to be *invincible* in the field. They must be reserved for emergencies; for the strokes that turn the fate of war.' A fine rodomontade, and yet they made it good at the battle of Pavia, where they entered the field shouting, 'Here comes the Marquis (Pescara) and his Spaniards.'"

"Another fine rodomontade.—I met in Madrid a soldier walking about without his sword; he was a Frenchman, but had served a long time in the Spanish companies, and was now completely Spanish. I asked him why he walked without arms. His answer was, 'I wish to keep on good terms with the law, for my sword is so fond of fighting, that I should have the trouble of drawing it at every step, and when once it was drawn there would be no stop to its slaughter.'"

"One soldier said to another, 'If I lay hold of you, I will fling you up so high, that you will be dead before you come to the ground.'"

These lofty projections seem to have been a favourite boast.

"'I cut off,' said a Spanish soldier, 'the head of every Moor that I kill, and toss them so high, that before they come down again, they are half eaten by the flies.'"

"At the revolt of Sienna, which was taken by Henry the Second of France, three Spanish soldiers posted themselves in a turret, from which nothing could dislodge them. They defended themselves desperately. The French general, M. de Termes, moved by their bravery, offered them a capitulation, and told them, that as they had been four or five days without food, they had only to come down to be fed and set at liberty. One of them answered from a loophole. 'We are afraid neither of fire nor sword, and as for hunger, when our provisions are gone, we have plenty of tiles, and we will grind and eat them.'"

"At the battle of Sienna, between D'Estrosse and Marignan, the Spa-



niards gave great credit to Astolphe Balion. 'He made,' said they 'such slaughter, that it was enough for him but to touch a man with his sword, and the fellow tumbled down a corpse.'

"They boasted of two of their captains, Leon and Espinasa, that, during the battle, they never touched the ground, but continually walked on the bodies that they had killed."

"A Spanish prisoner, brought before the king, after the loss of Cambray, was asked, what did the Spanish army say of him. 'Nothing,' was the bold answer, 'but that by looking for thirty thousand ducats in Franche Comtè, you have lost Cambray.' And the answer was true, for the king had wasted his time in Franche Comtè."

"When the Prince of Parma was marching to the succour of Paris, he besieged Lagny, to draw off the king from the siege of the capital. 'What,' said the king, 'will he attack a town at my very beard.' 'Go tell him,' said the duke to a French prisoner, 'that I will take it, if it were on the point of his moustache.' The king sent to let him know that he would throw mountains of steel in his way. 'I wish to Heaven,' was the prince's retort, 'that they were mountains of gold, we should be only the richer.' The prince took the town and relieved the capital."

This man of observation attributes the superior bravery of the Spanish troops to their high rate of pay, and to its certainty, though it might be occasionally delayed. It was the opinion of the ancient military men of the day, that no king, but the king of Spain, could keep an army long in a state of discipline, and that his secret was in the wealth arising from his vast territory. The extent of his dominion was prodigious, and unrivalled in Europe since the Roman empire. Philip the Second was at the same time sovereign of Spain, the Two Sicilies, Portugal, Sardinia, Corsica, the Canaries, Austria, Burgundy, the Milanese, Flanders, the Tyrol, and the New World:—an overgrown dominion, to which no human wisdom was equal, and yet, which was shaken, not by the tendency of unwieldy authority to break into fragments, nor by war, but by

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pastors and preachers, and the art of printing; Luther and Calvin were the true conquerors of the Spanish empire. The Spanish army was a model of internal regulation. But no troops were more apt to burst out into sudden mutiny. Yet in this they proceeded by system. They usually began with a cry to their officers. "Off, off with the gentlemen! Let them retire, because *we intend to revolt.*" They then proceeded to fix on a commander, whom they called "*the chosen,*" and who must not refuse the appointment on pain of death. They paid him regular obedience, and marched to take some town, which they pillaged. But those mutinies were, in general, rapidly brought to order.

One of the extravagancies of national prejudice is the mutual contempt of the Spaniards and Portuguese. The Spaniard's character of a nation, separated from his own applauded country only by a rivulet, with the same common ancestry, religion, habits of life, and nearly the same language, is "*pocos y locos;*" "*few, and the few are out of their reason.*"

Some of these anecdotes are pleasantly illustrative of the prejudice and boasting on both sides.

"The Portuguese observe the anniversary of the battle of Aliuvarata with great rejoicings. The king said to a Spanish monk, who happened to have arrived at court during the ceremony, 'What do you think of our fête? Have they such in Spain for their victories?' 'By no means,' was the answer, 'for if we were to celebrate every victory of ours, every day would be a holy-day, and the working people would die of hunger.'"

The Portuguese were not inferior to this pleasant rodomontade, and sometimes the blow was directed to even a more tender part than military vanity.

"On another anniversary of this battle, a Portuguese cordelier preaching on the event, thus described the position of the parties: 'we, the Christians, were on this side the river, and the Castilians on the other.'"

"One day in Lisbon I went into a silk-mercant's shop; there was only a young girl in the shop, and as I

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spoke good Spanish, I asked 'where was the master?' The girl on this called out, 'Here is a Spaniard who wants you.' He came, and perceiving that I was French, turned his rhetoric upon the girl. 'Ignorant fool, are you not ashamed to call a gentleman like this a Spaniard?'"

"But the Spanish boasting was sometimes elegant and satirical. When the French lost Naples, and D'Aubigny their general was taken prisoner, the Frenchman, to show that he did not feel his defeat, applied to the Spanish general for a set of stout and good horses, 'that he might return.' The equivocal phrase struck the Spaniard, who replied, 'That he might *return* as soon as he pleased, and that he should be always treated with the *same* liberality.'"

Some of these rodомontades are pleasant from their boundless extravagance. They are *chefs d'œuvre* of boasting, fine displays of the *genius* of bombast.

"I was," said a Spanish captain, "in the battle of Lepanto, in Don John's galley. We attacked the Turkish admiral's galley. I gave a thrust with my sword, it went into the water. I did not give it with my whole force, but down it went, deep as hell, and *split Pluto's nostrils*."

"Go," said a soldier, "if you know that fellow just past, or if you have any regard for him, say prayers for his life. He has displeased *me*."

"D'Estrosse and I once asked a Spanish soldier in Italy, whose name was Don Diego Leonis, what was the reason of this grand appellation. 'It was given,' said he, 'because I killed three lions in Barbary.'"

"A young Spanish soldier was asked, how he had contrived to have his moustaches so large. 'These moustaches,' said he, 'were made of cannon smoke, and it is that which has fed and cherished them so fast and so long.'"

That brief and famous speech of Pescara, the favourite officer of the Spanish companies, is more than a boast, it was the noble speech of a gallant warrior.

"The army was drawn up to at-

tack Alviano the celebrated Venetian. Pescara dismounted, and advancing to the front with his pike in his hand, turned to his troops with these words: 'Gentlemen, if it is my chance to fall in this battle, let me not be trampled on by *any* feet but *your own*.' The soldiers on this gave a general shout, charged, and won the field."

The last anecdote I shall give is one interesting to our English pride.

"When Philip II. equipped his grand fleet against England, I frequently met Spanish soldiers and officers, who, after their shipwreck, were making their way homewards. They were full of lofty stories. Among the rest they told me that there were in the fleet 120 ships, the least of 300 tons. That they had forty or fifty of 7 or 800 tons, and twenty of from 1000 to 1200, and of those four or five of the most incomparable kind. Then came on the rodомontade. 'The king had ordered the ocean to be ready to receive throughout his realm, his ships, or rather not ships, but mountains of timber. He had, in the same way, ordered the winds to be quiet, or to blow fair, without any storms, for his fleet; whose shade, he declared, would darken and overtop, not merely the trees and masts, but the weather-cocks on the steeples in England.' This was certainly a grand rodомontade. But the Armada came to nothing at all; partly by the vigilance and courage of that famous commander *Drap*, (for thus the Frenchman mutilates *Drake*) one of the greatest officers that ever fought on the seas, or, perhaps, ever will; and partly by the storms and waves, probably too much offended by all this threatening, as, we well know, they are extremely proud, and by no means pleased at being insulted in any way."

Thus simply and plainly does the old Cavalier give the recollections of his brilliant period, with the vivacity of a Frenchman, the poignancy of a court wit, and that mixture of pleasant garrulity and diligent minuteness, that makes the chronicles of his age the most delightful of all reading for the idle of the earth.

## THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

"Come like shadows, so depart."—*Macbeth*.

THE Diamond, in its native bed,  
 Hid like a buried star may lie  
 Where foot of man must never tread,  
 Seen only by its Maker's eye ;  
 And though imbued with beams to grace  
 His fairest work in woman's face,  
 Darkling, its fire may fill the void,  
 Where fix'd at first in solid night,—  
 Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,  
 Sparkle one moment into light.

The Plant, up springing from the seed,  
 Expands into a perfect flower ;  
 The virgin-daughter of the mead,  
 Woo'd by the sun, the wind, the shower ;  
 In loveliness beyond compare,  
 It toils not, spins not, knows no care ;  
 Train'd by the secret hand that brings  
 All beauty out of waste and rude,  
 It blooms a season,—dies,—and flings  
 Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,  
 Lends the light Nautilus a form  
 To tilt along the Atlantic waves,  
 Careless and fearless of the storm ;  
 But should a breath of danger sound,  
 With sails quick-furl'd it dives profound,  
 And far beneath the tempest's path,  
 In coral grotts, defies the foe,  
 That never brake, in all his wrath,  
 The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,  
 The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn,  
 Yet, while in Paradise he sings,  
 Looks down upon the quiet lawn,  
 Where flutters in his little nest  
 More love than music e'er express'd :  
 Then, though the nightingale may thrill  
 The soul with keener ecstasy,  
 The merry bird of morn can fill  
 All Nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,  
 Coeval with their trees might seem,  
 As if he drank, from Indian floods,  
 Life in a renovating stream ;  
 Ages o'er him have come and fled,  
 Midst generations born and dead,  
 His bulk survives,—to feed and range,  
 Where ranged and fed of old his sires,  
 Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,  
 Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,  
 Of every kind, occult or known,  
 (Each exquisitely form'd to suit  
 Its humble lot, and that alone,)

Through ocean, earth, and air, fulfil,  
Unconsciously, their Author's will,  
Who gave, without their toil or thought,  
Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed ;  
While through the whole his pleasure wrought  
Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the master-piece of God,  
Man in his Maker's image framed,—  
Though kindred to the valley's clod,  
Lord of this low creation named,—  
In naked helplessness appears,  
Child of a thousand griefs and fears :  
To labour, pain, and trouble, born,  
Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight, hath he ;—  
Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,  
And is a king from infancy.

For—him no destiny hath bound  
To do what others did before,  
Pace the same dull perennial round,  
And be a man, and be no more !  
A man ?—a self-will'd piece of earth,  
Just as the lion is, by birth ;  
To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,  
His father's joys and sorrows share,  
His niche in nature's temple keep,  
And leave his likeness in his heir.

No,—infinite the shades between  
The motley millions of our race ;  
No two the changing moon hath seen  
Alike in purpose, or in face ;  
Yet all aspire beyond their fate ;  
The least, the meanest would be great ;  
The mighty future fills the mind,  
That pants for more than earth can give ;  
Man, in this narrow sphere confin'd,  
Dies when he but begins to live.

Oh ! if there be no world on high  
To yield his powers unfetter'd scope ;  
If man be only born to die,  
Whence this inheritance of hope ?  
Wherefore to him alone were lent  
Riches that never can be spent ?  
Enough—not more—to all the rest,  
For life and happiness, was given ;  
To man, mysteriously unblest,  
Too much for any state but Heaven.

It is not thus ;—it cannot be,  
That one so gloriously endow'd  
With views that reach eternity,  
Should shine and vanish like a cloud :  
*Is* there a God ?—All nature shows  
There *is*,—and yet no mortal knows :  
The mind that could this truth conceive,  
Which brute sensation never taught,  
No longer to the dust would cleave,  
But grow immortal at the thought.

Sheffield, 1820.

J. MONTGOMERY.



## ON THE SONGS OF THE PEOPLE OF GOTHIC OR TEUTONIC RACE.

IN the former essay on this subject,\* after some general observations on the intimate relation which always subsists between the character of a people and their ballads and songs; and on the resemblance in character of nations of the same race to each other,—we proceeded to illustrate those observations, by an examination of the ballads and popular songs of the people of Gothic or Germanic origin. We briefly noticed the early ballads of this country, gave a few specimens from those of Germany, and broke off, rather abruptly, in the account, on which we had entered, of the ballads of Denmark.

Writers of considerable acuteness in other respects, conceiving that in poetry the effect produced should correspond with the degree of effort displayed, have often been at a loss to account for the powerful manner in which men are generally affected by the rude and artless strains of ancient ballads. Thus the Abbé Forti, an intelligent mineralogical traveller, who, among other specimens of Morlackian poetry, communicated the affecting ditty of "Asan Aga's Bride," the subject of which is the divorce of an affectionate wife, from some imaginary neglect; her marriage to a second husband; and journey past the house of the first husband, on her way to that of the other,—wonders at the impression which it and similar ballads produced on the hearers. "I have often," says the Abbé, "seen the hearers burst into tears at passages which produced not the smallest effect on me." It ends with the following passage.

But when they near to Asan's dwelling  
came,  
The tender daughters and the little boys  
Saw their fond mother from the battle-  
ments,  
And hurried down: "O dear, dear mother, come—  
O come again to us, come to thy hall  
And eat with us thy evening meal!—O  
come!"  
With sighs, the sorrowing spouse of Asan  
Aga,  
On hearing once again her children's voice,  
Turn'd to the first of the *Suati*: "O my  
old,

My fondest brother, let the horses stop  
Before this house, that I may to these or-  
phans,  
The children of my bosom, give some sign  
Of love." The horses stopt before the  
house,  
The mournful house of Asa, and alighting  
From off her horse, she presents gave unto  
The children of her bosom,—beautiful  
Half boots, embroider'd round with gold,  
she gave  
To her two boys, and to her daughters dear  
Two dresses which from head to foot did  
clothe them;  
But to the suckling who still helpless lay  
Within the cradle, she sent a little coat.

The father at a distance seeing this,  
Call'd to his children: "Turn, dear little  
ones,  
Turn back again to me; your mother's  
breast  
Is hard as iron, and she knoweth not  
What pity is." The sorrow-stricken wife  
Hears Asa's words, and falls with pallid  
face  
Convulsive on the earth, and her afflicted  
Soul from her distressed bosom flew,  
Seeing her children turn and flee from her.

Shakspeare, however, who, though he knew less of shells and rocks than the Abbé, knew more of the secrets of the human heart, would have accounted to him why "old and plain songs," which

The spinners and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread  
with bones,  
Do use to chaunt,  
and which,

——dally with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age,  
will always, so long as human nature is human nature, continue to agitate men more powerfully than more laboured and ingenious compositions.—Their effect depends on their very artlessness, and the absence of every thing like pretension; and one might as reasonably wonder why the innocent smile of childhood gains more on us than the studied airs of an old dandy, as wonder at this phenomenon.

We have already observed that the ballads of the Teutonic nations are like the people themselves, more cordial and homely, than fervid, graceful, or animated.

We have nothing which in wild

\* London Magazine, February, 1821.

sublimity will compare with the Celtic remains,—nothing which in insinuating sweetness will compare with the

Chi bussa alla mia porta ? chi bussa al mio  
porton,

or the

C'erano tre zitelle, e tutte tre di amor

of the Italians.—Our ballads present themselves under a less imposing and less alluring aspect : but whatever their merit or demerit, they are our own ; and as parents, however plain-looking themselves, are always well pleased to see their features reflected in those of their offspring ; children carrying with them such strong proofs of their filiation as our old ballads possess, will never address themselves in vain to us. Besides, independently of all considerations of mere literary merit, the ballads of the Teutonic nations, connected as they are with the essential character of the people, have a separate claim on general attention, derived from the importance of these nations. The Teutonic, Germanic, or Gothic nations, have long been the leading people of the world. Distinguished above every other European race by their size and bodily strength, by their cool intrepidity, their steady perseverance, and the phlegm and moderation of their character, they succeeded in conquering and subjugating all their neighbours, and they are now masters of the best part of Europe and America, and of some of the finest regions of Asia.—Soon after their first appearance in history, we find their arms spread terror throughout the whole of the west.—A Gothic empire formerly extended from the Wolga to the Baltic. In Thrace, Mæsia, Pannonia, Italy, Gaul, Spain, and even in Africa, various Gothic, or Germanic tribes, at different times, formed settlements and founded kingdoms.—It was they who mastered the Romans, Saracens, Gaels, Cimbri, Lapps, Finns, Esthonians, Slaves, Kures, and Prussians,—who founded, and who continue to rule in, all the existing kingdoms of Europe, and who everywhere introduced their government by estates, and their own laws.

The whole of the people in whom Germanic blood preponderates (ex-

cluding the French, and other nations who were only conquered by Germans) may be divided into two great classes, which though they both have many common points of resemblance, yet, from the earliest times of which we have any record, seem to have differed considerably from each other in habits, customs, and in dialect ; namely, the upper, or inland Germans, and the maritime, or low Germans. The chief of the former are the Swiss, Austrians, Swabians, Bavarians, and Alsatiens ; and of the latter, the Netherlanders, Frisians, and lower Saxons, the Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, and the English and lowland Scots. It may be remarked, as a peculiarity of the latter, that they can all pronounce the consonants *b* and *d*, which the former uniformly pronounce *p* and *t*.

If we did not, historically, know that England was settled by emigrations from Holland, Friesland, Lower Saxony, and Denmark, the similarity of language, popular superstitions, manners, and customs, and other unequivocal tests, would place the matter beyond all doubt.—But in no circumstance is the relationship more strongly marked than in the similarity of the old ballads and old music of these countries.

We have already noticed the very great resemblance of the old Danish to the old English ballads, not merely in tone and cast of sentiment, but even in subject and mechanical structure.—This great resemblance is not confined to the Danish ballads, but extends to those of Sweden, Norway, and the Scandinavian islands, for in all these countries the same ballads and songs are current among the people.—Nothing, indeed, is more curious, than the wonderful coincidence between the Danish ballads, published nearly two centuries and a half ago, and the ballads in a recent collection in three volumes, derived, with few exceptions, from the recitations of the peasantry of the different provinces of Sweden.—This collection from tradition, exhibiting the variations of the different provinces, with an accompanying volume of tunes,\* was finished in 1817, and forms a very valuable

\* To be had of Bohte, York-street, Covent-Garden.

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addition to the stores of our ballad literature.

There is one peculiarity in almost all the Danish and Swedish ballads, the real import of which has lately been the subject of a good deal of discussion, both in Denmark and Sweden, and in Germany.—We allude to the burden.—In some of the oldest English and Scottish ballads, and in the parodies of them, to be found in Shakspeare, the second line and the fourth of every stanza form the burden; and sometimes it has, but often it does not seem to have, a particular connection with the subjects. The following instances, among others, will explain what we mean:

When daffodils begin to 'peer,  
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—  
Why then comes in the sweet of the year;  
For the red blood reigns in the winters  
pale.

When that I was a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

Thus in the following lines from a Danish ballad:

Early in the morning the lark she sung,  
All under the hill side so green,  
Sir Charles from his bed he quickly sprung,  
For the king of Denmark will revenge  
it all.

He first put on his shirt so sheen,  
All under the hill side so green,  
Then his jacket broidered with silk so green,  
For the king of Denmark will revenge it  
all.

or in the following, from a Swedish ballad:

To the lake-wake must go the maiden good,  
The Linden tree shakes in the wind,  
So she took the way to the darksome wood,  
For in wild wood she was to die.

And when she came to the wood so drear,  
The Linden tree shakes in the wind,  
The grey wolf before her did appear,  
For in wild wood she was to die.

O dear, dear wolf, O bite not me,  
The Linden tree shakes in the wind,  
My silk-sewed sark will I give to thee,  
For in wild wood she was to die.

This peculiarity only appears in our oldest English and Scotch, and the oldest Dutch ballads: there is no trace of it in the German ballads, properly so called.—Few of our collectors have considered the subject worth much of their attention.—Mr.

Jamieson, however, has some observations on the apparent want of connection between the burden of several of the ballads and the story, and concludes this has arisen from the transference of the burden of one song to another on a different subject.

The following elaborate observations by Gustavus Geijer, one of the editors of the Swedish collection, though, perhaps, too systematic, and in some of the general positions not strictly borne out by facts, appear to us to give, upon the whole, a very ingenious account of the origin and nature of the peculiarity to which we have been alluding.—“Narrative poetry,” he remarks, “is the first poetry of every people, the first preserver of their recollections.—Its subject is deeds, not feelings.—But as there can be no poetry without a lyrical element, for it belongs to its essence, this is found in music, which is inseparable from the infancy of poetry.—Song is the expression of feeling, the lyrical element in the narrative.—This is the epic age of poetry, and the *first* in its history.—In the *next*, feeling has found its own expression independent of the narrative.—Poetry has itself taken possession of the lyre, which hitherto merely accompanied it.—The soul of song has broken its prison, and, for the first time, understands how to express itself, and the lyrical beauty bursts on us like odour from the opening rose.—In the same manner as poetry itself becomes musical, a distinction first takes place between it and music in the proper sense, and the possibility of the development of the latter as a separate art, is now seen.—Fancy also, which before was merely the handmaid of memory, now obtains her freedom; and poetry, in the proper sense of the word, comes into life.—Instead of an external truth, or a poem, in which nothing farther is attempted than the relation of what is true, an internal truth is sought after, that is, the truth of the expression of feeling.—The human mind has begun to look back on itself.—An inward world has arisen, for which the whole external world is merely a symbol; and in this treatment of every thing external merely as an image for what is internal, fancy first knows herself,



and becomes conscious of her creative powers.—Then comes dramatic poetry, which may be considered as connecting the two former, by representing the transition from the one to the other.

“If we consider these three periods of the natural development of poetry, it is obvious, that it is in the second or lyrical period that art, properly speaking, first begins to appear; for fancy now first becomes acquainted with her own powers.—The internal feelings, which form the nutriment and the subject of lyrical poetry, are in their nature common to all.—How else could this poetry be an enjoyment accessible to all, and the true enjoyment of a lyrical piece be, properly speaking, a re-composing of it in our own soul? But these feelings have, at the same time, in each person, their individual expression.—The great national forms for poetry, in the epic period, fall asunder, therefore, as the lyrical ingredient obtains a preponderancy.—When every poet follows his own impulse, he takes or creates for himself the form which best coincides with his own peculiarity; and now we have authorship, properly so called.—We do not mean by this to say, that in the epic period, nothing like this,—no art exists; but merely, that it has still no individual character.—As poetry itself, in this period, is merely the expression of the living national recollections, there is, in like manner, for this common subject, only a common and national form.—Thus we have authors, but no separate authorship,—an art without artists; because this art is always identical.—Hence, from the epic age of a people, we have accounts of many singers and sayers, but either of no authors, or of one who passes for many, or if several, each so like one another, that they might almost pass for one.—With the dwelling on the internal of lyric poetry first arises the possibility of a true organic diversity and dissimilarity, which are afterwards fully developed through dramatic poetry.

“Let us now apply these considerations to our subject.—We say then, that the old Scandinavian ballads stand precisely on the transition between the epic and lyric periods.—To the former they still belong from their narrative nature,\* and from the circumstance, that a common national form still passes for all.—But on the other hand, they already begin to separate themselves through their subjects.—The epic age knows only two subjects for poetry: *sagas* (says) or narratives of gods, and narratives of heroes; which again are both connected by relationship, for the heroes descend from gods.—But the poets of this age, present themselves to the eyes of posterity in the same relation to each other as their subjects.—They are not independent, but united together like a family; the union is not an agreement, but a natural tie.—One works into the hands of another, each relating what is newest and most wonderful; and thus have originated, as it were, of themselves, those great circles of sagas,† which comprehend the destiny, the conflict, and the final destruction of a whole heroic world.—But in the old ballads the epical connection is already dissolved.—They do not connect themselves in larger cycles (smaller cycles sometimes occur), and with their subjects they have a lower and more common range.—This range is not the heroic life, elevated beyond measure above common life; but human life in general, with its destinies, sufferings, and enjoyments. The wonderful, which in the remains of the epic age displays itself boldly, and, as it were, bodily, withdraws itself now more into a deep back-ground.—But still, however, the whole of this world of song in like manner rests,—as does real life, in so many respects,—on a dark and wonderful ground.—The nature on which the northern ballad dwells, is still peopled with its peculiar wonderful beings; powers of nature, driven, indeed, from their former throne of majesty, but still

\* That the narrative in the ballads is at the same time so often *in presenti*, is a remarkable peculiarity, which shows that in connection with the lyrical element, the narration begins to assume a more dramatic character.

† Originally poetical, not merely in their subject, but even in their form. The prosaic *saga* is later, or a remodelling of the older poetical sagas.

interfering by stealth, as it were, in various ways, with the concerns of men.—Through all this, the poetry in question has a general connection with an older poetry, separate parts of which it even presents to us.—For single forms from the gigantic world of the old *sagas* still cast their shadows into this new and more cheerful circle; separate recollections have found their way over—recollections of former heroic races, and of the mythology of the Edda.—All this, however, appears in a new dress; it has lost much of its original meaning, and moves, as it were, in a new and foreign element.—What is then this new element which it has entered?—It is the lyrical element, which has now begun to display itself in poetry; for all these ballads rest on a lyrical ground.—They almost all betray a separate poetical intention, which we in vain look for in the epic age.—They display, each separately for itself, a peculiar vein of mind, for which the narrative merely serves as a clothing or expression.—It is feeling, which has not yet found its own language, which has not yet learned the lyrical flight, but which amid all the recollections selects those which most coincide with itself, gives life to them, and expresses itself in the separate narrative, satisfied therewith, without art, without pretension, and without name, and so allows its story to wander on, till, seized on by new lips, it is made by them an interpreter for the same purpose.—Thus the separate songs, no one's property, and every one's property, float about from mouth to mouth, from heart to heart, the expression of the hopes, sorrows, and recollections of the people, foreign and yet near to every man, centuries old, but still never obsolete; for the human heart, whose history they represent in such various shifting images, remains like to itself in all ages.—Many are merely a sigh, a single wailing,—an infinitely-moving sound, but still they never quit the narrative form, and seem to lay claim alone to be simply related.—Among many of this character, I need only refer to No. 71 (Little Kerstin's wedding and burial). It does not show the lyrical nature of the narrative ballad, merely in this, that it has the *tone*,—I mean not

only the melody or musical tone, —which was originally inseparable from all poetry,—but also the lyrical tone, a tone of feeling which runs through the whole (whence in another place I observed, that the music of these ballads merely unfolds the song, which is in-born in them):—beyond this, I say, its lyrical nature displays itself expressly in a distinct peculiarity of most of the older Scandinavian ballads; and this peculiarity is the *burden*.

“From its contents it may be divided into three kinds.—It recalls, first, either the principal person, the principal action, or some principal circumstance in the relation.—This kind of burden occurs too often to render it necessary to adduce any examples of it.—Or, secondly, it merely expresses, in general, a poetical disposition of mind, either by an excitement to song and poetry, or still more often in a significant manner by images.—The flowering summer has here in particular been an image for the inward summer, which arises in the soul and puts the fancy in flower.—It is named either expressly, as in the following burdens: *In summer*,—*At mid-summer tide*,—*In summer, when the small birds sing so well*,—and the like;—or by some of its attributes, as, *For now the wood it stands in flower*,—*While the wood comes into leaf*,—*In the rose-wood*,—*In the grove*; and a thousand others of the same nature.—We must not wonder that these short, constantly recurring propositions, do not appear to have any visible connection with the subject of the ballads:—they are, as has been said, merely the expression of a poetical disposition of mind in general, as *I also was in Arcadia*, simply (and we may almost say, with a striking unskillfulness) indicated in a constant recitation of the most general and most obvious images.—But these indications are not limited to images of spring and summer, lilies and roses.—We find also single objects, which in the fancy of the people had once a poetical signification, and are, therefore, applied in the same sense.—The *Linden*, or lime-tree, has in particular such a poetical signification.—It occurs in the burden of many ballads, without our being able to assign any other cause for the



circumstance.—For example, *Under the Linden,—But the Linden grows well,—The Linden tree shakes in the wind,—The Linden grows in the island far, &c.* Mr. Afzelius has remarked, that the Linden, which occurs so often, not merely in the burdens, but also in the subjects of the ballads relating to witchcraft, is still invested by the people with a sort of sanctity, and is considered a tree of particular signification, under which elves, hobgoblins, and lind-worms (annulated snakes) are not fond of being seen.—Thirdly, and lastly, the burden expresses, not only that the singer is in a poetical mood, in general, but more definitely the particular feeling which prevails in the ballad.—Examples of this are too general to require to be cited.—I will only observe, that the burden is in this respect occasionally ironical.—This irony is sometimes of the nature of banter or raillery, but more often it is serious.—There is frequently an aim at something deep in it, as, for example, in the burden: *Ye rejoice yourselves every day*, in the melancholy and truly admirable ballad (No. 6.), where the earth's joys and sorrows are represented in so moving a manner as penetrating into the dwellings of the beloved dead.—This same ballad has also a burden: *Who breaks the leaf from the lily stalk?*—which by a pleasant and singular image seems to indicate the power of sorrow over all that in innocence and beauty is the most prepossessing, in the same manner as the former transports us in idea amidst the joys and delights of the mere moment.—And this leads us to say a few words respecting the *double burden* in general.

“In a number of ballads there occurs, not only a burden towards its end, but also another in the middle of each strophe.—We will call the latter the middle burden, to distinguish it from the concluding one.—For the most part they have both a reference to each other.—This is either so that the one strengthens the other, or that it contains something in the same sense.—Occasionally the concluding burden merely concludes a sense which was begun in the middle one: for example, in the ballad (No. 17), where the complete burden, *Young is my life—and hence is all my grief*, is distribut-

ed, so that the first half of the proposition comes in the middle, and the latter in the end of each strophe.—Sometimes the two burdens are in opposition to each other; and this opposition is never without signification in respect to the contents of the ballad.—Thus, to take the first example, which now occurs to me, the two burdens in No. 16, *O could we well bethink ourselves!*—and, *Sir Bold he will go over the path*, oppose thoughtful reflection, and the raving of passion, which is the cause of the sad catastrophe, to each other.—Oppositions of this nature between the two burdens often occur; sometimes they are merely symbolically indicated; and sometimes such an opposition is expressed through the change in the burden itself, especially when the subject of the ballad from being cheerful becomes melancholy, or the reverse.—However, the two burdens are not always exactly in the relations of connection or opposition to each other here specified. They may even be each separately of a dissimilar kind, according to the arrangement we have laid down. In this manner the connection of most of the burdens with ballads is intelligible.—When we cannot discern it, on the principles here stated, we may, without hesitation, lay the blame on the uncertainty and confusion of tradition, whence a number of burdens have been assigned to ballads to which they originally never belonged.

“We say now, not merely that the burden is a lyrical peculiarity prominently displayed in the ballads, but that in the three kinds of burdens which we have described, this lyrical nature always expresses itself more and more, and in regular progression.—It is, in general, a lyrical peculiarity; for in the first place, it does not belong to the narrative, to the epic element in the ballads, but contains, on the contrary, a reflection on it; and this constant returning, this repetition in the form and contents of the burden, can only have a lyrical object; namely, the retention of a certain impression.—But this retention, this fixing of a given impression, or feeling, is at once both the condition and the object of all lyric poetry.—Further, this burden's lyrical nature always discloses itself



more and more in the three kinds of burden specified by us, and in the order in which we specified them.—A poet's reflection on himself lies at the bottom of all lyric poetry.—This betrays itself already in the first kind of burden named by us, but its unity seems to be more external than internal, and shows itself merely in the comprising of the subject of the narrative in a few constantly returning traits: the burden is still epic in its contents, though lyrical in its object.—In the second kind of burden there is already expressed in this reflection something internal, a disposition of mind, but with a universality and indefiniteness. In the third kind, this disposition assumes a de-

finite expression; and appears in a sort of individual connection with the subject of the narrative itself.

“The burden of the popular ballad seems to be peculiar to our north (if we include Scotland); but in the north, so far as I know, the burden is never sung in chorus. Neither I, nor any of my friends have ever heard any thing of the kind. Indeed, if it were to be sung in chorus, it would, in most cases, produce an injurious and disagreeable effect, for it often consists of short symbolical indications, which are only intelligible in the most intimate connexion with the ballad and the singer.”

Thus far Mr. Geijer. We shall resume the subject in a future number.

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#### ALPHABET STUDIES, AND CHINESE IMITATIONS.

Who has not made himself merry at the expense of the poor Chinese? Their babyish arrogance, — their laughable solemnity, — their stately submission to be punnelled and bastinadoed, — and their never-ending manœuvres of absurd and ludicrous ceremony; but, above all, their gravely employing their whole lives in the study of their alphabet, — have stamped upon the nation the same character of frivolity and presumption, which seems to be natural to our dancing, fighting, and philosophising neighbours — the French.

Was it this similarity of character, that drew from Voltaire such high eulogiums on Chinese civilization, and Chinese philosophy, by which, in spite of Mr. Barrow and his facts, European opinion is still deeply influenced? Barrow is but a traveller, and the memory of Sir John Mandeville is not yet forgotten; but there is no end to the ramifications of a philosopher's sway: Aristotle has now held the scholastic throne for more than two thousand years. Voltaire, then, we think, it must have been, who, by ignorantly praising the Chinese, and leading some to admire them, paved the way for the numerous imitations of their alphabet studies, which have since prevailed, and are now rapidly increasing, among our philosophers.

Nothing can be more evident, than that in all science, and in all acquirements, there is an alphabet to be

learned,—rudiments to be mastered, which *rationaly* ought to be held subservient to higher advances in study. In China, however, it would be quite heretical and unlawful to advance a step beyond the A, B, C; and in this it is that our philosophers are their humble imitators; for it is now become fashionable, in almost every branch of learning and of philosophy, to esteem the acquisition of the mere rudiments, or horn-book alphabet, as the consummation of perfection.

Are proofs demanded? — They crowd upon us. The republic of letters is peopled to an overflow with alphabet-mongers, who have ingenuity enough to persuade the world of the profundity of their scholarship. For example: a man is accounted a profound Greek scholar, not because he possesses skill in the usage and force of words, and in the idioms and anomalies of the language; nor because he can enter deeply into the spirit and character of the Grecian classics; nor by having an intimate and extensive knowledge of the manners and political constitution, and of the nature and spirit of the religion and the poetry, of Greece:—not by any, or all of these; but by being able to measure the long and short syllables of the language, and to assign long, hard names to their arrangement in verse. But though this is certainly mere alphabet learning, yet it is now, by

almost universal consent, made the summit of perfection.

Would it not be equally wise—and equally *Chinese*—to denominate a man a consummate musician, who was not an adept in either composition, or the art of producing effect; but who had a ready knack at naming the notes, whether long or short, and of bestowing learned terms and phrases on the various arrangements of them in bars? To this pitch of alphabet-learning musicians have not yet arrived; but the rising credit of the alphabet or gamut exercise of difficult execution, and, above all, that of the chioplast and mechanical drilling of Logier, show a rapid advancement towards *les modes Chinoises*.

These, however, are not the most flagrant examples. The contagion rages with the most marked symptoms in Natural History, in which we have manifestly improved on our masters, the Chinese; as they have scarcely yet begun the study. It is among our *soi-disant* naturalists, indeed, that abecedarian knowledge flourishes in all its glory and magnificence. For he is now esteemed the most profound and celebrated naturalist, who is master of his alphabet of names with which he loads his remembrance; and there he stops, and would look upon one who would go farther,—who would study facts and utility,—as vulgarizing his sublime science of names, by descending to matters, of importance only to the ignorant mob of mankind.

That such is the case in Botany, and, in a great measure, in Zoology, any person may satisfy himself, by looking into any of the works lately published, such as Smith's Grammar of Botany, Hooker's Flora Scotica, Lamarck's Animaux sans Vertebres, or the long articles, Botany, Entomology, and Mazology, in Brewster's Encyclopædia. In all of these there is absolutely nothing but names,—for the greater part, too, of recent manufacture. This also is *Chinese*; for as the studies of that nation are confined to the alphabet, it is one of the highest aims of *Chinese* literary ambition to add new letters to the former catalogue. In this, however, our naturalists have far outdone them. Dr. Leach,—if we mistake not,—has coined more names

than would fill a dictionary by themselves.

In justice, however, to both the Eastern and *Western Chinese*, it should be stated, that their alphabet has a meaning, and indicates facts. The letters of the one, and the horn-book names of the other, always stand for something; but it is always something of little importance, or small value, which nobody besides the alphabet-monger cares to know: similar to the antique lore of old Hearn,

Who loved to teach what no man loved to learn.

Mineralogists were long uninfected with this *Chinese* mania; but now we think they bid fair to follow in the train of our Botanists and Entomologists, notwithstanding the efforts of some, who wish to get out of this nursery alphabet of names, and to rise to something of important deduction and useful inquiry. Professor Jameson, and M. Mohs, of Freyberg,—are the chief of the *Chinese* mineralogists. Dr. Macculloch, and Mr. Greenough, are the most distinguished opponents of the innovation.

Chemistry also, which a few years ago was, though an imperfect, yet still a wonderful science, and full of interesting information, is now becoming every day more lifeless and unintelligible, by the multiplication of names and petty discoveries, which seem to have nothing but their name and their insignificance to recommend them.

These are only a few specimens of our progress in imitating the Chinese; a few examples from many in which the alphabet and the names are all and every thing; and the useful facts—the sublime speculations, which raise the thoughts to God, and cast down the pride of human aspirings—all these are vulgar;—and those who pursue utility in their researches are looked upon by your man of names, your profound alphabet scholar, as vulgar and low. In a word, every science appears to a thorough-bred *Chinese* to be quite contemptible, which is not tricked up with a frippery of uncouth and unpronounceable names. We have by us a list of our *Chinese* philosophers and artists, of which our readers shall by and by have the perusal.



## FUGITIVE LITERATURE.

THE pursuit of pleasure and happiness, like that of moor game, is often replete with livelier delights, than bagging of the prey can afford us. What with shy birds, and luckless shots, the cost of labour and ammunition is very seldom defrayed by flesh and feathers: and, even in the common pursuits of life, at the close of a long and arduous chace, when sipping the sweet, and eating the fat of a favourite object; on balancing accounts, we usually find that the fair fruit of our toil, the banquet of our hopes, has already been enjoyed by anticipation. But when chance administers to our necessities—when a windfall of goodly tidings, or a seasonable supply of what the soul loveth, comes upon us like manna in the wilderness, then it is that we enjoy indeed and indeed.

It was my good fortune, the other day, to be overtaken by a smart shower, the very instant an elderly gentleman crossed the street. On mending his pace, to seek shelter from the pattering rain that descended rather more copiously than the man could wish who leaves his umbrella at home, his foot slipped, and down he went, full length. Up came a modern *Blood*, on his gallant grey, spurring at a furious rate, and certainly would have trampled the fallen pedestrian under foot, had I not sprung forward with a kind of instinctive alacrity, and laid hold of his bridle with both hands. "Prance at leisure, my good lad," quoth I, "and don't ride down your betters." The whisker'd dandy looked exceedingly fierce, saluted me with a volley of fashionable imprecations, and twirled his whip into a position that betokened no good to my shoulders; but on perceiving the decisive measures I was about to adopt, and feeling his collar in a firmer grasp than personal safety was accustomed to, the caloric of his eye began to glimmer, the whip descended in peace to the pommel of his saddle, and he lowered his pennon with becoming resignation, turned him aside, and gracefully cantered away. The truth is, I had hastily put on my best military face, and was proceeding to unhorse him *sans ceremonie*, when his

dandyship so very prudently declined hostilities. On wheeling about to befriend the old man, whose safety I had much at heart, I found him on his legs, bemired and agitated exceedingly. I laid hold of his arm, without hesitation, and hurried him out of harm's way, with a promptitude and celerity that excited the admiration of a gentleman haberdasher, who beheld the whole affair from first to last. This prudent man stood in his own shop door, calmly balancing the profit and loss of a speculation that just then flashed on his mind; *to wit*, whether the satisfaction administered to his feelings, in delivering a fellow creature from peril, would, or would not, remunerate him for the defilement of his silk stockings, and the spoliation of his glossy shoes; but the affair was settled before he had time to sum up. We approached his house, and he welcomed us in. Soap, towels, and water in abundance, were readily supplied by this good Samaritan; and in a trice our patient might have made his appearance at either church or market. During the process of cleansing his garments, and bringing the old gentleman to himself, I fully recognized a face that had been familiar to me, when a glimpse of *Blucher*, and a nod from *Platoff*, fully recompensed the virtuoso for his afternoon's excursion; and I also remembered the anxiety he manifested for pedestrian safety, when his coachman was about to push through the motley multitude that encompassed him on every side. "Now, my good people, have a care—keep clear of the wheels, I beseech you—move on, *Joe*, and look well to the horse's feet, lest a stray child should happen to pop in the way," was the warning usually given by this good old man—a warning that new-dubbed knights would never have troubled their heads to publish—but our philanthropist was a knight of the old school.—"What a congregation of fools!" exclaimed a bystander; "I really had no idea that London could furnish such a squad; and here comes old *Sir Gideon Moubray*; who would ever have dreamt of seeing him in the park?"—But to return to our narrative. The



baronet assured us both, with great good humour, that he had sustained no personal injury whatever—a declaration that afforded much satisfaction to me; and then proceeded to acknowledge the Samaritan's civility, in a strain of native politeness, that never emanated from any other than a gentle heart. "As for you, my brave fellow," continued the knight, "one good deed will certainly be noted down this day to the credit of your moral account; namely, the saving of a fellow creature's ribs from being crush'd;" "and the shins of another from pollution," added I, in an under tone: "but there are duties, my good Sir, alike incumbent on you and on me; and miserable indeed must be the state of that man's feeling, who could deny himself the gratification of fulfilling them." "These topics," replied the baronet, "we can discuss more at our leisure, if you will have the goodness to accompany me home, and accept of *pot-luck*." The invitation was, indeed, welcome to me; and I freely confess that my whole catalogue of excuses could not even furnish the semblance of a modest denial; so I qualified my compliance, as well as I could, by observing, that though I had intended to visit the British Museum that very afternoon, yet would I not lose the opportunity of enlarging the stock of my acquaintance; and added, by way of *rider*, that *pot-luck*, and homely welcome, had allurements too fascinating to be withstood. "The British Museum," observed Sir Gideon, "certainly possesses many valuable curiosities; but still we meet with rarities, here and there, whose merits have evidently been overlooked by the foraging parties of that celebrated institution. In my collection, for example, there are many curious specimens of British craft, not to be found in the national store; consisting of literary fragments gathered in certain districts, hitherto deemed barren of instruction and amusement. Their intrinsic value has, indeed, been disputed by the over fastidious; but still the portion of originality they possess, induces a stray connoisseur, now and then, to put on his spectacles; and you, my good Sir," concluded the baronet, "being a frequenter of museums, will have no objection,

I should think, to put on yours." My reply was neither brief nor otherwise. I politely thanked him for the great kindness he had manifested; and jocosely declared that his soul might safely rest in peace, for I certainly would not fail of rummaging his literary pantry. So we took leave of our gentle haberdasher, with many professions of respect; and he, in return, complimented each of us with his card; obligingly observing, that should any little matter be wanted in his way, he would most cheerfully send it to our respective mansions, on better terms than any other house in town.

I had once some thoughts of cantering over a whole sheet of foolscap, in sketching the many jostlings, and *by your leaves*, and *how d'ye dos*, that we experienced on our way to the baronet's residence; as also the agreeable politeness of his lady, and her amiable grand-daughter, Mrs. Halliburton; together with a full and faithful memoir of their worthy butler, Mr. Dennis O'Shaughnessy, a grey-haired domestic, who fully verified the old adage, "like master, like man;" but on examining the complexion of the matter more gravely, and well weighing every item thereof in my own mind, *pro* and *con*, I very prudently abandoned the idea altogether; and left the vacuum to be furnished in such manner, and with such materials, as the reader's own creative fancy might deem meet. He will, therefore, have the goodness to fill up the blank at his leisure, and attend to the sequel of my narration. On discharging our glasses to the memory of "*Auld lang syne*," I arose from the old elbow chair, wherein I had so plentifully partaken of the good things of this life, and followed the baronet into his

#### LITERARY MUSEUM;

An apartment of very goodly dimensions, elegantly furnished with carpeting of the first manufacture; chairs, tables, sofas, &c.; and the walls thereof hung round with handsome wooden frames, partially gilt; and all of them accommodated with rolls of brown Holland, tightening pulleys, cords, and tassels, complete. "Now, my good friend," quoth the knight, as he rolled up one of the screens, "this piece of literary patch-

work will abide inspection ; better never enveloped the goods and chattels of a confectioner." On examining the frameful of rarities, I certainly did pronounce it one of the greatest curiosities I had ever beheld. Fragments of letters in various hands, and on various subjects, remnants of marriage settlements, wills, memorials, verse, and blank verse, all arranged in admirable order, and carefully pasted on canvas, formed at once the strangest medley of style and subject that ever excited the smile, or summoned the gravity, of a beholder, either ancient or modern. Indeed, whatever tended to awaken merriment, sympathy, amazement—in fine, every native emotion slumbering in the breast, was to be met with amongst this wonderful assemblage of originals. "In the name of wonder," quoth I, "how came you by all this?" "Why, truly, my dear fellow," replied the collector, with a smile, "that question has been so very frequently propounded for these last fifty years, that really I felt the necessity of composing a kind of set speech for the occasion, and you will therefore have the goodness to refrain from smiling at the formality of a studied reply. Know, then, that all my frames on the left were furnished by a neighbouring confectioner, through the medium of my children, grand-children, and great-grand-children. Every cake brought me a morsel of wisdom or folly ; and every ounce of candy a crumb of sense, or a scrap of nonsense. To the poulterer and cheesemonger, I stand indebted for my literary treasures on the right ; and the barber and tobacconist claim my grateful acknowledgments for those in the front and rear ; but you will please to observe, that from the crude materials supplied by these gentlemen, I winnowed somewhere about ninety and nine parts of chaff, a task that little minds would boggle at ; but *patience and perseverance* is my motto. The residue I carefully examined, re-examined, and classified in the manner you see for the inspection of my friends. But," continued the baronet, "I have lately fallen in with a real leather trunk maker, whose contributions appear to be of a superior quality, and much less mutilated

than those of his brother tradesmen—you shall see a specimen presently." So saying, he opened a large drawer, wherein was deposited an immense number of manuscript writings, and invited me, in his own free and easy way, to partake of the intellectual treat. I complied, without hesitation ; but O, reader ! what were my emotions when I descried the first-born of my youthful muse, looking me wistfully in the face—the dear little song that she brought forth to commemorate the first of my loves. *Martha Crosby*, the sweetest of all our Nithsdale songsters, took the smiling innocent to Dumfries ; and so delighted were the bards of that good town, with the comeliness of its complexion, and the simplicity of its dress, that all of them fell in love with my little Artless, curled its hair, flounced its frock, and Londonized the fashion of its pinafore. In like manner, the pastoral poets of Irongray, Glencairn, and Penpont, got a glimpse of its loveliness, and declared individually that my sweet little firstling was their own only begotten. In short, the modest fame of my lisping wanderer spread far and wide. Seven parishes contended for the honour of its birth ; and seven pitched battles were fought, to support the claims of their respective bards : the clanking of their oak sticks will never depart from my memory. I lifted up my voice, and calmly expostulated with the young men on the vanity of their pretensions ; but no one amongst the people arose, and bore testimony to the justness of my remarks ; so they wagged their heads, and laughed me to scorn. This ungentle treatment stung me to the soul : I put a shirt in one pocket, a pair of grey worsted stockings in the other, and, with staff in hand, forsook my native glen, to sojourn amongst strangers, where I have long followed my favourite calling, but with a success that makes me

— curse the light I first survey'd,  
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming  
trade.

I am perfectly satisfied as to the identity of my dear song. The family features are very distinguishable, and much of the dress retains its primitive simplicity—besides,

*Martha's* thumb marks are still visible on the margins; so, without farther ceremony, I'll fall-to [in good earnest, and transcribe the contents

of that wonderful drawer; giving precedence, as a matter of course, to mine own offspring.

THE HILLS O' GALLOWA.

Yestreen, among the new mawn hay,  
I met my Julia hameward gaun;  
The linnets lilted on the spray,  
The lambs were lowping o'er the lawn;  
On every howm the sward was mawn,  
The braes wi' gowans busked braw,  
And gloamin's plaid o' grey was thrawn  
Out o'er the Hills o' Gallowa.

With music wild the woodlands rang,  
And fragrance wing'd alang the lea,  
As down we sat the flowers amang,  
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.  
My Julia's arms encircled me,  
And saftly slade the hours awa,  
Till dawin coost a glimmering ee'  
Upon the Hills o' Gallowa.

It isna owsen, sheep and kye,  
It isna gould, it isna gear,  
This lifted ee' wad hae, quoth I,  
The world's drumlie gloom to cheer;  
But give to me my Julia dear,  
Ye Powers, wha row this earthen ba',  
And O sae blithe through life I'll steer  
Amang the Hills o' Gallowa.

When gloamin danners up the hill,  
Wi' our gudeman, to bught the yowes,  
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill,  
That o'er the moorland murmuring rowes;  
Or tint amang the scroggie knowes  
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,  
And sing the streams, the heights, and howes,  
The hills, and dales, o' Gallowa.

And when auld Scotland's heathy hills,  
Her rural nymphs, and jovial swains,  
Her brawling burns, and wimpling rills,  
Awake nae mair my canty strains;  
Where friendship dwells, and freedom reigns,  
Where heather blooms, and moorcocks crow,  
O howk my grave, and hide my banes  
Among the Hills o' Gallowa.

The next in succession is an epistle from a fellow travelling the country with a dancing bear, to his agent in London. It appears to have been written from Norfolk, somewhere about the year 1800; a season when agricultural hilarity was much livelier than now-a-days. The manuscript is perfectly legible throughout, with the exception of a few lines at the beginning; and, when considered as a private wicket in real life, it

certainly affords a very curious glimpse of the back ground, as the following verbatim transcript will fully testify:

" \* \* \* \* \*

and tell Tim that I say so. The Whitechapel Barber must exercise his patience a little longer. I have shaven the bear, and he is now, thank God, a sea lion. The fellow offers five-and-thirty shillings for him—liberal, indeed!—Why, Sam, it would



not defray his travelling charges to London. Besides, I bear this very barber an old grudge on the wig score—he may go to the devil for me, and seek stuff there to promote the growth of hair and whiskers. The truth is this. My poor old bear has been many years in the family. We had him as a legacy from *Jem Woodieson*, when betrayed by the unnatural appearance of his disguise wig, and exalted at Maidstone—curse the fingers that made it. *Jem* was a lad, whose skilful address in the withdrawing of pigs and poultry will be long remembered, and requires no eulogy of mine. In gratitude to our benefactor, we treated his favourite with much kindness and respect, both on *Jem's* account, and his own; for, truly, he was a noble animal. But trudging about from fair to fair, with the two monkeys, and dancing to every group of *Johnny Raws* that came in his way, gradually impaired a constitution, naturally delicate, until he became a down-right cripple; so I took compassion on the poor soul, and, with the assistance of my nephew, *Bill Felcher*, had him clean and comfortably shaven. We now exhibit him in a large water tub at one end of the caravan; and really the grateful brute looks uncommonly fierce, and roars well—I freely use the expression, as nine-tenths of our visitants know not the difference between a roar and a growl. By this speculation, we netted 47*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.* last week at *Lym mart*—all clear clink.

“I know not what to think of this *Holborn* affair. Property of that description is becoming every day more and more precarious. What with vagrant acts, and societies for the suppression of mendicity, and lions in the path of every denomination, both civil and religious, I verily do believe that the whole breed of street solicitors will, sooner or later, become extinct. No calling, within the range of my knowledge, is so very liable to be overhauled, as that of the *cross-sweeper*. He becomes a local character in a few days—the very nature of his profession requires him to vibrate from side to side, like a pendulum, and then comes *Duncan Campbell*, in all his terrors, demanding a scrutiny. No movement that I know of is more likely to

tempt the curiosity of that mighty persecutor. Moreover, it is generally believed that charity, and loving kindness, and compassion, are on the decline; and, that a new-fangled system of education will very soon render mankind too sagacious and circumspect for the best of us—but what the deuce do I boggle at? History assures us, and daily experience corroborates the fact, that the same portions of sapience and stupidity, dulness and discernment, have been annually meted out to human nature, from the creation, down to the date hereof; and that mankind will continue to breed in the usual way—nine tenths geese, and the rest poulterers, in spite of *Joseph Lancaster's* teeth; so we'll dismiss all apprehension of the evil day, for the present, and proceed to business.

“A recollection is just now flickering in my mind, like the lights and shades of a three-year-old dream. One evening, somewhere about four or five years ago, when chattering over a couple of rummers, with old *Ben*, at the *Bear and Fiddle*, he became, all of a sudden, exceedingly communicative; and as there could be little harm in asking a civil question or two, ‘Now, *Benjamin Skipstocks*,’ quoth I, very gravely, ‘solve me a problem. How comes it to pass that the *parish beadle* pursues the tenor of his way, and the *street-keeper* passeth by, without reconnoitring thy position, or even saying—evil thou doest?’ ‘Aye, that I will, my boy, and frankly too;’ replied the facetious old buffer, ‘so lend an ear, and listen unto me—at the commencement of the season, a *crown wet* and a *crown dry* cures their bark; but O, Ned, Ned, that *Suppression Secretary* is a sad dog.’ Now, Sam, before you broach the subject, sound this secretary, and if his per centage is any way moderate, offer the old fellow, in my name, to the tune of 75*l.*, say guineas, as an equivalent for his right of sweeperage. The truth is, I have it in contemplation to do something for my uncle *Robin*. Poor man, he has been in an ailing way ever since his neck had that confounded twist in *Lincoln pillory*; and the sweeperage of *Holborn Bridge* would just suit him to the nines. Should you close with the old man, and I really think there is

little doubt of it, as I believe the incumbent is seriously disposed to sell off and retire to Cheltenham; get the deeds of conveyance drawn up by Thursday week; and I can safely make a bolt for a few days, to do the needful.

"Your son Bob has commenced operations against the enemy. By the coach, you will receive three prime Ringstead turkeys, all withdrawn in one night, by his own hands—what a haul for such a gosling! Truly, Sam, he is a sweet little fellow, and promises fair to shine amongst us, a star of the first magnitude. You exercised a sound discretion in taking him away from school. Another year, in all probability, would have ruined the lad. Education, my dear Sir, notwithstanding all the assertions of old prejudice to the contrary, is absolutely necessary in our profession; only care must be taken to remove the student before his ideas of what the enemy calls *morality*, begin to consolidate. This was a favourite maxim of my worthy father's—all his children were removed from boarding school, before they had completed their fourteenth year. He then fell to work, modelled their minds to his liking, and carefully turned the portion of learning they had acquired into the proper channels. Hence arises the wide difference, in point of adroitness, between our family, and many others I could name, whose children's education was stunted to the rude construction of a St. Andrew's cross.

"A fresh supply of tambourines is absolutely necessary, our drunken farmers having demolished my whole stock. One guinea a kick, hit or miss, is quite the go; all yellow lads down on the nail. They certainly are prime fellows. What can be more delightful than walking on the dilapidated ramparts, of an evening, or sitting on the old Watch Tower, and listening to the overflowings of their joy as they gallop home from a rising market; hallooing with all their might, and lashing the Johnny Raws who presume to dispute their right of cantering on the highway foot-paths. I humbly hope that the day is far distant, indeed, when ne-

cessity will compel them to ride at leisure.

"The result of your inquiries, and all other particulars, relative to the Holborn business, I shall look for every post. Dear Sam, I have much to say,—but a pressure of business requiring immediate attention, compels me to haul my wind, and subscribe myself,

"Thine truly and faithfully,

"EDWARD GALLOWGATE.

"To Mr. Saml. Cuddiecowper,  
Kent-street, Boro', London.

"P.S.—All our endeavours to save Scotch Andrew were unavailing.—Thirteen indictments preferred against him;—nine substantiated by point blank evidence; and his clergy allowed at the last Derby Assizes, were a phalanx too firm to be shaken. What, in the name of Folly, could have tempted the man to commence pick-pocket; a profession so very far beyond the range of his abilities.—The bag-pipe was Andrew's forte, and tune-making his delight. I never knew a young bear refuse to obey the voice of his chaunter. Poor Andrew!—Five of us visited him the night before his exaltation; and such a five never before acknowledged the mastery of bolt and lock. Old adventures, new schemes of ways and means, and ludicrous anecdotes,—soon screwed our conviviality to the highest pitch. Andrew was the first to recollect himself. All of a sudden, and in the very midst of our hilarity, he wrung his hands, and exclaimed, in a tone of sorrow that will ever haunt my remembrance, 'O sirs, this wearifu' hanging rings in my head like a new tune!' Poor man, he fell a martyr to his own indiscretion. Adieu. E. G."

Then follows an entire letter from a young man on the eve of *burying his first wife*.\* This epistle abounds with much original information; inasmuch as it proves, beyond the possibility of doubt, that a certain class of men, hitherto deemed untameable as the wild ass's colt, have at length been reduced by the manufacturing system, and fairly brought under the yoke.

\* A cant phrase used by apprentices when about to be released from their indentures.

"Garland Crescent, 22d Dec.  
1820.

"Dear and honoured Father,—As my apprenticeship is now drawing to a close, I beseech you to jog Uncle *Barnaby's* memory, and remind him of his promise. Something must be done to put me in business; for I do declare that the thoughts of journey-work freeze my very blood. Master employs no less than fifteen hands,—nine of them ballad-makers—the rest attached to the dying-speech and elegy departments. Poor fellows, it grieves me to see them. Figure to yourself fifteen men of sublime genius, pacing to and fro on the factory floor; holding up the semblance of nether garments with one hand, a sketch-book in the other,—and all of them 'rapt in meditation high,' or haply standing by the inspiration tub, partaking of *whiskey toddy*, brewed by our indulgent foreman. But their best endeavours, owing to the badness of the times, are insufficient

to fill their skins, and clothe their emaciated bodies. Were it not for the exhilarating beverage liberally supplied by our benevolent manager, I verily do believe, that all their fancies would have perished long ago. Since I last wrote you, master has taken on another journeyman, through sheer compassion,—a fine young lad of promising talent. He has the heels of all his shopmates, in sentimental tenderness; and the pathos of his elegy is much admired—but he positively refuses to taste the *toddy*,—and dissuades me from putting my lips to the ladle with which it is distributed. To him I stand indebted for much valuable information. The following ballad, founded on the story of poor *Helen Græme*, that grandmother used to tell with so much feeling, was sketched by him. He gave me the skeleton, and I clothed it with flesh and skin.—Master says it's poor stuff,—but I think otherwise: judge for yourself.

HELEN GRÆME.

A spirit glides to my bed-side,  
Wringing it's hands of virgin snow;  
Loosely it's robes of floating light,  
Loosely it's golden ringlets flow;  
All in a shadowy mantle clad,  
It climbs my blissless bridal bed.

"Thou airy phantom of the night,  
Unveil thy face, and gaze on me,  
Until my shivering heart is cold,—  
And I'll arise, and follow thee.  
Oh! Helen Græme, celestial maid,  
I commune with thine angel shade.

"Ill omen'd was this morn to me,  
The woeful morn of my wedding;  
*Matilda* heard a death-bell toll—  
When on her finger glow'd the ring.  
My cold hand clasp'd the blushing dame's,—  
But O! my heart was Helen Græme's."

"Arise, *Lord Auchinlea*, arise,  
And wrap thee in this shroud of mine;  
Turn from thy softly slumbering bride,  
And press my shivering cheek to thine.  
On forest glade, and naked wold,  
The wind is keen—the dew is cold.

"I know thee well, deserving youth;  
Fair honour clothes thy gentle brow;  
The rage of feud withheld thy hand,—  
But hand and heart are Helen's now.  
Another lock'd embrace, and we  
Will hie us to eternity.



"An angry father's scowling brow,  
A lady mother's wrathful eye,  
Will never more our loves divide—  
Will never more our peace annoy.  
In one wide bed, beneath the yew,  
There will we sleep—and sweetly too."

His young bride woke in sore affright—  
Pale as the cold, the lifeless clay;  
She saw her lord in Helen's arms,—  
His quivering corse beside her lay.  
Wrapt in a mantling blaze of light,  
They vanish'd from that lady's sight.

Green grows the birk on Laggan burn,  
And fair the opening blossom blows;  
But greener is the sacred grass,  
And ruddier too, the wild-briar rose,  
Where dew-bath'd flowrets gently rest  
Their bloomy heads on Helen's breast.

"On comparing this sample with the piece I sent home last Christmas, I hope my dear father will find an alteration in my versification for the better. My application to study has indeed been most arduous; and, happy am I to say, attended with a success seldom experienced by lads of my years—at least I think so. Many thanks to aunt for the fine collection of old psalm tunes she sent me. They suit my style of composition admirably well,—and in due time will make their appearance, accompanied with the very best lyrics that I can produce. My dear father, let me again entreat you to keep uncle in your eye. I well know that he has bowels, though somewhat difficult of access; and a kind warm heart,—though, like the best of coal fires, it requires poking now and then. With kind love to all my kindred, acquaintance, and inquiring friends, I ever remain, my dear and honoured father,

"Your dutiful and affectionate son,  
"BARNABY DANDELION."

These gleanings of Fugitive Literature fully justify an opinion I have long entertained; viz. that much curious information, amusement, and even knowledge, is annually consumed by cheesemongers, barbers, tobacconists, &c.—and strange as it may seem, neither literary philanthropists, nor book-making publishers, so far as I know, with the exception of Sir Gideon Moubray, have hitherto taken compassion on the forlorn fugitives,—or even availed themselves of a fund, untouched by speculative fingers. Being a little man,

and slow of speech, perhaps it would be deemed presumptuous, were I even to dream of a *Society for the Preservation of Literary Scraps*; but a word to the wise is sufficient. The hint may possibly fall into abler hands,—and though I should neither enjoy the honourable and lucrative situation of Secretary to the Association, nor even be deemed eligible to fill the no less useful one of Beadle, yet will I not complain. The internal satisfaction of having been the humble means of providing a Refuge for the Destitute, will amply recompense my loving kindness.

Many and various are the sources whence the dealer and chapman draws a supply of waste paper, at per lb. The early and unavailing struggles of indigent genius to behold the light, baffled, and trodden under foot, perhaps, by the underling Mentor of some fat publisher, whom success in business has rendered too indolent, or nature too stupid, to judge for himself—The wailings and gratulation of desponding and successful love, in prose and verse—The high-seasoned resolves of public meetings, Catholic, and anti-Catholic, radical, and anti-radical, together with all, and sundry the miscellaneous offspring of the mind—But where am I wandering? To the formation of an establishment, whose component parts I have neither sagacity to select, nor influence to consolidate. I shall, therefore, close the subject, and leave my observations to shift for themselves.

LAUCHLIN GALLOWAY.

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## THE GARDEN OF FLORENCE, AND OTHER POEMS;

BY JOHN HAMILTON.\*

THERE are two sorts of poetry which have grown up and flourished in this our excellent age. The one is good, solid (even when airy), unassuming,—wholesome diet for the mind. The other is frothy, noisy, and vain-glorious, dealing in big words and puffed phrases, in fustian and folly; and of this let every man take heed; for though it maketh somewhat of a show, and allureth the eye like an omelet soufflée, yet is it indigestible, unsubstantial, and unwholesome.

It has been thus with every age. The spirit of poetry has always had its attendant shadow, larger than itself, but empty, monstrous, misshapen—

Monstr' horrend' inform' ingens cui lumen  
ademptum.

Lear was preceded by Tamburlaine (the shade is thrown forward when the sun is behind);—Pope had his imitators and enemies; and Lord Byron is not without his satellites, who catch a transient notoriety from his brightness, though they reflect neither lustre nor credit upon him.—Wordsworth has but few followers; although he has contributed more than any man of his time to free poetry from its shackles, and has mixed an unpretending beauty of diction with a more profound insight into the philosophy of nature than any other cotemporary poet. Mr. Shelley has excluded himself from imitators, by his exposition of a very questionable system of morals (probably “unquestionable” were better), but his ear is, perhaps, finer than that of any poet since the time of Milton, and his command of language is unrivalled. In Wordsworth there is a studied avoidance of sounding phraseology; so much so, in fact, that he at times betrays an absolute baldness of diction; yet he too can rise, when occasion suits, and clothe the neck of his Pegasus with thunder. Mr. Shelley's elevation of style is more sustained; but his mastery of words is so complete, and his magnificent and happy combinations so

frequent, that the richness is obscured by the profusion.

With such men as these (Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley—we say nothing of the *subjects* on which they write) high phrase is well; but we hate to hear a Pistol of a man let off his matchlock close to our ear with nothing but blank cartridge in it,—like an empty barrel, the more noisy from its very vacancy: this is vile, and not to be endured: it affronts us while it perplexes our taste.—It was well said by a friend of ours (an eminent critic) that Mr. — had nothing but a ‘verbal imagination,’—that all his feats were in words; though this might have been well enough, but unluckily there were no ideas amongst them. Words were not the mere drapery of this person's imagination (if he had any), but they were the substance, the body and soul, of his works: if they had not words, they had nothing;—they were the chaff and husks of literature, in short, to be blown away by a breath of criticism,—a mere dictionary matter, and no more. Now such a man as this would have done well to let the muses alone: they never could have returned his affection; nor would they, indeed, have understood him, for the language of Cambyzes is not spoken on the slopes of Parnassus:—but the author before us is entirely of a different stamp. He is as free from bombast and pretension as the infirm nature of poets will allow. There is, besides, a great deal of fancy and deep pathos in his volume,—a good deal of original (verging occasionally on fantastic) expression; and much of that old fashioned love of what is good and beautiful in nature, with all that is gentle in expression, and correct in thought,—too seldom to be met with in the poetry of the present period. Let not our readers, young or fair, be alarmed: there is nothing didactic or repulsive in the book: it is simply a collection of tales, lyrical poems, and songs, pleasantly varied, and delicately touched; among which are many passages of

\* Warren, London, 1821.



great beauty (some we shall have occasion to extract); and to these may be added three or four sonnets of undoubtedly first-rate merit.

Were we inclined to quarrel with any thing in this pleasant book, it would be an expression in the dedication. The author says, in reference to his writing verse,

Think not with this I now abuse my powers.

Now it is *not* an abuse of any man's powers to employ them in writing poetry. To write fine poetry is to do something better than to write (or speak) fine prose. It is doubtless absurd enough, when a man continues to scribble bad rhyme, long after he (or the world) has discovered that he has no talent for it,—when he himself is essentially a piece of prose, without fancy, or mind, or music, or spirit: but our author has none of these disqualifications to plead in excuse for his under-rating the “peerless” art. It is a common error with persons who (unlike Mr. Hamilton) know nothing of poetry, save that it generally ends in rhyme, to think slightly of it, and to place all reputed poets on a level. The facility with which indifferent verse is manufactured naturally generates such a mistake. Hence it is, that poetry is called “light reading,” and is spoken of as “only verses,” and so forth, in terms of ignorant and undue disparagement. An instance is within our own personal knowledge of a merchant who requested a friend to select some books for his library: among others, he purchased Shakspeare; but the honest trader was dissatisfied with the bargain: he said, turning over the volumes, that they were “only plays,” and desired that they might be exchanged, choosing, in their stead, Hervey's *Meditations*, and a few other matters of print and paper resembling that serious performance!

But poetry has been the employment (and the delight) of the first intellects of the world. It contains the germ of all that is good, and great, and wise. “Light reading,” as it is called, inculcates more original and profound truths than were ever found in the whole region of prose;—not laboured and wrought

to tediousness, indeed, but struck out in the heat of genius, bright, and self-evident, and lasting. It teaches sometimes by precept, but chiefly by example. From it the king may see how to govern, and the subject to obey. The soldier may learn temperance, the pedant modesty, and the conqueror moderation.—Folly may be advised, and vanity reproved.—Beauty may see her likeness, and her defects.—It is the glass wherein all fashions, all forms, may be seen; all manners, all moods of the mind:—the birth, the progress, and the last consequence of things, both good and evil, are there, fine practical lessons of wisdom and pure morality. There is often more meaning (and there has often been more thought exhausted) in one single epithet of poetry than in a whole page of dissertation. Shakspeare alone is more than sufficient to prove all that we have said. Be it remembered, however, that these observations apply to writers of *poetry*, and not to writers of rhyme only. There is as much difference among the people so called (yet this is by no means generally supposed) as between the house-painter who scrawls a thing like a wreath on your ceiling, and Titian who crowned the twelve Cæsars with laurel,—or as between the daub of a red lion at a country public-house, and the “Transfiguration” of Raffaele, or the “First Created Man” of Michael Angelo.

Having said thus much, we do not know why we should detain our readers longer from Mr. Hamilton's poems. They are much better than any thing which we could hope to entertain them with in prose; and accordingly we shall, without more ado, enter on our consideration of the book. There is a short preface to the volume from which the following is an extract:—

The stories from Boccaccio (*The Garden of Florence, and the Ladye of Provence*) were to have been associated with tales from the same source, intended to have been written by a friend;—but illness on his part, and distracting engagements on mine, prevented us from accomplishing our plan at the time; and death now, to my deep sorrow, has frustrated it for ever.

He, who is gone, was one of the very kindest friends I possessed, and yet he was not kinder perhaps to me, than to others.

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His intense mind and powerful feeling would, I truly believe, have done the world some service, had his life been spared—but he was of too sensitive a nature—and thus he was destroyed! One story he completed, and that is to me now the most pathetic story in existence!

The poet here alluded to is, we conjecture, the late Mr. John Keats. We feel tempted to say something on that point; but it will, perhaps, afford us matter for a future paper; and it is altogether of too melancholy a nature to be mixed up with the consideration of any living writer. We pass, therefore, without further comment, to "The Garden of Florence."—This poem is founded on one of the tales of Boccaccio, and is simply the story of two young lovers, "Pasquino and Simonida," who are poisoned successively by tasting some leaves plucked from a bed of sage, at the root of which lay an enormous toad that infected the whole. The lovers are sporting, on a summer morning, in a garden near Florence; and Pasquino chews a leaf which causes his instant death: Simonida is overwhelmed with grief, and in this state is carried before a magistrate, by some persons who saw her lover fall. Being accused, she denies the guilt of murdering Pasquino, but is disbelieved by the populace, who are anxious (as usual) for summary justice. The magistrate, however, has some pity for her, and some faith in her distress; and the inquisition is adjourned to the place where Pasquino's body lies. Here the poor girl tells her tale again; and in showing the manner of her lover's death, she casually chews another leaf of the sage. The people send up "their most sweet voices" in derision, and while they are shouting she drops down dead before them. The lovers are buried, and the poem ends.—There is not much incident here, as the reader will see; but the tale is told gently and sorrowfully, and is not decked out with too much ambition. Mr. Hamilton has wisely left Boccaccio's simplicity to work its effect on his reader's heart.—We will quote one passage from this poem, to show the very pleasant and delightful style in which it runs. The extract refers to the period of the first meeting of the lovers, (in the "Garden of Florence,") after

they are acquainted with each other's affection.

They met—and kiss'd a welcome.—The  
first morn

On which their lips seem'd for each other  
born!

She lean'd within his arm, on that new day,  
And look'd content to lean her life away!  
Their eyes in married lustre could not part,  
But, lighted by the radiance of the heart,  
Shone on each other:—thus, — they idly  
cast

Their shadows on the laurels as they pass'd!

And sweet the laurel grew—that hallow'd  
tree,

With leaves that seem the leaves of song  
to be,—

Which never loseth its appareling,  
But looketh constant of the undaunted  
spring.

And flowers were in that silent garden  
growing,

Of pleasant odours all and lustrous blow-  
ing,

That did enrich the air on which they fed,  
And far around a light and fragrance  
spread.

The lofty foliage lent a tender gloom,  
Like that which doth through holy build-  
ings come,—

Where, as adown the shafted aisles you  
stray,

The very silence seems to feel and pray;—  
Such—and so beautiful was that high  
shade!—

The stretching roses o'er the pathway  
play'd,

And shook their bright dew at the lovers'  
feet,

Scattering these morning-pearls their steps  
to greet,—

And waving as they pass'd as though in  
reverence meet.

The second poem is called a "Romance of Youth," and is written in the Spenserian stanza. It is a desultory performance; but betrays great sweetness of diction occasionally, and sometimes very considerable power. The narrative is of some youth, who wanders and dreams, like the Edwin of "Beattie's Minstrel," and is filled with fancies and extravagant visions, like a genuine child of romance. The following stanzas are certainly very beautiful.

Under the shadow of a May sweet blos-  
som,

Two placid elves, like linked sisters,  
chased

The moments with the heaving of the  
bosom

In happy sleep: their arms were inter-  
laced,

And their bright cheeks commingling  
 seem'd to taste  
 Each other's rosy beauty : overhead  
 A bee, that had been trammel'd in his  
 haste  
 That magic eve, a lulling murmur bred ;  
 And dewy leaves a hymn to sylvan quiet  
 shed.

A wand was waved through the charmed  
 air,  
 And up there rose a very costly throng  
 Of ivory tables, stored with dainties rare,  
 At sight of which e'en dieted men might  
 long :  
 They rose amid strange minstrelsy and  
 song,—  
 And there was pheasant from enchanted  
 wood,  
 And swan from fairy stream,—and these  
 among,  
 Were chalices of Eastern dew-wine  
 brew'd  
 By pearly hands in far Arabian solitude.

And golden berries, steep'd in cream,  
 were soon  
 Brought there from stores in Asian pa-  
 laces ;  
 And from the lonely Mountains of the  
 moon,  
 From which swarth Afric's serpent-river  
 frees  
 Its wily head,—fish, stranger than the  
 seas  
 Hold in their deep green wastes, to the  
 bright feast  
 Were brought in coral dishes by streak'd  
 bees ;  
 And fruit, the very loveliest and the least,  
 Came from young spangled trees in gar-  
 dens of the East.

There was good store of sweet and  
 sheening cherries,  
 Gathered from trees that under watergrew  
 In mystic orchards,—and the best wood-  
 berries  
 That blush in scarlet ripeness through  
 the dew,—  
 And tiny plums, round, and of bloom-  
 ing blue,—  
 And golden apples of a fairy size,—  
 And glossy nuts, the which brown squir-  
 rels drew,  
 Eying them longingly with their dark  
 eyes,  
 And stealing when they could a little hazel  
 prize.

The glowworms waited on the fairies'  
 mirth,  
 And when the stars of heaven were all  
 asleep  
 They lamp'd the grassy chambers of the  
 earth,  
 And in an emerald light the air did  
 steep :—

Such tears perchance the happy angels  
 weep  
 Radiant with joy.—They gave the quiet  
 green  
 A richness, as though wonders from the  
 deep  
 Were cull'd and cast there in unsullied  
 sheen,  
 To glitter for a night, and never more be  
 seen !

The next extract which we shall  
 make is a song of which we shall  
 say nothing : for it needs no recom-  
 mendation.

Go, where the water glideth gently ever,  
 Glideth by meadows that the greenest  
 be ;—  
 Go, listen to our own beloved river,  
 And think of me !

Wander in forests, where the small flower  
 layeth  
 Its fairy gem beside the giant tree ;  
 Listen the dim brook pining while it play-  
 eth,  
 And think of me !

Watch when the sky is silver pale at even,  
 And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree ;  
 Go out beneath the solitary heaven,  
 And think of me !

And when the moon riseth as she were  
 dreaming,  
 And treadeth with white feet the lulled  
 sea ;  
 Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,  
 And think of me !

The three sonnets on Robin Hood  
 are admirable. We suspect that in  
 "our secret soul" we like them bet-  
 ter than any other poems in the  
 volume. But as they have been  
 printed before in Hazlitt's Lectures  
 on the Poets—a work with which  
 our readers are well acquainted,—we  
 forbear to quote them here.

We must give one extract more :—  
 it is from a very tender and charming  
 poem, which is called an Epistle to a  
 Lady.

Oh ! could I walk with thee in days like  
 these,  
 When the young leaf is venturing on the  
 trees,—  
 And the pale blossom on the cherry bough  
 Lives in its beauty,—as I see it now ;—  
 I should be happier than the linnet's wing  
 Spread in the first mild sunlight of the  
 spring !  
 Oft do I see thee, as I lonely lean  
 In these soft evenings, which are as serene  
 In their cerulean skies, and setting suns,  
 And clouds gold-feather'd,—as the summer  
 ones ;



Oft do I see thee in my thoughts,—that  
take

Westerly wanderings,—thy enjoyment make  
From the enchantments of an evening sea  
That weaves its own sweet pastime mer-  
rily,—

Or sleeps beneath some sea-nymph's wav-  
ing wands ;—

Or as it fawns upon the golden sands  
With never ending kisses, and soft sighs,—  
I see thee lingering o'er its harmonies,  
As though some spirit did converse with thee  
Of worlds divine, where shatter'd hearts  
shall be

Ever at rest, amid Elysian bowers,  
Lull'd with the music of the lute-fed hours.—  
The silver sea-foam on the sands thou lovest,  
That at thy feet is dying, as thou rovest,  
And brightening up again—as mourners'  
eyes

That fade and sparkle while the spirits rise :  
Dear is the mystic world of waters, when  
Day hath departed from the eyes of men,  
And that devoted haunter of the sky,  
The lonely moon, is lingering thoughtfully  
Over the bosom of the sleeping sea,—  
That trembles in its dreams. For then to  
thee

Steals that long line of pure and silver light  
Across the waters, which all starry bright  
Doth from the chasten'd Deity seem to  
come,

To bear thy white thoughts to a happy  
home !—

Of late there hath been many a silent eve,  
Rosy as wreaths which lady-fingers weave  
For soft brown tresses on a revel night,—  
And gentle as the bird that takes its flight  
From Cytherea's finger.—Lonely sitting  
On one of these fair eves,—and idly knitting  
My thoughts,—as many a cottage spinster  
doth

Her web,—in mood, half industry, half  
sloth :—

I sat into the twilight la e, and caught  
Old days and green joys in the net of  
thought :

And many a dear departed scene arose  
And pass'd away,—like birds from their  
repose,  
Startled by heedless feet in morning grass ;—

And sylvan pleasures, in a joyous mass,  
Revived about my heart, and died again—  
Touching the next few moments with dim  
pain.

I thought of those I loved—I thought of  
thee—

And of our pastime when the night was  
free—

The bustle of the books—the lonely notes  
Of a melancholy melody that floats

For ever and for ever through the mind,—  
Leaving a sad and sweet delight behind !

I thought of *Him*,—the deathless—the in-  
spired—

Whose light my very earliest boyhood  
fired,—

And of his rich creations :—have we not  
Sorrow'd at high Macbeth's distorted lot—  
Sigh'd over Hamlet's sweet and 'wilder'd  
heart—

And, when we came upon that piteous part  
Of love's romance, where long before 'twas  
day

The Ladye of the moonlight pined away,  
Over the sleeping fruitage—passion-pale,—  
Have we not loved young Juliet ?—

The last poem in the book we do  
not like so well as some others :  
but, as it seems, from its being dis-  
tinguished from the rest, to be a  
favourite with the author, we may  
reasonably feel some doubt as to our  
judgment.

We now leave Mr. John Hamilton  
to take his chance among the lovers  
of poetry. If they have not for-  
gotten their taste for what is good,  
we have little apprehension as to his  
success.—There are some of his lines  
which we might have found fault  
with, as being harsh and unmetrical ;  
but (the errors of the book being so  
few) we have preferred the critic's  
more pleasant province, and have  
spoken of this volume of poetry as  
we felt it ought to be mentioned by  
every one who is not more ready to  
discover blemishes than to do justice  
to good and unaffected writing.

## SKETCH OF THE PROGRESS OF VOCAL SCIENCE IN ENGLAND ;

WITH NOTICES OF THE PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS AND COMPOSERS FROM  
THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY TO THE PRESENT TIME.

### No. III.

WE closed our last essay \* with a  
promise, that our next should con-  
tain some description of the extraor-  
dinary powers, which, for about

twenty-five years, have continued to  
confer upon their possessor the most  
exalted place, perhaps, amongst Eng-  
lish vocalists.



During that long period, the professional exertions of Mr. Braham have been required at the theatre, in the orchestra, at church, at the table, and occasionally at the Italian opera; and it would not be easy to say in which of those situations, each demanding a different kind of talent, he has most excelled; though in all of them, his execution has not been free from great imperfections.

Mr. Braham was initiated into the science of music at a very early age,\* and his education was completed by Rauzzini of Bath. He had sung in concerts; but it was his appearance at Drury-lane, in the opera of Mahmoud, that first made his accomplishments generally known to the English public. He was engaged for twelve nights; at the expiration of which term he left England, and remained abroad for some time.

Nature seems to have delighted herself with contrasting opposite qualities in the construction of this extraordinary and gifted individual. In Mr. Braham you see a small, but not inelegantly formed man, with a steadfast countenance, marked, however, with the peculiarity of his nation. The physiognomy is that of one sobered by fixed, and somewhat severe thought. The demeanour is something dejected and hesitating, rather than informed with any of the superiority of confidence or command. Yet there is a latent fire in the eye, a visible, but unemployed spring and elasticity in the well-compacted, though reduced scale of the whole form, that indicates power when called into action. Upon the boards of Old Drury, in the ordinary dress of his country, he would be taken for nothing beyond one of those walking gentlemen of the play-house, who merely deliver a message, or set a chair. In the costume of the aigretted and turbaned princes of the East, wherein the poets of the opera sometimes array their heroes, he bears himself like one whose greatness is thrust upon him; like a man picked up on a sudden behind the scenes, who, though furnished out, and sent on to swell a pageant, is solicitous about nothing so

much as to avoid being seen. Even when seated amongst the principals of an oratorio, you could not take him for one of any mark or likelihood. When he advances to the front of an orchestra for an occasional performance, his bearing is depressed by the same characteristic, and, as we conceive, deep-felt humility; for he is never to be allured into the assumption of superiority by any, nor all, of the seductive flatteries that attend upon so successful a public career. Yet is he not without the consciousness of his desert, and of the solidity of his claims, and the understanding, and acknowledgment of those claims, on the part of the public. M. Vallebrequé, the husband of Catalani, in a letter to a conductor, some years ago, set his valuation upon the whole catalogue of vocalists; and estimating the services of his wife at five hundred pounds, reduced Braham to ten, or some such low degree of the scale, coupling his rate, at the same time, with the remark, that "Braham was nothing but *one Jew*." The estimate found its way into print, and soon after Vallebrequé entered a room where Braham was carelessly sitting upon a table waiting for the rehearsal of a concert. "Well, Christian!" was his address to the Frenchman; who, perceiving the drift of this abrupt apostrophe, began to stammer out some words of apology. "Spare yourself excuses, friend," continued the singer, "you cannot injure me:" and at the same time offered the abashed calumniator his hand. The judgment and the temper of the reproof are each admirable.

Never was there a singer who possessed such faculties and acquirements as Mr. Braham: never was there one so provokingly unequal in his manner.

Hear him in his best and most finished performances, and he disgusts you the very instant after he has raised the sense to ecstasy.—Listen to his very worst, and most tawdry, and mawkish ballads, "The Bewildered Maid," for instance, or any other stuff with which it pleases his fancy to infect the taste of the town, and you will be yet more

\* A published song beginning "*Fair grove, to thee alone I do impart*," bearing his name, must have been composed by him when not more than seven or eight years old.

strongly impressed with the powers of a performer, who can so tickle the ears, and confound the understandings, of a polished people.

It is not want of judgment; for no man has a better understanding of his art, abstracted from its practice: nor is it any deficiency in the means of execution; for he has a compass of nineteen notes, and could once sing any thing in any manner.

It is not easy, then, to account for varieties which savour of singularity, alike in the apprehension and expression of sentiment and musical phrases,—for violence of transition, for sudden stops and breaks, for an admixture of disagreeable noises, for super-abundant ornament, and other defects,—all which are yet blended with the most splendid and captivating transitions of style; with fire, energy, pathos, elegance, and ornament, not only in higher perfection than any other professor can singly exhibit, but which cannot be paralleled by the aggregate qualities of all his competitors.

The fact is, that these eccentricities are referrible to no single cause. In the first place, there is nothing so difficult to restrain as that luxuriance of ability, which continually tempts the possessor to its excessive employment; for there is a natural desire to put forth every power, upon all occasions, and to take the world by storm. In the next place, a professor, in the course of the laborious study and practice which such attainments imply, is liable, from the very fervour to which his sensibility and powers are brought by action, to be captivated and led astray by modes of expression, which better suit his own heated imagination, than the sober sympathies of a mixed audience, who cannot be affected so intensely. Hence extravagance of every kind.

Vocalists have been but too long, and too generally, looked upon as human machines,—two-legged upright instruments, adapted to carry to perfection the art of melodious intonation. Mind has been considered to be almost out of their province; and this opinion has been not a little aided by the total indifference of singers to the duties of the stage. "*What a stick he is,*" in

nine cases out of ten, is the only description one shall ever hear of a first-rate singer's acting. Sedgewick, Incledon, Dignum, and Kelly, were certainly not gifted with powerful intellect; nor was the singing, even of the best of them, distinguished by any thing beyond its natural beauty of tone, and some mechanical excellences of execution. But the person we are now describing is a very different being. His singing is full of mind, full of sensibility; and his very defects are often to be traced to curious operations of the intellectual faculties. His head, therefore, as a craniologist would say, is worth examining.

Mr. Braham's temperament appears to be of that particular kind which is at once sensitive and melancholic. (We gather it only from what we have observed in the public exercise of his art.) His conceptions are rather powerful than sudden; his feelings more intense than irritable. The often and long disputed difference, as to the actual sensations with which actors enter into their parts, we look upon it, is to be settled in a very easy way. Actors, by habit, acquire a power of instant irritability and tranquillization, and of taking up a passion and laying it down in a moment—which faculty they obtain by continued professional excitation, and by studying to develope, with the rapidity of a chemical evolution, the passion they wish to represent. Thus by habitually assuming the tones, gestures, and physiognomical agitation, incident to the occasion, they gradually and insensibly, as it were, acquire the power of instantaneously calling up certain appropriate trains of feeling and action, and of as instantly sinking into repose. The intellectual process, to which a singer subjects himself, is somewhat dissimilar. He can assume few of the exterior marks of passion; and his sensibility is only to be exerted on the sounds, through which alone he expresses emotion. Hence all his feelings should be more intense, in proportion as their external demonstration is less vivid; and so far as our own experience goes, or as we have been able to arrive at a knowledge of what passes in the breasts of vocalists in general, unless



a singer communes with himself for some time previous to commencing a song, and stimulates, raises, and matures, by silent reflection, the sentiments to which he is about to give utterance, his imitation will be cold and lifeless, although the technical perfection of time, tune, tone, and execution, be complete. Hence it is, we so often perceive mechanical excellence uninformed by a particle of spirit: the truth is, the generality of the profession do not seek to warm and cherish the imagination—they present it sparingly with poor and meagre food—they are, indeed, but too prone to starve the fancy by their austere adherence to studies strictly musical. Out of this arises a very curious moral illustration. Many of those singers, both male and female, who have been principally distinguished for expressiveness, have been also notorious for the licentiousness of their lives. We infer from this fact, that their natural warmth of temperament has been the cause both of their excellence in art, and of their obliquity of conduct.

To apply these observations to the subject of our notice:

From the forcible expression of Mr. Braham, and the strong lights and shades with which he invests his passages, it is obvious, that he has brooded over his conceptions, and, by long consideration, has wrought up his sensibility to those powerful exhibitions of feeling, which are displayed in his songs of passion. Take, for example, his recitative and air from *Jephtha*, the most celebrated of his performances, where as much study and elaboration will be perceived as in the acting of Mr. John Kemble.—Call to mind his description of the rising sun in “The Creation.” With what vigour does he portray the bursts of light by a volata most judiciously applied to the word “*darts* ;” and by what gradations of tone and feeling, he images the personal sentiments of “*An am’rous joyful happy spouse*,”—and “*A giant proud and glad to run his measured course* !”

In the air which follows the first named recitative, how beautifully does he delineate the heartfelt, subdued mixture of parental suffering and joy, in the pathetic melody, “*Waft her, Angels, through the skies* !”

which he contrasts, by an expression perfectly sublime, with the remorse, hesitation, and anguish, of the preceding recitative.

In these, the vocal adaptations of pause, emphasis, and tone, to the expression of the access and recess of passion, are wonderful and unequalled traits of imagination and execution ; and prove that the very depths of passion are the true tests of the natural endowments, and acquired accomplishments, of this extraordinary individual. They are the exertions of his genius, which give him place and precedence above all competitors.

But in the midst of these manifestations of power, his peculiar defects obtrude themselves as conspicuously, if not more so, than in any of his lighter efforts.

The beautiful recitative of *Jephtha* is deformed by singular and vitiated pronunciation of the words, and by nasality in the tone—by forced, hard, and sudden terminations of notes: all these, however, are assignable to excess of elaboration, and to the still stronger cause we have before pointed out, the referring to, and satisfying, the heated imagination of the performer himself, instead of appealing to the natural feelings of some judicious and sensitive auditor. It is thus that sensibility is liable to produce a dangerous exaggeration.

His great defects have been a want of uniformity of tone, and the violence and abruptness of his transitions. His notes will sometimes flow in a beautiful succession of sweetness and polish for a bar or two, when suddenly there will come a break, a stop, a note unfinished ; an overstrained sound, brought out like the blast of a horn ; or some unaccountable noise, originating in some strange idea of peculiar expression, which interrupts and annihilates, in a moment, the soft train of satisfaction, and destroys the illusion. Every passion in singing *must* be expressed with a certain melodiousness ; sorrow, anger, and revenge, must be tempered in their harshness, or the charm is dissolved. Inaccurate notions respecting the true position of the grand boundary, continually lead Mr. Braham beyond it ; his hearers cannot follow him, and the bond of sympathy



is broken. It is the same warmth of feeling, the same exuberance of fancy and of power, that tempt him to wander into an inapplicable superabundance of ornament; and the constant abuse of these conjoined powers of imagination and execution is the more wonderful, because he has not only a scientific and critical understanding of the art, but he has at all times had ample opportunity of displaying all his talents—in their proper places. It is, therefore, the more surprising that he should have yielded to the vulgar hope of manifesting all his various abilities at once, and of reconciling incongruities the most anomalous. But such has been the fact; and while it has, in almost every instance, deprived him of that highest praise which belongs to fine and pure taste, it has had a most prejudicial effect upon the judgment of the public, in giving birth to a race of imitators, who *yawl* out their tones, squeeze out their words, and trick up their second-hand mannerism with every piece of dirty ragged finery, their great model has worn out and cast off, and then expect to pass for admirable singers and fertile inventors. Thus, the whole ear of England is "rankly abused;" and a generation must pass away, before the art can be purified from the corruptions with which Mr. Braham's example has infected it. Something, however, will depend upon his successors. At present, there is no legitimate heir to his great honours. We earnestly hope, that some true genius will arise, who may have courage, firmness, and power enough to restore ease, grace, and polished refinement, and to re-establish dethroned nature; "instinct with feeling," but not "drunk with passion."

Mr. Braham, in his zenith, had a

voice of compass, tone, volume, and accuracy of intonation, superior to any we ever heard\*—an execution incapable of embarrassment; a fancy that delighted to apply its unbounded means with the most profuse extravagance; a conception which manifested itself in grandeur, tenderness, and pathos; and an elocution, forcible and impressive. But, unfortunately, there was no continuity; though there was "every thing by turns," there was "nothing long." He took his cue, indeed, from the place: and thus his singing was refined and voluptuous at the Opera; scientific, full of energy and captivation, in the orchestra; loud, gaudy, and declamatory, at the theatre. But the faults we have recited were common to him in all places; and seldom, indeed, could he be said to leave the train of pure satisfaction to flow freely, and without some check, for a few seconds of time.

How curious is the compensation to be observed in nature, and through nature extending into art. Harrison had few and feeble requisites; but he cultivated them with so delicate and so just an apprehension of his capacities, that he lived to exhibit the most finished model of particular excellence of any singer; and, by *his example*, he did more to purify and improve the public taste than any of his predecessors. Braham has enjoyed natural gifts, more extensive, and commanding, than any competitor in art on record. He has left nothing unsought, that practice could obtain. He may, indeed, be said to have reached the summit of perfection in every thing but combination. Yet has this vocalist so corrupted the judgment of his age, that half a century will scarcely suffice to restore British Vocal Art to a state of purity.

\* Its quality approached more nearly to that of the reed than the string. He used the falsette; but from a facility of taking it up on two or three notes of his compass at pleasure, he had so completely assimilated the natural and falsette at their junction, that it was impossible to discover where he took it, though the peculiar tone in the highest notes was clearly perceptible. Before his time, the junction had always been very clumsily conducted by English singers. Johnstone, who had a fine falsette, managed it so badly, that he obtained, from the abruptness of his transitions, the cognomen of "*Bubble and Squeak*." Braham could proceed with the utmost rapidity and correctness through the whole of his compass by semitones, without the hearer being able to ascertain where the falsette commenced.

## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HERE BEGYNNETH A TEDIOUS, BRIEF TRACTATE ON

p<sup>r</sup> Exhibition,

ENAMELLED WITH SUNDRIE STRAUNGE CONCEITES VERY PLEASAUNT TO REDE.

If my prologue tedious seem,  
 Or the rest too long they deem,  
 Let them know my love they win,  
 Though they go, ere I begin,  
 Just as if they should attend me  
 Till the last, and then commend me.  
 For I will, for no man's pleasure,  
 Change a syllable ; .....  
 Neither, for their praises, add  
 Aught to mend what they think bad ;  
 Pedants shall not tie my phrase  
 To our antique author's ways,  
 Since it never was my fashion,  
 To make work of recreation.

*This, or something like it, is in George Wither.*

I HAVE a great notion that this article should have been written last month. "Aye! marry, should it, Mr. F. A.! that's already proved; and it will go nigh to be suspected so, shortly. Was not the late weather bad enough for the quivering nerves of your patients (prefix a syllable, friend! go on!) without enacting the Cyclops, hanging over them with hand uncertain where to choose, whetting your teeth with horrid delight, swallowing up the fattest with the eye of your œsophagus for a whole month together? Go to! thou art a naughty invisible, an unpunctual mystery!" "Nay! gracious Fractioso! I am always true as a toledo, to the appointed day." "Yea, but it may be, that with the worthy Mr. Ramsden, thou dost sometimes err a little in the month." "Good! *you burn*, as the children say at *Hoodman blind*." Now to proceed: I detest two parts out of the three, into which every discourse naturally divides itself: viz. the beginning and the end—and again, of these two abominations, the latter is with me in the worst odour. To begin is a great exertion. I have made many attempts to jump over this seed or root, as it were, of an article, and have essayed to commence in the middle, as the Irish say; but with no success—and I find nothing so proper, as a nice, short, paradoxical sentence, after the theory of my old Scotch usher, and the practice of our Mr. Table Talk. This sentence induces another of greater length,

wherein the plot thickens; a third completes the climax of obscurity, and forms commonly at once a paragraph and a proëm. By this time, hand and pen are warmed, ideas and ink flow freely, and hurry skurry on we go, "over park, over pale, thorough bush, thorough briar," struggle toughly up the hills, swoop triumphantly down the dales, and dash through the hissing torrent, with the heart of Achilles, or William of Deloraine, and with the eagle-conquering speed of Bürger's ghostly heavy dragoon! But now as we approach the goal (the ninth folio of foolscap), dark fears come across me, how to arrest my flaming course. Now I do envy Lieut. Hatchway's anchorage in the clover field; nay! even the son of Kehama, for whose landing Mr. Southey has provided as effectually, if not quite so pleasantly.

On—on they roll,—rapt headlong they roll

on,—

On—on they roll, and now, with shivering shock,

Are dash'd against the rock that girds the pole,

Down from his shatter'd mail the unhappy soul

Is dropt—ten thousand thousand fathoms down,

Till in an ice-rift 'mid the eternal snow,

Foul Arvalan is stopt.

There was a *stop*, my countrymen!

But the Editor's trumpet sounds *Halt!* my pen is *bona fide* pulled up into line; this manœuvre, however, being performed on the fore legs, in-



stead of the haunches, the master is in danger of tasting the grass, three feet beyond the nose of his steed.

I trusted, by this time, to have got upon my subject, as the composers say, but my will backs as obstinately as a cat,\* and this arises from my incapability of fashionable feelings. For

When the flowers are appearing  
In the blythe month of May;

and the smooth-shaven elastic lawns  
are smothered with lilacs and laburnams; when

—— the bees

Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas;

and the early birds shake away the moisture from the young twigs, in a "roarie" shower; then must I away from the suffocating streets, and the dusty trees in the Park, to the odorous pheasant-haunted groves of \* \* \*, with its birch-covered steep, and bashful stream: and let the "monster London laugh at me," as Cowley says, it shall find it a hard task to draw me voluntarily back again. At this season, I change my nature, and feel most intimately the connexion between the animal and vegetable world—nay, more than half of me to the latter doth belong; water is as necessary as air:—a soaking shower re-invigorates me, and washes away the black vapours of the brain—my winter-likings and town enjoyments slide out of place, and seem to me great vanity and dross—even my selection of books must harmonize with the time of year. Homer loses considerably with me, and is postponed to the Georgics:—I can read a little of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, most of his *White Doe*, and many of his *Miscellaneous Poems*. Browne's pastorals find favour, and the song of the Nibelungen is laid aside. I have an utter distaste for Pope, and a most marvellous clinging to Chaucer's fragrant lusty descriptions of May scenery.† I wear out the boards of an Isaac Walton, with his *pious chansons*, every summer, and thumb the Fairy Queen most notably. (How can any poetical mind find it tedious?) With

books like these, I can trifle away the summer hours, not without opportunities of benefiting others—the contemplative life preferring to the active; esteeming it, with old Chapman, "much more manly and sacred, in harmless and pious study, to sit till I sink into my grave, than to shine in our vain-glorious bubbles and impieties."

I said a little way back, that my tastes and likings seemed changed at this time. During the drizzlings of November and February, and the east winds of March, I enter with great gusto into the amusements of town. I see all new exhibitions; hear all new singers; frequent the sacred Argyll, the Cyder Cellar, the Opera, Long's, Colnaghi's, and the Coal-hole. I pore over Finiguerra's and Marc Antonio's; rummage carefully the catalogue of Messrs. \* \* \* and \* \* \* &c. for old bokes, read one or two new ones, write articles, and inspect one magazine (the London), three reviews, one Sunday paper, and six weekly ditto. The Fine Arts now more especially sway me; and if the fit did not have an end, I should be in a fair way to go mad with enthusiasm. When I am seated on a comfortable Ottoman, under the light of my lamp, with a friend or two of congenial habits, having my books before me in their mahogany sanctuary crowned with some casts, full-sized, from antique busts and vases, statues round me, and the perfume of greenhouse plants from the anti-room;—when pictures regale my eyes; and the full sound of the harp and piano, with sweet voices from the inner room, my ears; when my tables groan with the weight of volumes of Raffaëlle, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Poussin, Parmégiano, Giulio, &c. &c. and the massive portfolio cases open wide their doors, disclosing yet fresh treasures within; then do I riot in immeasurable delight—I am great as Sardanapalus—I hold Sir Epicure Mammon in contempt—I am a concentration of all the Sultans in the Arabian Nights.—Every thing, and every body, seem *coulour de rose!* the coffee is exqui-

\* I assure the ignorant in domestic natural history, that this simile is as eminently proper for its truth, as any thing in the Chian, and, to the best of my belief, equally novel.

† See his *Flower and Leaf*, *Complaint of the Black Knight*, &c. &c.



sitely fragrant; the salver and spoons become gilt; the Worcester china, the rarest oriental. My interesting young friend \* \* \* is Menelaus' Helen—and the Maraschino, flaming and dancing in its crystal bounds, becomes Nepenthes. But great pleasure is as troublesome as pain; and unable to fix calmly, I wander restlessly from the Delphic Sybil of M. Angelo, to the Pietro Martire of Tiziano—from the Iō of Correggio, to the admirable Ecce Homo of Rembrandt—from the weighty stanzas of the Vatican, to the fiery gallery of the Luxembourg—and from the voluptuous reveries, and terrific dreams, of Fuseli, to the chaste monastic scenes of La Sœur, or the simple innocence of Bonasoni, not having admiration enough wherewithal to admire.

All this flies before the swallow—I babble of green fields, and run to them, while town gaiety is at its height. I lose all relish for artificial existence; criticisms loathing; abjuring theatres, French dishes, French wines, and French fashions; rejecting ornament; scorning all gems,

Save what the dewy morn  
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,  
Which careless shepherds beat down as  
they pass. *Wotton, or Raleigh.*

And when quietly bosomed in my cottage with the lady of my heart, I view the bright rim of the moon rising above the dark bosky screens on the steeps high above me, I would not exchange the distant bark of the dog for the full tones of Charles Young or Macready; the fresh odours wafted through my casement (guiltless of stained glass), for the Persian perfumes of Lady \* \* \*—nor the faint roar of the unseen water-mill, for the dulcet voices of sweet Kate, our Salmon, nor even Camporese; and much less for that of Madam Marinone or Signor de Begni.—Rossini I care not much for—Beethoven moves me not—Paër hath but little power, and even Mozart—but no! amid this scenery his "*magic flute*" breathes more wildly, and "*Ah perdona*" pierces the heart with a still deeper pang of harmonious love. I have

been watching the frolics of the lambs all day, and at night regret not the slender elegance of Milanie, the voluptuous agility of Noblet, nor the astonishing ease and precision of Fanny Bias! Pictures and prints affect me but little, excepting those of Claude, Rubens, Poussin, Ruysdael, Wilson, Turner, Collins, the drawings of W. Daniel and Dewint, or the etchings of Waterloo, Vivares, Kolbe,\* G. and W. Cooke, not forgetting the faithful aquatintas of W. Westall. Nested serene in this cool greenery, I am contented to sit unknown to fame and its concomitant detraction; coveting nothing so little as the task of writing an article on the Exhibition, with its unsavoury associations of heat and smother.

Nevertheless, here I am in London; have been twice to Somerset House; and now I must flourish my goose feather. What a miserable wretch is he who hath the practice of painting; and how doubly miserable to be obliged to show it in criticisms! Instead of placidly admiring, like the happy ignorant in these matters, the pictures which please him, he worries himself and others to death about some error in perspective, some weakness in drawing, a slight deficiency in keeping, or some unhappiness in the touch or surface, which no one else in the world can see but himself. I myself am as bigoted to all this delightful trumpery as any body ever was; yet I loathe writing on it; still it must be done. I *must show* my science, or the *scavans* will deem me incapable, and my reputation as a judge is blasted—others, again, will call it "*affectations*," and my popularity goes out like the snuff of a rushlight. This is Scylla and Charybdis. I shall accommodate my style to both parties, and the respective pictures.

I must be allowed another objection or two. In noticing the works of contemporaries, it is difficult, if not impossible, for the honestest mind, to separate prejudices from genuine opinions. I would cut off my forefinger (of the left hand) to be impartial, yet I never can satisfy myself

\* An admirable German artist, whose style of touching gnarled oaks, age-mossed, and fore-grounds in general, surpasses the English even in a greater degree than they in their turn excel the French. If the reader doubt this, let him walk to Colnaghi's or Molteni's, and compare Kolbe's etchings with the Lithography of Mr. Hofland.

that I am so. With several of our greatest artists I have the honour to be acquainted, and love sees no faults. —If I remark on the apparent deficiencies of \*\*\* or \*\*\*, it is not that these deficiencies are offensive to me; but I have a morbid sensitiveness for their fame, which leads me to look with the eyes of the hard and inimical, so to prevent their unfeeling and brutal sneers.

Things that spring up under my nose dazzle me. I must look at them through Time's Telescope. Elia complains that to him the merit of a MS. poem is uncertain;—"print," as he excellently says, "settles it." —Fifty years' toning does the same thing to a picture. It is very possible, that Sir Thomas Lawrence and Phillips, and Owen, are as good in their way as Vandyke (and they have certainly less affectation).—Wilkie may be better than Teniers, and Westall be as much the originator of a style as Correggio. I really believe our posterity will think so; but in the mean time I am dubious and uncomfortable. I have not the most distant notion of the relative merits of Claude and Turner, and am truly mystified by Stothard and Fuseli. The tremendous "*Vision of the Lazar House*," by the latter, is a perfect staggerer, whether we regard the vigorous conception, the scientific composition, the daring locking together of the principal group, the harmonious colour, the grandeur of the drawing, the propriety of the tone, the breadth of chiaroscuro, or the successful impetuosity of his raging pencil.

If the reader anticipates a detailed account of the pictures in general, or even of those which he may deem the most prominent, he will be disappointed. Even if he should find me rather discussing the characteristic features of the artist's mind, than the immediate emanation of it before us, he must look to my motto, and be content; if not, let him turn to the Literary Gazette, or the Morning Herald, or any thing else he likes better. The great reason for being general instead of particular, is, that my memory is not retentive enough to carry away the pictures from Somerset House, home; there are too many of them; one drives out the other—all balance is lost. It is a scramble,

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where big Ben and tufty Tamburlane are sure to have the best of it. A Lord Mayor or Alderman in his gown will knock me down six cabinet Stothard's. A bay horse, with a pea-green back ground, slays the guilty Eriphile over again. William Daniel is suffocated with the smell of a monstrous cabbage '*from nature*,' and a whole length Knight of the Bath, or military hero, in vermilion, shall trample into oblivion twenty heads by Phillips and Owen, the noble pair of friendly rivals. All this battling for popularity muddles my brains, and I sit down to my work without any precise ideas of what I am going to say. I can hold forth for an hour on Titian, or Parmegiano, or Primaticcio; and will draw out off hand, very correctly, the *Creation of Adam* by M. Angelo, the *Abraham and Isaac* of Vecelli, the *St. Girolamo* of Mazzuolo, or Raffaello's *Judgment of Paris*; nay, for Mr. Weathercock's favourite Rembrandt, I could dash it out in chiaroscuro blindfold, because I am gloating on the engravings from these masters all day long. I think I can do nearly as much for several pictures in the last year's exhibition; but the present is about as an agreeable confusion to me as Ariosto on the first perusal. But to begin in good earnest: Lo! here is that useful member of the Academy, Samuel Stronger, with his gracious nod—there, dark under the stream of light, rests Alcides (of whom some Newton in anatomy found out the other day that the muscles were more charged and exaggerated than his own pitiful models); and before me winds the stair, with ladies ascending and descending, like the Angels in Jacob's dream. "With your leave, good Sir, Madam, or Miss, I will halt on the first floor, and enter the Library."

Let us look at 1080, by Gandy. It is an imitation of Piranesi's *Capriccios*, consisting of various friezes and pieces of plate, and is very fanciful, but wants keeping, solidity, and breadth, in the chiaroscuro; for this class of subjects demands the greatest attention to mechanicals. I would just as soon have this artist's *Mount of Judgment*, which he exhibited several years ago, as Martin's *Belshazzar*; and there was an invention

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still farther back (by the same hand, I believe), which struck me very much—the *Interior of the Temple of Jupiter, at Elis*, as described by Pausanias. I'll follow you into the Antique Academy, if you please, where we have a great curiosity, the first paper sketch ever publicly exhibited by Fuseli (530), *The Deliverance of Prometheus*, a grand composition; as which of the professor's is not? I never saw any thing finer than the startled eagle, "the winged hound of Jove," heaving his ruffled plumies over the enduring Titan. An abyss yawns between him and the deliverer, who rises on the opposite peak bearing his deep-roaring bow. The round moon shines out broadly without a cloud on the ghastly scenery, whose blank desolation is unbroken by a shrub, a stump, a weed, or even a pebble. There is not an unnecessary or extraneous particle about this conception: as its parts are simple, so its whole is tremendous. This is the way to imitate and rival M. Angelo; by investigating his principles, and daringly acting on them; not pursuing the course of Pellegrino Tibaldi,\* by copying the peculiarities of his design, or pilfering an attitude beyond the strength of the plagiarist to manage. I wish the room had been farther enriched by this inexhaustible inventor's *Prometheus Vinc-tus*, or *Achilles' Vision of Heaven*, with the corpse of the dusky Memnon in the foreground; or his large drawing of *Siegfried and the Linden-worm*—as it is, the admirers of genius must be contented. I hear he is now busily painting his *Lycidas* on a large scale, ("What time the grey-fly winds his sultry horn,") by commission: also the first appearance of *Undine in the Cottage of Ulrich*. Sir T. Lawrence, who already is the possessor of his voluptuous *Expectation*, *The Brunhild and Gunther*, and *Chriemhild weeping over the Body of Siegfried in the Cathedral at Worms*, has purchased the *Hero and Leander*, which

composition a little resembles the rapturous embrace of Adam and Eve after the transgression, known by the large print of Mr. Haughton, the able miniature painter. The expression, however, of the *Sestian Maid* is far more intense, and is in its way second to no picture I ever saw. The colouring I do not like; but the character of the wild sea is capitally seized—you may fairly hear the wind roaring round the tower. I would give a trifle for a feeling transcript of the priestess' head.—No. 559, *North Country Mails at the Peacock, Islington*, is a singular example of what may be done without the commonest notion of light and shade. No. 583 is a frame containing four views, by Mr. Daniel, for his *Coasting Voyage*: a beautifully accurate and chaste work.—The enamels of Bone, RA. and Muss, are too well appreciated to require notice here; but I cannot pass by the charming female portraits (812 and 869), by the king of miniature painters, A. F. Chalon, RA. without expressing my admiration of their freshness, beauty, ease, animation, harmony, and masterly execution. This gentleman is not merely the first in his profession, but nobody comes near him by full six degrees of merit. Nevertheless, the heads of Robertson, Haughton, Newton, and Hayter, are very clever; and there is a young lady, Miss L. Sharp, who promises to become shortly (if she be not already) a most formidable rival to these gentlemen. Be so good, my kind reader, to look at her half length of dear Miss M. Tree (who has been very ill, poor soul!) in *Viola* (868). Miss Eliza Reynolds, too, seems getting on rapidly, in every sense of the word:—and there are two pretty oil pictures by H. Corbould (494), and A. Perigal (499).

My business is not with the obvious and palpable, but with the neglected or misunderstood; for which reason I shall say little or nothing on

\* I have not forgotten "that wonder of foreshortening, of conglobation and eccentricity," the *Elpenor on the Architrave*, (Ὀδυσσ. κ. 552. 'Ελπηνὸρ δὲ τῆς ἐκκεννότητος, &c.); nor Polyphemus groping at the entrance of his cave, "who is truly in the conception of the whole, and in the detail of the parts a self-invented being; a form than which M. Angelo himself never conceived one of savage energy, provoked by sufferings and revenge, with expression, attitude, and limbs, more in unison." The same being, waking under the agony of the burning wimble, is energetic, if not original; but in his *Ulysses and Circe*, I find nothing but posture.

portrait, cattle, familiar landscape, or what we term common life—which subjects I find every body comprehends better than myself. There should be two of us—one for “*Ercles’* vein,” and the other for the gusto of Holland. I never read above eighteen pages of Mr. Crabbe’s poems; and having no touch of humour or simple nature about me, cannot relish above four or five of Mr. Wilkie’s pictures, of which I have the prints. (*The Rent Day*, I esteem chiefly.) I look at them coldly; and instead of setting myself, as every critic should do, to discover intellectual beauties, I boggle at his colour. This is my fault, not his; and I love to hear him praised by a competent judge, heartily—yes, i’faith, heartily.—Mulready’s *Careless Messenger* (134), which I have heard abused, hits my fancy stronger than either 131 or 37, by his great rival. I really *feel* this picture; which shows as much subtlety in expression, and is more painterlike, than the far-famed *blind fiddler*! The moiety of the kneeling boy’s eye is worth a whole Jew’s eye—so is the culprit’s right hand. I could say a monstrous deal about the tall gawky lad leaning primly against the wall; and show every thing the painter intended *not* to show in his face; but there are many other pictures I must attend to.

We are now in the great room, reader, where, if you have no objection, we will sit down behind this gay party, who seem to be dealing about their remarks as freely as you and I do. “Whose is that?” “Fuseli’s.”—“La! What a frightful thing! I hate his fancies of fairies and spirits and nonsense. One can’t understand them.” (Speak for yourself, miss!) “It’s foolish to paint things which nobody ever saw, for how is one to know whether they’re right? Isn’t it, Mr. D——?” “Ha, ha! Very good indeed—’pon my life you’re very severe!”—What a pity that Fuseli should not have known all this earlier in life, that he might have abjured Oberon, and painted portraits of ladies and—joint stools.—M. Angelo, Raffaello, Giulio, &c. were equally ignorant, or they never would have deluged us with such absurdities as angels, cherubim, gods, nymphs, satyrs, and tritons, creations just as ideal as the sylphs and satans

of Fuseli; only a few hundred years have reconciled us to them. This is sickening stuff, yet it is as common as air. Stothard, whose taste of design is the antipodes of the fiery Keeper, meets with just as much misapprehension and contempt. For one person who talks of the juicy Hilton, we have ten who rave about Edwin Landseer and Captain Jones. The elegant Westall, and the classical Howard, are not much better off: and the spirited illustrator of Homer, Hesiod, Æschylus, and Dante, is forgotten before the bust of Turnerelli, or the ineffable fopperies of the effeminate Canova.

A little while ago some of the periodicals made a stir about Thorsvaldsen. I turned over a large volume of careful prints after the basso-relievos or alto-relievos of this sculptor, without meeting anything like an original thought or striking attitude. The whole series was cold, commonplace, and plagiaristic.—Our countrymen are bitten, as they were in Queen Bess’s time, with a rage for every thing foreign: they go to Paris and purchase ephemeral lithography, indecent miniatures, wretched eye-cutting Napoleon medals, laborious brassy unartist-like prints by Desnoyers;—to Antwerp, and gather mock Rubenses;—and at Rome, they contract by the gross for counterfeit cameos, modern antiques, oil pictures by M. Angelo (who never painted but *one* in his life), copies from M. Antonio, and thirty times retouched impressions of the *Last Supper* and *Transfiguration* of Morghen, and the *Vatican Stanzas* of Volpato. These people come home and fancy themselves patrons of the Arts! So they are, but not of the *Fine Arts*.

I don’t know that there is any thing new to be said on the portraits of Phillips and Owen; every body who has eyes or understanding knows that they are excellent. I wish Mr. Jackson, who is fond of imitation, would for once, and for ever, imitate these two gentlemen, by getting down from Sir Joshua’s horse, and mounting one of his own: it is an awkward thing to ride on the tail, and not a little dangerous. At present he is fighting under false colours, as it were; and we are quite in the dark as to his natural style, unless (which Titian and Sir Thomas Lawrence forbid)



*McCready in Macbeth* is a specimen of it. Mr. J. will excuse my remarks if he sees them, which is not likely; but really his portrait of the venerable Northcote is so good that it is a great pity it is not better.

I should not have been so officious as to mention the beautiful works of the President, if (as I am told) several of the Grub-street critics had not presumed to criticise his *Lord Londonderry* in a most ignorant style. I will venture to say, that drapery never was more scientifically nor more gracefully arranged, than the proud robes of the Marquis; and any one acquainted with the practice of art, knows this to be the test of taste: the attitude is noble, and the drawing correct.—What, in the name of fortune, would these pretenders have? Can any one of them tell? I trow not. His *Princess Charlotte* has been long known by the delicate and masterly crayon drawing in Colnaghi's inner room; besides which, we are daily expecting the final proof from the burin of Mr. Golding. The expression of this ill-fated lady's eyes is exquisite—it is poetry—it looks like a dissolving air of Mozart—it is Lord Byron's idea, "the mind, the music breathing from her face," painted. I write this from the recollection of the drawing, which is my first love.

*Lady L. Lambton* is a perfect vision—a thing for a Nympholept to madden on—and is at the same time quite as like as necessary.—Northcote's *Burial of the Princess in the Tower* (22) is his best work, and that in which he seems to have gone most beyond his ordinary level. The print by Skelton renders this fine thing well known. He has another historical subject (217), *The Marriage of Richard Duke of York to the Lady Anne Mowbray, 1477*.

The little *Watts Russels* (271), Phillips, is a composition of great labour in the making up: the coat of the dwarf poney is painted with singular felicity and richness of colour; so is the peacock's starry train.—*The Murder of the Primate Sharp*, attended with such circumstances of cold-blooded cruelty, is hardly a subject for recital, except in history. The novelist has avoided it in a most masterly manner in his *Old Mortality*; but Mr. Allan was not so squeamish, and

has dragged out the daughter to witness the horrid death-struggles of her silver-haired father. But while I condemn Mr. Allan's choice of a subject, his general execution of it has my warm and sincere commendation. Howard's *Sabrina* (62) seems to want more action and energy. It is surely altogether a little heavy; and does not, in my opinion, come up to his picture from another moment of the same story, exhibited at the British Institution a year or two ago. It is a pity that this last is not engraved; it would be extremely popular, both at home and abroad. His *Titania*, curled amidst a world of virgin lilies, while her nymph-like elves roll round in giddy wheel under the wide moon's watery beams, was a lovely picture, and deserved greater commemoration than it received in a vignette to Ballantyne's Shakspeare. The story of his *Diomedes and Cressida*, in the same book, is completely told, and the expressions are at once tasteful and true.

Thomson's *Bed-time* (77) is elegant and domestic: this gentleman's females are always very amiable and womanly—soft, and dependent, without tameness; gentle, without insipidity; and warm, without immodesty. In hitting this delicate mark, he excels even Stothard, whose girls sometimes "smell most grievously of bread and butter," and degrade simplicity into inanity.—A *Scene in Borrowdale*, by Collins, (87) is very soothing and picturesque, but seems a little more like Gainsborough's than the artist's natural style; perhaps he will take this for a compliment—I don't mean it for one. He has a most delicious *Morning on the Kentish Coast* (154), which I verily believe keeps the Exhibition sweet and fresh! This picture is genuine landscape, not accurate topography. It is the offspring of taste, feeling, and skill; not of mere industry and servile transcription.

Miss Landseer's *View on the Grounds of Felix Hall, Essex*, (112) is very well worth any one's attention; and there is one of the queerest little pictures, in respect to colour, by Stothard, that you ever saw (109): *Sancho relates to Don Quixote the famous visionary Interview with Dulcinea*. It was very prettily engraved in a small size by Raimbach, for Mr. Sharp, of Piccadilly; who, unfortunately for me,

does not retain a single impression. If any very charitable reader, who may possess Mr. S.'s edition of the *Spanish Don*, would have the kindness to cut out the four frontispieces, and send them directed to 'Cornelius van Vinkbooms, care of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey,' I shall be duly thankful (always provided they be not retouched); as I am, and have been for some time, making a collection of engravings from Stothard, and have not at present more than 800; among which, however, are Mr. Weathercock's favourite series from Robinson Crusoe, by Medland! The smooth, spiritless, modern repetitions, with the name of Charles Heath, in Cadell's edition, I had; but have since turned them out.

Now look up to the top of the room, and tell me if the man who composed *Lysander, Hermia, and Puck*, (27, Singleton,) ought not to paint a thousand times better, and without such superabundance of manner and flimsiness? One year's occasional study from the antique, from the life, and from Ludovico Caracci, would restore all.

That is a very splendid picture of the modest Mr. Hilton's (*Nature blowing bubbles*); but I don't see why a fine plump young woman, lying under the shade of ardent sun-flowers, on the sandy margin of a splashing fountain, and idly busied in bubbling water through a reed, should be dignified with the abstract title of Nature. However, it is not fair to try the ornamental style by the severe rules of the epic or dramatic. With Mr. H., the subject is merely considered as a vehicle for contrasted postures, and effects of colour: of course it would be ridiculous to censure the artist for fulfilling his own intentions:—these intentions he seems to have completely achieved. His attitudes are well chosen; his grouping and chiaroscuro are pleasing, if not striking; his drawing is correct; (I must except the face of the fair-haired child with the coronal of convolvuluses, which smells a little of Rubens;) the colouring at once clean and rich, gay and harmonious; his lights well impasted; his shadows transparent; and his execution airy, yet firm—delicate, yet bold. The in-

vention is certainly rather common place; and Mr. H. has a complete disregard for *harmony of lines*. The folds of his drapery, and the forms of his wild plants and flowers, are awkward and stiff: they have been dashed in quite at random: he has never thought about them: and the effect on an eye accustomed to the grace and scientific drawing of Giulio, Parmegiano, Bonasone, and our Lawrence, Stothard, and Edward Burney, is very disagreeable. If Mr. Hilton will take the trouble to look candidly at G. Ghisi's large print of *Cephalus and Procris*, Bonasone's *Vendanges de Venus*, (Bartsch, vol. xv. No. 3,) or the arrangement of the curls in M. Antonio's *Dance of Children*, or his large *Supper* from Raffaello, he will instantly comprehend my objection. Whether he will condescend to pay any attention to this hint, I doubt; at all events, I have offered it with the most perfect good-will towards him, which I hope will excuse the freedom of the style. Those who, like myself, have closely observed this artist's progress, will no doubt join me in esteeming the flesh of his *Nature* as the finest he has yet produced. Her swelling breast palpitates.

I like J. Chalon's *Green-stall* (144) very much; it looks clean; there is *such* a pumpkin! as Grimaldi says.—No. 145, *Le Billet*, A. E. Chalon, RA. is of course a most fashionable looking scene: the arch expression of the young lady in the black satin Spanish dress is very bewitching, to my notions: and I wish that I had been the lucky man, instead of Mr. Chalon (it is a portrait); though very likely, for my own sake, it is just as well as it is. Heigho! but I must not be fickle, and forget *Susanne*.<sup>\*</sup>—No. 155, *The Interior of a Stable, with Portraits*, Agasse, is most naturally touched; and I am very glad that it has a place in this room. Howard has a poetical design from Spenser, *The House of Morpheus* (159); and Mr. Cooper a spirited *Portrait of a Hunter* (165); the sky background of which outrages nature, without gaining effect.

In the corner stands *Sir Humphry Davy* himself, by the President. The features are most scientifically and

\* A picture in the last Exhibition.



feelingly drawn; every shape is made out—nothing is blurred; yet the whole together is broad, light, dashing, and apparently even careless. Ward has a *Horse*, brilliantly painted, with great power of brush;—and, next to it is the *Eriphile*, of the Keeper—a picture of much force in the actions, colouring, and chiaroscuro. The composition is extremely simple and severe, and is rather monumental than picturesque. I think the attitude of the traitorous wife has been hinted at in the antique; if so, Fuseli has made a noble use of it. In the murky veil which only half discloses the Furies pouring hot on the chase, the acute observer will detect some admirable tones.

The venerable *West*, by Sir Thomas, is of sterling merit—the ease and character of the attitude; the breadth, richness, depth, and grand sobriety; show at once the pre-eminence of the style of Titian, over the too frequent blusterings and attitudinizings of Vandyke. The whole length of *Viscountess Pollington and her Child* (208) is a gentle and touching image of motherly tenderness; and, by possessing the power of exciting general sympathy, deserts the class of portraiture for that of history. It is worth a hundred of Carlo Maratti's *Madonnas*. Below this, is a very pretty *Lady's Head*, by Pickersgill, which would be better if it had more of Lawrence's spirit, without so much of his worst manner. Stothard has a large repetition of part of a smaller picture, exhibited some years ago, and which, I fancy, is engraving as a companion to the *Canterbury Pilgrims*. It represents a selection of Shakspeare's characters, from *As You Like It*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *The Tempest*, together with Falstaff. It has, of course, great beauties; but wants fire, both in the conception and execution. Miranda is innocence personified; and the group of *Lear* and *Cordelia* is worthy of the artist's ancient name; but the *Macbeth* is feeble, mean, and mannered; which latter fault pervades the whole picture.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,  
Tasting of Flora, and the country green,  
Dance and provencal song, and sun-burnt  
mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm south,

Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple stained mouth!

These beautiful lines, by the ill-fated Keats, are as beautifully embodied by Stothard, in his glowing design of *The Vintage* (20), on which I must dissert a little before I leave the room. Danby's *Disappointed Love* does his feeling and powers of judgment the highest credit. The whole scene is completely filled with the primary idea; but, at present, this artist may be compared to Mr. Wordsworth's poet, wanting the gift of verse; and his picture, to an ugly woman, with a beautiful mind. Mr. Danby has not apparently sufficient practice in oil colours, to paint his own pathetic conceptions; and there are but few observers who will give themselves the trouble to hunt for beauty of design, or invention, when the eye is discouraged by a forbidding execution. To point out particular faults, would be at present useless; another year of application will light me on my way more clearly. Leslie's *May Day* (8) is a very cheerful, pleasing picture; and, I believe, has enjoyed its full share of praise, though it is rather an object for one of Janus's sentimentalities, than for serious criticism—at least, I feel it so now, when I am tired to death of skipping from one thing to another—but, if I ever meet with it again, either in public or in private, I will try to do it more justice. There is a little too much of Smirke about it in the expressions and postures, to please me.

I fancy I may now proceed to the anti-room, where I find a very clever group, by Linnel—*Lady Torrens, and Family*. It is unequal; but parts are drawn with great skill and precision; witness the fore-shortened leg of the fine vigorous little creature on its mother's knees. The girl with the pallet is a most interesting figure; and the cast of features, hair, &c. reminds one not a little of Leonardo, or Luino; who, I shrewdly suspect, are as great favourites with Mr. L. as they are with me. Look at his charming portrait of *Mrs. Brooks* (307), and tell me if I am not right. The tone of his flesh is too low to appear with advantage by the side of Phillips, Jackson, and Owen; otherwise, I think his principal work should have had a place in the *School*

of *Painting*, at least: Pickersgill's *Morning* (340) might have made way; or Mrs. Annesly's *Mistake*, entitled *Satan*, &c. Martin's *Revenge* (379) would furnish matter for a very poetical article, but I must be brief; therefore briefly, Mr. M. if you value your own fame, brush out the whole of your frittered, shingly, gaudy foreground, together with those execrably executed figures—put it in again in a broad massy severe style, so as to set off the sublime distance, and you will have achieved a work to live in the recollections of our posterity, when not a thread of your canvas remains. Do not despise this advice, because the giver is unknown to you; it comes from the greatest master of effect that ever lived, Rembrandt van Ryn! and, for a proof of my assertion, I refer you to his *Jacob's Dream*, in the Dulwich Gallery; or his large etching of the *Three Crosses*; from which you will practically learn how materially terror is increased by obscurity. This is a truism; nevertheless it seems quite new to Mr. Martin. S. W. Reynolds, jun. appears to possess talent; therefore, I am sorry he does not strive to imitate nature, rather than the manner of Sir Joshua's faded pictures. This is not the way to rival his great namesake, but it is the way to draw on him a repetition of the contemptuous classification, which confounded among the servile crowd the names of Salvati, Leandro Bassano, Baroccio, Alessandro Mazzuolo, Jordaens, Bramer, Flink, and Eeckhout. See Reynolds's Works, Sixth Discourse. Over the door, we have a *Hebe*! by a gentleman of the name of Stroehling; and, I think, it can be safely set down, without flattery, as about the worst thing in the Academy. The President's *West*, and *this*, are the alpha and omega of modern portrait. *Cat Grove*, with the *Winter Night's Fight between the Gamekeepers and Poachers* (435, H. Corbould), has a great deal of merit—so have Nos. 366 and 421, by the Bones. Lane's *Portrait of Dr. \* \* \** (427) is not only well painted, as becomes a late pupil of Lawrence, but absolutely more like than the original.

*Poor Relations*, by Stephanoff, evinces very great and deep observation of nature. The expressions

are vigorous and true; the whole conception harmonized with a poet's power; that is, every thing about it tells the same story; it is pregnant with good sense (a great scarcity in modern art) and good feeling—it is a moral picture; it holds the mirror up to the world, and shows it the horrid deformity of its cold-blooded prejudices. We are all of us acting the part of this *Old Lord Luxury* in his easy chair, every day, and are not aware of it, in spite of Tom Jones and Mr. Stephanoff. I shall see the better for this *couching* as long as I live; so, I trust, will many more of us. This is being really a *painter*, not a mere ornamental colourist like Mr. \* \* \*. I have not time to point out all the variety of intelligence which is combined in this little picture; but I think that our *Elia* would manage it beautifully—let me suggest it to him. I must, however, before I go, compliment Mr. S. on the extreme modesty, freshness, innocence, and beauty, of the girl's head; a fair young rose from a drooping stock. I never saw a more interesting countenance. He was quite right in making her handsome, which is just as probable as that she should be the reverse; besides, his object was to strike at once on the sympathy; and beauty in distress will always excite pity, where deformity will create disgust!—There is still great room for improvement in the mechanical parts, especially *melowness of touch, and surface*; but, these difficulties being overcome, Mr. S. will find himself at once in a higher rank than the delineators of bitten apples, cut fingers, and all the long list of the results of mere diligent observation and patient imitation of objects intrinsically worthless, and devoid of the genuine elements of either humour or pathos. I hope that *Poor Relations* is sold—if not, allow me to say, that 150*l.* could not be better laid out by a patron of art, than in the purchase of it. This is entirely my own valuation. I never saw Mr. S. in my life, and have no sort of communication with any one belonging to him; but I have casually heard a very high character of him for industry, and for struggling most worthily for fame and a livelihood, under truly disheartening circumstances. To this moment, I be-



lieve, he has never met with any thing like adequate reward. If this be true, I need say no more to an Englishman. Perhaps an effectual way of serving the artist, would be by causing a good engraving to be published at the risk of such individuals as may choose to enter into a subscription for that purpose, the profits to be handed over to Mr. S. I am too much occupied, and my name is too obscure, for me to appear as a leader in this scheme; but what I can, I will; my ten guineas (and I wish they were twenty) are ready when called for; and one line to Mr. *Fine Arts*, care of Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, shall produce them in the course of two hours from receipt of notice.

Several excellent pictures still hang on my hands; among which are Stothard's *Vintage*, Callcott's *Dover Castle*, Etty's gorgeous *Cleopatra*, Clint's *Scene from Lock and Key*, the sketch (*Jealousy*) by the unwearied Keeper, the Landscapes of Sir G. Beaumont, Cooper's *Decisive Charge of Cromwell at Long Marston Moor*, Phillips's *Lady Harriet Drummond*, Captain Hastings's *Storm off the Cape*, the beautiful works of Mr. Constable, W. Daniel's tremendous

*Sea in the Bay of Biscay* (an admirable composition), Stark's *View near Norwich*, and *The Quarreling Scene between Sampson and Balthazar, Romeo and Juliet*, by the improving Briggs. Most of these demand a much longer notice than my limits will allow; but I regret the omission the less, as they are all able to stand by themselves without my feeble props. I promise myself the pleasure of recurring to those of Fuseli, Stothard, Daniel, and Etty, at some future period—till when, I bid farewell!

CORNELIUS VAN VINKBOOMS.  
June 18.

P. S. Dear me! I've quite forgot the Masoury!

P. S. 2dus. Mr. Elton will have the goodness to accept my sincere thanks for his unexpected compliance with my wish. I take his compliment, addressed to the Editor, all to myself, I assure him. Could he not afford the public some more selections from Nonnus, or his favourite Apollonius? I suppose that Mr. E. has seen the note prefixed to some selections from his Musæus, in the preface to Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, edited by Mr. Singer.

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### BALLAD.

I DREAMT not what it was to woo,  
And felt my heart secure;  
Till Robin dropt a word or two,  
Last evening, on the moor.  
Though with no flattering words, the while,  
His suit he urged to move,  
Fond ways inform'd me, with a smile,  
How sweet it was to love.

He left the path to let me pass,  
The dropping dew to shun;  
And walk'd, himself, among the grass,—  
I deem'd it kindly done.  
And when his hand was held to me,  
As o'er each stile we went,  
I deem'd it rude to say him nay,  
And manners to consent.

He saw me to the town, and then  
He sigh'd, but kiss'd me not;  
And whisper'd, "We shall meet again,"  
But did not say for what:  
Yet on my breast his cheek had lain;  
And though it gently press'd,  
It bruised my heart, and left a pain  
That robs it of its rest.

JOHN CLARE.

## LETTERS FROM EDINBURGH.

No. III.

*To Dr. L. M. Allan, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, London.**Edinburgh, June, 1821.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—You will think it strange, but it is nevertheless true, that I am growing tired of this place;—the charm of novelty has faded, and, as if in revenge for the preferable hold of my feelings which I allowed it to take at first, my old associations are now rising thick about me, in all the bitterness of retributive infliction. Your last letter helped greatly to aggravate their severity; and, in spite of all our laughing at the sentimentalists, there are times when we ourselves would be justly the objects of our own ridicule. You pretend to scout my lachrymose account, as you call it, of the desolation of almost every spot of ground where the happiest moments of our lives were passed; and I am glad you *pretend* it, for, God knows, although nobody will accuse me of an undue participation in the cant of sensibility, particularly of that arising from boyish recollections; yet, I should never have the regard for you, my dear Allan, which you know I have, if I thought you utterly dead to what, with all our sneers, we must admit to be our natural feelings.

What is less strange, though unfortunately equally true, is, that the place is getting tired of me:—My friends seem to have done with me: now that we have necessarily ceased to interest, or rather to excite the feelings of each other, by remembrances of the past time, we drop into the insipid monotony of a time, which, to both parties, is, indeed, the *ignorant* present: I have no pursuit or interest in common with those in whose friendship I have had, and have, a high place; and we drawl along together, each wondering at the *outré* subjects that engross the attention of the other. I cannot get one of them to understand why I have a feeling of regret for the demise of Johnnie Dowies, and why I would *now* rather have had a bottle of the real Younger in his *coffin*, than wallow in the best Maraschino and Chateau-Margôt of the Royal Hotel.

The striplings call me Crockery, (a personage who has travelled North as well as East,) and affect to join in my groans over the *alterations* of the Regent Bridge, County Hall, Jail, Nelson's Monument, &c.; and, if the truth were told, I have my private lamentations over every one of these stupendous works: they led to the demolition of many places which events endeared to me, and to one which is interesting to almost all Europe,—The Heart of Mid Lothian,—which, woe is me, I was too late to get a last look of; I have, however, possessed myself of a snuff-box made out of its door. Now if these railers would step to the East Indies for a dozen years or so, and, upon their return, find their Ambrose's, Royal Hotels, and other places of modern resort, demolished for the sake of a bridge or a tolbooth, of which they never felt the want, they would understand how an alteration may be lamented, although it is a visible improvement. This subject would lead me into an endless disquisition,—it seems to me (without having considered it deeply) that it is the same principle that makes the old man the *laudator temporis acti*; time, in his case, effecting what absence and change of circumstances have done in mine.

When one reads and hears of the unparalleled improvements made in the whole construction of Edinburgh, during the last twenty years of the eighteenth century, one would think it impossible that there *could* be any improvement in the first twenty years of the nineteenth; just as in the world at large, we cannot imagine what there is at this time to be improved, discovered, or invented; and yet we have only to compare two periods, to be abundantly satisfied, that neither the world, nor Edinburgh, has stood, or will stand still. What changes in manners, even after their total new cast in the twenty preceding years!—what extension of intercourse! Here, for example, twenty years ago, it was much more rare



to meet English company, than it is now to meet French; in common life, you hardly ever met an Englishman resident; and when you happened to discover them by their language in the street, you invariably put them down for tumblers, play actors, riders, or discharged valets, as their dresses (which were always singular to us) might indicate. Now, you have difficulty in distinguishing the English people; and for singularity of dress, it is to the natives you must look: the street *Exquisites* here, you must know, are quizzed in the most admirable manner into a belief, that if they get their clothes from London, or from a tailor who visits London, or who has the word "London," on his sign-board, they swagger in the identical cut of Weston, or Allen and Wilson; and hence you see the most antediluvian length of tails, and shortness of waists, to say nothing of the other qualities, exhibiting in all the self-satisfaction, and nonchalance, which the wearer assumes, from a *knowledge* of his being the tip of *ton*!

Twenty years ago, when you met strangers at the houses of your acquaintances, you were introduced to each other by name, and not unfrequently with some absurd laudatory preface or other. Now, you are left to disclose your name and merits yourself, (as who can know them better!) and you have often the pleasure of fixing them in your co-visitor's memory for ever, by some blundering sneer at his absent cousin, or ill-natured remark upon his deceased brother-in-law; an improvement in manners, of which I have felt the advantage more than once since my arrival here.

Twenty years ago, cards were unknown, at least untouched, among the middle classes of Edinburgh, except at Christmas, when a game at Catch-the-Ten was tolerated, more for the opportunity which it afforded of deprecating the "Deevil's pictured books," than for any amusement derivable from it. Now, the tradesmen's wives have whist and loo tables all the year round; and Catch-the-Ten is the nightly resource of retired coal skippers, and independent fish women.

Twenty years ago, there were only

three newspapers published in Edinburgh, in the height of war. They were read only by the upper ranks; and news descended to the rabble through the old medium of servants, barbers, and journeymen. There are now nine newspapers, in a time of settled peace; they are read by all ranks and ages, and important public information often ascends from the servant to the lord, and from the apprentice to the master.

Twenty years ago, there was only one eighteen-penny magazine, of which you hardly ever heard, and which the middle ranks, and the ladies of all ranks, never saw, except, perhaps, in the booksellers' windows. There are, now, at least a dozen monthly and quarterly publications, with the contents of one or more of which you find almost the whole population acquainted; and their effect on the tone of conversation is sufficiently visible.

Twenty years ago, the High School boys went to school in the summer months at seven in the morning, and at nine in winter; they were, as boys ought to be, wild, hardy, and mischievous; but, among their seniors, silent and modest; attentive to refined conversation when they were permitted to be present at it; and among their fellows, frank, generous, and magnanimous. Now, they go to school all the year round at nine and ten in the morning; look trig and delicate; wear cravats, beaver hats, and watches; sit at table with company, and chatter upon almost all subjects with the most perfect self-possession and consequence.

It would be amusing to carry this comparison of periods skilfully into other branches of life and manners; but I have neither patience nor ability for it. I would, with much pleasure, describe the physical changes on the face of Edinburgh, which seem to interest you so much; but it is really impossible;—for the last five or six years, the average number of houses built yearly is eight hundred; and since I last saw Edinburgh, there have been built at least ten new churches, some of them perfect cathedrals. They have just begun a monument to Lord Melville. It is to stand in the centre of St. Andrew's square, fronting George-street, of course. I cannot see how they are

getting on with it for the paling with which the workmen are inclosed. The west side of the north bridge, from the Blue-Gown's Corner to Prince's-street, has been built up with elegant houses and shops, and a terrace runs at the south end, overhanging Canal-street;—it is, I should think, from sixty to eighty feet high, sufficiently appalling to look over: if such a place were in London, the inhabitants of the houses on it would fill it with plants and shrubs, so that from beneath, it would give no bad cockney idea of the hanging gardens of Babylon;—but that would infer a taking of trouble for the sake of a neat effect, which would be scouted by the homely damsels of Auld Reekie, as useless and unprofitable vanity. The Blue-Gown must be dead; he was the ultimus Romanorum of them twenty years ago, and had been the Autolycus of his day: I forget his rhymes; but they were quite in the school of that most arrant of cozeners:

Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a;  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head  
Of the newest and finest wear-a!

Of his ballads, you might safely say, with the shepherd, that you loved them even but too well, for it was “doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, sung lamentably.”

Blue-Gowns naturally lead to the king, who, they say, is going to Ireland after the coronation, and to Scotland next year. We don't half like this preference of Ireland; but it gives the rulers of this city time to prepare themselves for his suitable reception. I am told that they are already in keen debate upon the subject, at their private meetings; and records are searching, and plans digesting; and they go so far as to say, that procedure is arranging:—a deacon of my acquaintance tells us, that some wag has suggested the precedent of Charles the First's time, who was the last English monarch that visited Edinburgh in state; and as his reception, according to my information, is minutely recorded in the town registers, it would be one of the most admirable jokes ever known, if some of the civic body could be quizzed into

moving that it be the rule for George IV.—Would you believe it, in 1633, the Cross of Edinburgh was converted into Mount Parnassus, stuck over with trees, rocks, flowers, &c. (the barren mount!) and between the prongs of the fork, there was an artificial fountain representing Helicon! His Majesty was received at the West Bow, by a female representing Caledonia, who made him a speech in the style of the giants to Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth; and—

Thus having spoke, the kilted goddess  
kiss'd

Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.

He was then conducted to the west end of the tolbooth, just under the present place of execution, where he was received by *Mercury*! (a second-sight kind of hint, perhaps, that their next meeting would be at a similar place;)—a triumphal arch was here erected, upon which, portraits of some hundreds of Scottish kings were painted; and the messenger of Jove introduced *Fergus*, the father of this line of kings, to give his successor good counsel, and a welcome to his capital:—but the most exquisite device was the Parnassus and Helicon: on one of the peaks, there were two bands of ancient sylvan musicians (*satyrs*, I presume,) and a *barrel organ*; and, on the other peak, were Apollo and the nine Muses! Apollo recited a long panegyric in broad Scotch upon his Majesty, and gave him a thick folio of praises composed expressly for the occasion by the University; the Muses then sang a *carmen triumphale* to the tune of “*Todlin' hame*,” and the king passed on to another arch at the Nether Bow, where he was addressed in a similar style by the *seven planets*!!—Horace pretended to believe Augustus a deity upon earth, and begged him to postpone his return to heaven as long as possible, (“*Serus in cœlum redeas, &c.*”); but I do not remember to have read of a whole people feigning the gods themselves to come from heaven to welcome their king, and to sing his praises on earth! This was reserved for our classical countrymen, and for a king whom, for a day's pay a-piece, they were afterwards the means of sending to heaven “before his time!” as Lord



Byron says of Don Juan to the other place!

I have been taking some walks about the old town lately. It becomes daily more interesting, as having a chance of being speedily regarded *old*, in the affectionate sense of the term—they absolutely talk of *levelling* the High-street; but what they mean by it, is not so easy to discover. The only interruption now between the castle and the palace, is the *Weigh House*, which, being connected with no antique associations, like the Heart of Mid Lothian, the Cross, and the Nether Bow port, and being, moreover, the ugliest shell ever reared on ground, an eye-sore and a nuisance, is preserved with religious veneration, as the last remnant of expiring cheesemongery!

If my recollection does not much deceive me, it was at Portsburgh-gate that Jock Porteous's mob took the keys, as in the tale; but it was the Nether Bow port that excited the special indignation of Parliament:—Our friend A. remembers this port, and he says that what the House of Lords failed in doing (for a bill passed that House to raise it to the ground), a Canongate baillie effected. His worship's draff carts were some-

times damaged under the narrow archway; and the town council, upon due consideration of *this* grievance, ordered the port to be demolished.

\* \* \* \* \*

I sent you such papers as I could get on Dr. Home's election to Dr. Gregory's chair. I paid a visit to the infirmary the other day, with a view to see a poor object, of the name of Berry, an actor, whom I have seen (and, I think, so must you) in very different circumstances. I was disappointed, however; for there are many new regulations since we knew it. Poor Mrs. Hume, the housekeeper, is no more. Berry had a benefit on Saturday night, which, I hear, was excellently productive; I was engaged at your cousin's; but I sent him my mite: shall I double it for you? The poor devil will need it all; for I understand he is maimed and decrepid, and utterly unfit for the stage.

The weather here is excessively cold; hailstones, like sugar almonds, and occasional variations of snow! How is it with you? Compliments to Dick, and all your tribe; and believe me, my dear Doctor, yours always, most sincerely,

T. Y.

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## THE DRAMA.

### No. XVIII.

It is a difficult thing to write a good tragedy. We know this from having ourselves once attempted a drama (it was a farce), and having, indeed, actually achieved two or three melancholy scenes of a melodrama, which the coming on of the hot weather compelled us to postpone. We had thought beforehand, that we had wit at our fingers' ends, and were entirely masters of all the turns of pathos; and yet—we do not know how it was, but we did not absolutely satisfy ourselves: perhaps, the world might have been delighted (we were sure of our friends), but we were fastidious, severe; the critical fit came over us in short, and we ceased, for a time, our labours.—It is really a difficult thing. It is not enough to make your dramatis personæ talk as men ordinarily do;

and it is too much to make them talk as men do not. Thus, between two stools—but the proverb is somewhat musty, so, we will e'en leave it, to discuss our monthly task. We will begin with Covent Garden, where, at least, two tragedies have been performed—"Hamlet," and "Damon and Pythias;" and our first shaft shall be at "Hamlet the Dane."

#### COVENT GARDEN.

*Hamlet* was performed on the 8th of June, for the benefit of Mr. Macready: we may be allowed to say, that it gave us pleasure to see a very full house.—Although there prevails a sort of etiquette, we believe, to abstain, on benefit nights, from the critic's common privilege of censure; yet we shall make bold to pursue our usual course on the present occasion,

as being fairest towards the public, and, in the end, perhaps most beneficial to the performer. It is not a worthless compliment that we pay to Mr. Macready, when we adopt this plan; nor will he, we think, (if he should read our article) receive it as such. In truth, had he failed in his performance of Hamlet, we might, probably, have refrained from noticing it, notwithstanding our boast of candour; for it is unpleasant to us would-be-goodnatured critics to inflict pain publicly on those who are for ever in the eye of the public. The summary punishment—be it noisy or negative—which an audience bestows on an actor's errors is, perhaps, sufficient.—When a young gentleman, stage-smitten, comes forward to delight himself (and the town) in Hamlet, or Rover, or the too bewitching Romeo, and convinces us of nothing, but that his years are tender, and that his enthusiasm has outrun his discretion, we are well content to be silent. But it is otherwise when a successful candidate for fame steps forward. It is right that a man, who has the power of conferring pleasure or instruction on the community, should be known to all; and it is on that account partly, and partly in justice to himself, that the merit of an actor is blazoned abroad through the counties. What would our good friends of York, or Salisbury, or Liverpool, do, when the summer drought is on them, were there not an influx from our metropolitan theatres? They would languish, notwithstanding the races, the cathedral, the exchange. What would become of Glasgow (trade-thriving city, famous for snuff and literature,—and to be mentioned, in after annals, as the spot where Mr. Knowles's tragedy of "Virginius" was engendered and brought to light) without Mr. Macready's annual visit, or some of our southern smiles to help it through the year? It would fare but ill, we suspect, without something of this sort to break its monotony. Its argosies had better be wind-bound like Antonio's: its wind-mills, even, had better undergo a change, although it should be like that so famous one which took place in the memorable adventures of the Señor Alonzo Quixada.

But for Hamlet:—Hamlet, then,

it is well known, is one of the finest of plays,—even of the plays of Shakespeare. It is full of a melancholy spirit: not a "villainous melancholy,"—no, nor the courtier's melancholy, nor the lawyer's, nor the lady's, nor the soldier's; but it has a melancholy of its own: it has madness too, but with method in it; and a madness without any method at all. In the one case the frenzy is thrown aside, like a garment overworn and useless. In the other, it is dissipated only by death: it is the canker which grows up with and spreads, and preys upon the sweet blossom of love; it is covered by silence, and fed with tears; and the victim herself, "the fair Ophelia," is accompanied by our deepest sympathy, through every scene of her ill-requited passion, till at last she dies (like the swan) in music.—It is all over melancholy. It is the play from which more quotations are made, more maxims gathered, than any other; and it is celebrated for Hamlet and the ghost. At first, these two "divide the palm" of our attention; the last, with its dusky figure and portentous silence, waving us onward from the platform to the forest, until it bursts its spell and speaks:—the other, a sorrow-stricken son, hanging upon every syllable which the phantom utters, and echoing its hollow tones in words as hollow, until the mailed shadow disappears, and Hamlet is paramount to the end.

We are not of the Partridge faction. We do not like the king best; no, nor the queen; nor the Lord Chamberlain of the kingdom of Denmark, whose accomplishments, in natural history, are so equivocal. We think even that my Lord Osrick (courtier and lord of the bed-chamber) is but indifferently silly, at times, although his method of handling a foil, and the equity of his arbitrations are equally undeniable. No; Hamlet is our passion, as he was Ophelia's. "Would he were thinner" indeed, but let that pass; he is fat, and it cannot be helped,—or denied. He is a fine corporeal piece of philosophy. He becomes well the horror of the scene,—the midnight watch, and the haunted forest; and his melancholy pride blends well with the preternatural darkness of his fortunes.



He has all the regality of grief about him: there is no plebeian wailing, nor vulgar exposure, nor craving of sympathy from every common eye of the court, but he sits throned in the shadow of undivulged and inextricable sorrow, a high commissioned spirit, ordained to deal out vengeance on the murderer and adulterer,—the son and heir of kings and warriors, himself a scholar and a prince, until, at last, he tracks out his fate through its several windings, and arrives at the usual bound,—it is the same in England as elsewhere,—the grave. He was the brightest star that ever broke the gloom of Denmark, and now—

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?  
Where is he now, the glory and the dream?

Ah! that was beyond the stretch even of the Dane's philosophy. For ourselves, we do not profess to have any: we think even that Dr. Johnson's terrors were by no means ridiculous, although, when we lay our heads on our pillows, we hope (like *Candide*) for the best.

So much has been said and written of Hamlet, and his madness, and his melancholy, and his morality, and his misanthropy (we are absolutely beguiled into alliteration), that we will forbear to perplex the reader with any further inquiry into all or any of these delicate points. We may remark, however, *en passant*, that he was a most paradoxical misanthrope, for, with the single exception of the worthy Claudius, he loved the whole world. It must be admitted, indeed, that he called Polonius a fool (but he was wrong), and that his conduct to Ophelia was not altogether kind; and yet, take him for all in all, he was a model for a prince, and we would that the sun which gilded the roofs of Elsinore had shone upon his grey locks at ninety:

For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have prov'd most royally.—

But we are not writing an essay; so we must even take our leave of Hamlet. Two or three lines we may be allowed, from our old love, to quote at parting: they are his last directions to his friend Horatio. There is nothing more touching in all Shakspeare. Hear what he says:

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in  
pain,  
To tell my story.

And the story is told, as he wished: then comes in Fortinbras and his soldiers, and Hamlet "the Dane"—dies.

Mr. Macready's personification of Hamlet was, we thought, unequal. He never sinks below mediocrity, and he is generally very far above it: he can *always* be above it when he pleases. In the earlier parts of Hamlet, he was more quiet than suited our taste; (it was a marvel to us how he tamed his fiery spirit down) but in the first soliloquy, he broke out, and showed us that he intended to do something afterwards. Still the part, at first, had the air of not having been thoroughly considered; or, perhaps it was, that Mr. Macready economised his animal spirits. There was, certainly, no misconception; but there was some want of energy, and he failed in making some of (what we should have considered) the obvious effects. But when the play came on before the king, he made amends for all. We certainly never saw that scene acted in a way that could stand a moment's comparison with Mr. Macready's performance. We will say more—we never saw *any* scene played better. We can scarcely except the famous scene in the third act of Mr. Kean's Othello,—or, if that be insisted on, certainly nothing else. The closet scene, with the queen, was also well and very energetically performed; and, indeed, to the end there were many striking instances of high talent. We wish he would give the character a reading or two more, and play it again,—or rather that he would put forth more power in the earlier part, and try to make more of it, instead of disappointing us (yes, disappointing us *a little*) at first, and coming upon us like an electric shock afterwards. He may, if he pleases, make it a very complete piece of acting.—The other characters were respectably filled by Mr. Abbott, Mr. Egerton, and Mrs. Faucit; and Ophelia's songs were delightfully given by Miss Stephens. No one will ever think of stopping her sorrow, if she always sings thus sweet-

ly when she is grieved ; but we hope that she never *is* grieved.

*Damon and Pythias.* This seems to us to be but a bare subject for a tragedy, and yet there have been two written upon it. The first is by an old writer, of the name of Edwards, and is one of the earliest and rudest specimens of the English drama. It is full of anachronisms and inconsistencies of all sorts. The names of the persons represented are partly ancient Greek, partly English, and the rest modern Italian—Damon, Pythias, Will, Jack, Stephano, &c., who, besides the regular dialogue, quote good Latin verses, (we believe, Virgil's) and jabber French. Grimm, the collyer, born at Croydon, (the scene is at Syracuse) is guilty of the last-mentioned fact, and he speaks of "vortie shillings," and pairs of spectacles, and clocks, and other matters, which we had held to be somewhat later inventions.

The style of this play is uncouth and harsh, and yet there is something of character in one or two of the *dramatis personæ*. Carisophus, the parasite, is a fair specimen of a spy, and seems to understand surveillance, and how to swear away a man's life ; and Aristippus, "a pleasant gentleman," as he is called, argues himself pleasantly enough into his own good graces. "To some," he says,

Perhaps it seems strange  
That I, Aristippus, a courtier am become,  
who was late no mean philosopher ;  
but, he adds :

Lovers of wisdom are termed philosophers.  
I am wyse for myself, then tell me of troth,  
Is not that great wisdom, as the world goth.

But Stephano, Damon's serving man, does not relish philosophy. In the boldness of his hunger, he says :

Surely, for all your talk of philosophie,  
I never heard that a man with words could  
fill his belly :

On which his master remonstrates,  
and he replies :

*Dam.* Ah ! Stephano, small diet maketh  
a fine memorie.

*Steph.* I care not for your craftie sophistrie,  
You two are fine, let mee be fed like a grose  
knave still.

Damon consoles himself with this reflection :

Ah ! train up a bondman never to so good  
a behaviour,

Yet, in some point of servilitie, he wyll savour :

As this Stephano, trustie to mee his master,  
lovyng and kinde,

Yet, touching his belly, a very bondman I  
him finde.

It would be tedious to the reader, were we to favour him with much of this dialogue ; but, unpolished and rugged as these lines are, there are one or two lyrics which are remarkably soft and musical. Here is a stanza from one of them.

The losse of worldly wealth  
Man's wisdom may restore,  
And physick hath provided, too,  
A salve for every sore :  
But my true friend once lost,  
No art can well supply,  
Then what a death is this to heare !  
Damon, my friend, must die.

We will now leave the old drama, and proceed to the new one. "*Damon and Pythias*" is written partly by a Mr. Banim, and partly by Mr. Shiel, the amiable author of *Evadne*. We do not think this play so good as the last production of Mr. Shiel ; some of the situations are striking and dramatic, but the dialogue is by no means equal, we think, to many passages which might be quoted from *Evadne*. It would be, perhaps, scarcely fair to judge either of the authors by this their joint performance, notwithstanding the success with which Beaumont and Fletcher are known to have written together. We are the more induced to think thus, because we know what Mr. Shiel has done, and can do singly ; and Mr. Banim, is, we believe, the author of an interesting poem, called "*The Celt's Paradise*." We must not be understood, however, to speak of this tragedy as one at all void of merit ; on the contrary, there are many pleasing passages, and some good ones. There is something hearty and fine in the way in which Damon hails Calanthe on her wedding day :

— Calanthe,  
The blessing and the bounty of the gods  
Be with you, over you, and all about you ;  
and the following is a sweet piece of description, though perhaps too much elaborated for a play.



A dell, made of green beauty; with its  
 shrubs  
 Of aromatic sweetness, growing up  
 The rugged mountain's sides, as cunningly  
 As the nice structure of a little nest,  
 Built by two loving nightingales. The wind  
 That comes here, full of rudeness from the  
 sea,  
 Is lulled into a balmy breath of peace.  
 The moment that it enters; and 'tis said,  
 By the Sicilian shepherds, that their songs  
 Have in this place a wilder melody.  
 The mountains all about it are the haunts  
 Of many a fine romantic memory!  
 High towers old Etna, with his feet deep  
 clad  
 In the green sandals of the freshful spring;  
 His sides arrayed in winter, and his front  
 Shooting aloft the everlasting flame.  
 On the right hand, &c. &c.

There is also a really pathetic scene between Damon and his wife Hermion, in the fourth act; though that is laboured too much, in our opinion: yet it opens well.

*Dam.* Have I in all my life  
 Given thee an angry look, a word, or been  
 An unkind mate, my Hermion?

*Herm.* Never, the gods know, never.

And had all been thus simple, we could have given the play far more praise than we have now done. On the whole, "*Damon and Pythias*" betrays evident marks of real dramatic skill, in the situations, in the conduct of the plot, (excepting only Nicias, who is superfluous altogether), in the way in which the interest is suspended, and frequently in the dialogue: indeed, there is too much of abruptness (or transition) in the speeches; for though that has its effect on the stage, it looks but ill in print, and should be used sparingly at all times. Macready and Charles Kemble played excellently well in this tragedy: though the first gentleman has, beyond doubt, the most difficult and important part; and Miss Foote looked and played like an angel. We did not like Miss Dance. Mr. Abbot topped his part pleasantly in *Dionysius*. There was no new scenery. Although we heard talk of Etna, we did not see it.

#### DRURY LANE.

There has not been any novelty here worth recording. Mrs. Glover, indeed, has played Hamlet!! and Mr. Elliston has given a masquerade,

but we did not see either of those entertainments. We forbore going to see Mrs. Glover entirely out of a tender consideration for her, (yet we hear that she played well,) and Mr. Elliston's tickets were one pound five shillings each:—we drank our coffee at a cheaper house. His brilliant illumination we saw for nothing, and his '*Blue Devils*' we had witnessed before.

The farces which are acted at this theatre are generally good and well 'got up,'—better perhaps, than at the other house. *Harley* is good, and *Knight* is good,—

A lass is good, and a glass is good—

Miss Kelly is good also, and Munden is the hero of *Afterpiece*. As we have said that a good tragedy is difficult to achieve, so will we say that a good farce is not easily to be accomplished.

Last month, the Queen descended upon the theatres, 'veiled in a shower of shadowing roses,' (or feathers) to the astonishment of the managers, who knew not how to receive her. At Drury Lane, she was greeted by the audience, we are told, but received with moderate ardour by Mr. Elliston. At Covent Garden (where we saw her) the audience certainly felt a divided duty, some shouting 'the King,' and others 'the Queen,' while Mr. Harris and Mr. Fawcett, profound in politics, *docti magistri*, were entirely quiescent.—For our own parts, though we meddle but little with politics, (hating the heated and perilous atmosphere that surrounds them), we felt that the queen presented a melancholy spectacle. She went to Covent Garden, without having given previous notice of her intention, and consequently no preparation had been made to receive her. She was poorly attended, and sate on the front seat of one of the common boxes:—she sate alone, without any of the marks or distinction of a queen, like a person cut off from society, but without the advantages of illustrious birth. Her's was the solitude of royalty without the splendour that flatters and deceives it. We hate, we repeat it, politics of all sorts;—we are

not radicals, nor tories, nor even whigs; but we are men with some pity in our constitutions, and we were absolutely sickened at the obstreperous folly of some of our neighbours, who were shouting "king,—king." The expression of popular feeling is a fine thing, and should never be controlled—in the street; but it is pain-

ful to witness such a din as arose within the courtly walls of Covent Garden, where even the magician Prospero was forgotten; and the exquisite beauty of the delicate Ariel, (who had cunningly stolen the shape of Miss Foote) was utterly disregarded.

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TO HOPE.

O! TAKE, young Seraph, take thy harp,  
And play to me so cheerily;  
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,  
And life wears on so wearily.  
O! take thy harp!

Oh! sing as thou wert wont to do,  
When, all youth's sunny season long,  
I sat and listen'd to thy song,  
And yet 'twas ever, ever new.—  
With magic in each heav'n-tun'd string,  
The future bliss thy constant theme.  
Oh then each little woe took wing  
Away, like phantoms of a dream;  
As if each sound,  
That flutter'd round,  
Had floated over Lethe's stream!

By all those bright and happy hours  
We spent in life's sweet eastern bow'rs,  
Where thou would'st sit and smile, and show,  
Ere buds were come—where flow'rs would blow,  
And oft anticipate the rise  
Of life's warm sun that scal'd the skies,  
By many a story of love and glory,  
And friendships promis'd oft to me,  
By all the faith I lent to thee,  
Oh! take, young Seraph, take thy harp,  
And play to me so cheerily;  
For grief is dark, and care is sharp,  
And life wears on so wearily.  
O! take thy harp!

Perchance the strings will sound less clear,  
That long have lain neglected by  
In sorrow's misty atmosphere—  
It ne'er may speak as it hath spoken,  
Such joyous notes so brisk and high;  
But are its golden cords all broken?  
Are there not some, though weak and low,  
To play a lullaby to woe?

But thou can'st sing of love no more,  
For Celia show'd that dream was vain—  
And many a fancied bliss is o'er,  
That comes not e'en in dreams again.

Alas! alas!

How pleasures pass,  
And leave thee now no subject, save  
The peace and bliss beyond the grave!—

H



Then be thy flight among the skies ;  
 Take then, Oh ! take the skylark's wing,  
 And leave dull earth, and heav'nward rise  
 O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing  
     On skylark's wing !

Another life-spring there adorns  
 Another youth—without the dread  
 Of cruel care, whose crown of thorns  
 Is here for manhood's aching head.—  
 Oh, there are realms of welcome day,  
 A world where tears are wiped away !  
 Then be thy flight among the skies ;  
 Take then, Oh ! take the skylark's wing,  
 And leave dull earth, and heav'nward rise  
 O'er all its tearful clouds, and sing  
     On skylark's wing !

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#### LAMB'S TRANSLATION OF CATULLUS.\*

"Well, let me tell you," said Goldsmith, "when my tailor brought my bloom-coloured coat he said, Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When any body asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane." "Why, Sir," said Johnson, "that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it; and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a colour."

Mr. Lamb's Translation of Catullus appears much to resemble the blossom coloured coat of Poor Goldsmith. It comes forth with Mr. Davison's name on the title page, and the ingenious printer seems only desirous of showing how goodly a book he can make out of the most inappropriate materials. The paper of the pretty book before us is as yellow and sleek as heart could wish; the type and ink are an ode of themselves; the title page buds with promises; yet with all these, never, in all our critical experience, has it fallen to us to meet with so weak and valueless a publication,—so miserable a marriage of paper and ink.

Catullus has been nibbled at by many poets, but we know of no regular translation, except one published by Johnson, in 1795, and said to be the work of a Dr. Nott. There is considerable force, and unaffected

truth in the Doctor's version, that makes it very pleasant to the English reader; and to the scholar, the notes are pregnant with great classical knowledge, and the expression of a plain and vigorous judgment. The Doctor does not catch many of those sweet, honied expressions, which are the charm of the love poems of Catullus;—nor has he the general freedom, the soft grace, the curious felicity of his original; but he translates as nearly to the life as is, perhaps, possible, and often points out in the notes a beauty of thought or language, which he cannot exactly hit in his translation.

It seems to us a very lamentable thing that a dead poet cannot, like a live bishop, have some voice in his own *Translation*:—we are quite sure, that if such a power could have been attained, Mr. Lamb would not have been permitted to *traduce* into English some of the sweetest and most natural poems in the Roman language. He would have been enjoined to silence by the poet himself—and would certainly never have heard those flattering words, which, by dint of ingenious prompting, he gets the shade of Catullus to utter. Mr. Lamb, indeed, appears to be a straightforward, pains-taking, sensible gentleman, with a very fair stock of prose ideas upon poetry; and it is not at all improbable, that he relishes

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\* The poems of Caius Valerius Catullus translated, with a Preface and Notes, by the Hon. George Lamb, 2 Vols. 12mo.—Murray, 1821.

the original version of Catullus, but he catches none of its spirit and nature,—none of its terseness and enchanting beauty of expression. Take, for instance, that exquisite passage in the Address to the Peninsula of Sirmio.

Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,  
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.

Mr. Lamb thus hammers out the lines:—

Then when the mind its load lays down;  
When we regain, all hazards past,  
And with long ceaseless travel tired,  
Our household god again our own;  
And press in tranquil sleep at last,  
The well known bed, so oft desired;

The fatigue of travel seems here to have passed into the very verse; for never did poetry so tediously and tamely address itself “unto our gentle senses.”

Now, really we do think that a translation of Catullus should be something beyond a spiritless paraphrase, or a schoolboy version. The words should *burn* into English,—should flash into a new tongue, with new light,—should be all full of life,—of graceful joy, and happy tenderness! Mr. Lamb is a kind of resurrection man about Parnassus; he goes about in the dark, digging up a dead language, and exposing the remains to sale; but he does not, like the celebrated sexton, that “fortunate youth” of churchyards, find a gem on the finger; he reminds us rather of Cobbett’s bringing into England a negro’s bones for those of his hero. If he were in the east, the inhabitants would look upon him as a vampire, from his fatal propensity to suck the life out of the fair, the tender, the beautiful! the muse feels the sickness of his eye, and pines away under his sombre fascination.

Catullus is of all poets perhaps the happiest, in expressing home feelings naturally, and tender feelings tenderly. A word with him, is continually like a sweet note in music, and thrills on the heart strings. His conciseness is matchless,—and his repetitions of melodious words are ever the most pleasant and felicitous. Dr. Nott, whom Mr. Lamb just quietly alludes to as “the prior English translator,” speaks of the success of

Catullus in severe verses: “a clean well pointed satire was his forte,” says the doctor; “but we fear that he more often used the bludgeon than the sword.” In the poetry of manly friendship, and social kindness, Catullus was eminently happy; and here, as Mr. Lamb speaks to the purpose, we will select what we think the only good passage in the preface.

There remain some poems to be spoken of, not usually erected into a distinct class, but which may well justify such an arrangement, namely, the poetry of friendship and affection. This is a strain in which only a genius originally pure, however polluted by the immorality of its era, could descant with appropriate sentiment; which speaks with all the kindly warmth of love, while it refrains from its unreasoning rage; that adopts all its delicacy, without any tinge of its grossness. In this style Catullus has written more in proportion, and more beautifully, than any author. The lines to Hortalus, the Epistle to Manlius, to Calvus on the death of Quintilia, and the Invocation at his brother’s grave, show how warmly his heart beat with this refined impulse. These are only the more touching compositions of this kind; on the other hand, in such poems as Acme and Septimius, and the Epithalamium on the marriage of Manlius and Julia, we behold with what pleasure he witnessed, and with what zeal he celebrated the happiness of his friends. Several are of a light and frolicsome character, such as those to Fabullus, to Flavius, and to Camerius: still all of this class, however uninteresting the subject, breathe an engaging kindness of heart; and, however trivial the occasion, it is still ornamented by the poet’s natural felicity of expression; which is, alas! of all merits the one most likely to evaporate in translation. The heart-soothing address to Sirmio, the dedication to Cornelius Nepos, and that of the Pinnacle, and the lines to Himself on the approach of Spring, speak those more placid feelings of content that, perhaps, give the most unalloyed happiness, and evince a social and amiable disposition that harmonizes well with warmer affections.

The preface of Mr. Lamb’s work is not ill-written, but it is liberally taken from the Introduction to Dr. Nott’s book, and not as liberally acknowledged. The life of the poet is inwoven into this preliminary essay, and also relishes strongly of the Doctor. Mr. Lamb quotes some observations of Walsh, at the beginning of his preface, which appear to us



extremely questionable: "I am satisfied that Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid, were in love with their mistresses, while they upbraided them, quarrel with them, threaten them, and forswear them; but I confess I cannot believe Petrarch in love with his, when he writes conceits upon her name, her gloves, and the place of her birth." Mr. Lamb enlarges upon this profound assertion, and never stops to enquire into its correctness. We do not ever question the love of Catullus for Lesbia; but when the character of the lady is recollected, there will remain small cause for wonder that he quarrelled with her, threatened her, upbraided her, and abjured her; the sister of the infamous Clodius, while she fascinated the poet, gave him ample room for disgust and rebuke. The love of Catullus was a sensual, suspicious passion; it was not the same love that was kindled in the heart of Petrarch, and that never expired!—that burned in his breast perpetually, like the sacred light in the temple! Petrarch loved, and through his imagination. Love came to him in all its glory! he saw Laura, and he saw her for ever! Time brightened her image, and charmed all objects which had the remotest connexion with, or reference to her. Whatever *her* eyes shone upon, became, on the instant, sacred to the mind of Petrarch; whatever *her* hand touched, was at once changed to gold in his eyes! Her name was poetry to him—was a world of sweet thought—a paradise for his ingenuity to revel in. Her glove was associated with herself; and he saw the *form* which her hand had left. Her birth place too!—Is the birth place of the lady of the heart, a common—unmeaning—indifferent spot of earth?—Oh no!—Petrarch beheld in it the garden where in his magic flower grew, and his soul hallowed it!—Is Petrarch then to be doubted, because he felt thus truly,—thus intensely? Is his love to be denied, because he did not revile the object of his deathless passion? Surely Walsh could never have loved, or he would never have erred so coldly. Mr. Lamb might, indeed, have quoted a happier passage.

We shall not tarry longer at the threshold of Mr. Lamb's book, but

proceed to the interior, and taste the fruits he has provided for us. His prose and poetry are, however, so very much alike, that if you were to shake the whole out into sentences, and mingle them together, it would incapacitate the reader from knowing which was the real Simon Pure:—you might take the Introduction, and "cut it out in little stars" for private poetical use;—and ladies of fashion and gentle taste would find them stick fiery indeed in the polite firmaments of their drawing rooms and arbours.

The first poem is the Dedication to Cornelius Nepos (an old *cane acquaintance* of ours at School), and Mr. Lamb starts dolefully indeed—

My little volume is complete,  
With all the care, and polish neat,  
That make it fair to see;—

Where is the "pumice expoliturum," which is so characteristic of the manners of the time?—The "fair to see" is a poor recompence for this *unroman* interpretation. The second piece, which is the celebrated Address of Catullus to Lesbia's Sparrow, and begins so prettily in the original—"Passer deliciae meae puellae"—fares no better in the hands of Mr. Lamb.

Dear Sparrow, long my fair's delight,  
Which in her breast to lay,  
To give her finger to whose bite,  
Whose puny anger to excite,  
She oft is wont in play.

We very much fear that the translator has intrusted the rendering of this little poem to the head butler, or one of the upper servants in his house;—so very menially is it "done into English." A waterman, in the leisure of a hard winter, would make better lines on the bench at Westminster-bridge. The last stanza is as lively as the first:—

Thou wilt be welcome, as 'tis known  
Was to the nimble maid  
The golden fruit that loosed the zone,  
Her virgin guard, and bade her own  
A lover's warmth repaid.

Poor Atalanta!—run down a second time! and by a Lamb too!

The Dedication of a Pinnacle to Castor and Pollux, which has been often translated, is made equal to the worst of Mr. Lamb's translations. It has not even the merit of being "faithful," like Hamlet when his

wits were gone. In the original, the Pinnace speaks; but Mr. Lamb "cuts short all intermission," and speaks in its stead: and the boat, good sooth, may think itself well off, and shake its old planks with joy at the escape. The stanzas "To Himself" are so coldly and feebly given that we wish Mr. Lamb had kept them according to the prescription.

The Address to the Peninsula of Sirmio has none of the natural pleasure of the original; and yet we know not where the fault lies, for it is not strongly marked with error:—

Too bad for a blessing—too good for a curse—  
I would to the Lord you were better or worse.

Now, in a piece so famed for its perfect ease and tenderness as this is, we should have expected the intelligent and masterly translator to prove his competency for the task he has undertaken.—But in the most celebrated passages, and in the brightest poems, Mr. Lamb sinks into tameness and indolence, and fairly baulks all expectation. When the rope is tightest and most elastic, and the position the most capable and attractive, instead of bounding into the air, and making himself "the observed of all observers," Mr. Lamb suddenly drops his pole, relaxes his muscles, and droops his foot to have his sole chalked.—We should, however, give one poem which is very pleasingly and melodiously turned; and we wish we could match this with another.

#### TO VERANNIUS.

*On his Return from Spain.*

Of all the many loved by me,  
Of all my friends most dear,  
Verannius is thy travel o'er,  
And art thou home return'd once more  
To light thy brother's smile of glee,  
Thy mother's age to cheer?  
Thou'rt come. Oh blissful, blessed news!—  
Thou'rt come, and I again  
Shall see and hear thee, in the way  
I loved in former time, pourtray  
The splendid towns, the mountain views,  
The tribes, and deeds of Spain.  
I warm shall press thee to my breast,  
Where fervent welcomes burn.  
What mortal, though he dare to think  
Of pleasure he may largely drink,  
Is half so joyful, or so blest,  
As I in his return?

The conclusion of this poem, which in the original is very unpleasant to our feelings, is most cleverly and justly managed.

The Complaint to Cornificius, another exquisite little poem, struck off at a heat, as it should seem, and as natural as the human heart, is "much abused" by the Catullus of Whitehall. All the fretful haste and melancholy relapses are cut away without remorse;—"the pruning hook—the pruning hook!" but Puff's loppings were nothing to those of the unfortunate Roman. How plaintively begins this piece in the original!

Male est, Cornifici, tuo Catullo;  
Male est mehercule, et laboriose:  
Magisque et magis, in dies et horas.

Here the repetitions of melancholy words, of which we have before spoken, are exquisitely beautiful. Dr. Nott says of this poem, in a note, "Our poet, in this charming little *carmen*, upbraids his friend for his neglect of him under some particular distress." And, in his translation, he faintly catches the melody of the Latin:—

*Hard*, Cornificius, I declare,  
*Hard* is the lot I'm doom'd to bear,  
And every day, and every hour," &c.

The celebrated poem of Acme and Septimius is another instance of Mr. Lamb's deficiencies on great occasions. In those matchless lines

At Acme leviter caput reflectens,  
Et dulcis pueri ebrios oculos,  
Illo purpureo ore suaviata,  
Sic inquit—

Mr. Lamb takes his accustomed sleep:—

Then Acme gently bent her head,  
Kiss'd with those lips of *cherry* red,  
The eyes of the delighted boy,  
That *swam with glistening floods of joy*,  
And whisper'd as she closely prest—

Where are the "ebrios oculos," the eyes reeling with rapture? They are busy with "floods of joy." The "caput reflectens," too, cuts a sorry figure in English.

The last poem in the first volume is a mutilated translation of the Epithalamium, written by Catullus, on the marriage of Manlius and Julia;—and here a man must be cold and dull, indeed, if he be not occasionally inspired. Mr. Lamb is now and then endurable in this piece; but he never



accomplishes the conciseness of Catullus, by any chance. He spins out that short brilliant passage

——— faces  
Aureas quatiant comas,  
after this fashion:—

The torches high their brilliance rear,  
And richly shake, with glowing pride,  
Their golden hair.

Why could he not say, "The torches shake their golden hair," and say no more. He cannot, as the Irishman would say, add to Catullus without taking from him.

But our limits warn us to close Mr. Lamb's Catullus:—we shall, therefore, be very brief in our concluding observations. The second volume is better, because it is smaller. At page 84 we meet with these two lines, which, like Adam and Eve, inhabit their wire-wove Eden alone. In these lines, Mr. Lamb (to use the happy phrase of a very eminent personage) certainly flourishes in "the full vigour of his incapacity."

#### ON HIS OWN LOVE.

I hate and love—ask why—I can't explain;  
I feel 'tis so, and feel its racking pain.

We have purposely delayed speaking of the translation of that wild, frantic, and magnificent poem, *Atys*, until the last, because it is by far the best piece in Mr. Lamb's book; and we wish, as Carlos sang to the *Duenna*, to say something civil before we part. The mad force, and solemn gloom, and terrific mystery of this strange poem will not be denied; and Mr. Lamb writes here as he writes no where else in the book. What can be more inspired, or terrible than the poet's final ejaculation, after the dreary and fierce flight of *Atys*,—

Oh great! oh fearful goddess! oh Cybele  
divine!

Oh goddess! who hast placed on Dindymus  
thy shrine!

Far be from my abode thy sacred frenzy's  
fire;

Madden more willing votaries, more daring  
minds inspire.

There are several pages of useful notes appended to each volume.

### REPORT OF MUSIC.

#### No. XVII.

THIS month has yielded no novelty at the Opera-house, or the theatres, if we except an attempt to introduce a new opera, called *Dirce*, which was brought out at Drury-lane, for Miss Wilson's benefit, and the dialogue of which was conducted in recitative. We are glad to perceive any attempt made to change the jumble of music and dialogue, which disgraces the English stage, to a better style. Whether music be, or be not, a suitable vehicle for dramatic incident, is not a question now to be argued: the demand for operas has settled that point. It remains for us of this age, only to choose between a mixed jargon of discourse and song, and a complete musical drama. Now there arises to our minds no possible reason, why the more conversational parts of a performance should not be supported by music, as well as those which are held to be more strictly lyrical. At all events, it seems more consonant with common sense, that the singing should be continuous rather than interrupted; for if, in the most impassionate parts of the repre-

sentation, and particularly in those which frequently imply the most urgent calls for action, the dramatis personæ can be permitted to stop, not only to sing, but to pace the scene during long symphonies: if the imagination, we say, can make allowance for such absurdities, surely the one consistent notion of an entire action, expressed by music and poetry, with their conjoint influences and powers, may be more easily embraced. The time will come, we are persuaded, when such an arrangement will be preferred; but, at present, the ears of an English audience are not reconciled to recitative, and poor *Dirce* passed from life to death without distinction, and almost without notice.

The King's Theatre continues its career of success, though its musical management does not exhibit that vigor, which we know to have been the characteristic of Mr. Ayrton's former scheme of management. We are sure, that neither is the engagement of such singers as Signoras Marinoni and Albert, though temporary, nor the exclusion of Signora

Corri, to be attributed to a judgment so mature as his: an interior cabinet, a power behind the throne, is therefore to be apprehended; and, if such be the fact, the season of success will be short. The choice of operas has not been felicitous; but there is reason also to suspect, that judgment is cramped, and fettered, by the want of greater vocal talent. *Il Tancredi* was destroyed by Marinoni; and *Il Turco in Italia*, in every sense a paltry production, was the choice of the De Begnis. *La Gazza Ladra* was not eminently successful. No other novelty has yet been furnished. We hope to see the King's Theatre revive; but we warn the present proprietor, that the Public is the only real or valuable patron, and its good opinion can alone be conciliated and retained by the exertion of vigor and talent.

The Benefit Concerts have been remarkably numerous, the Argyll Rooms having been engaged almost nightly during the months of May and June. Le jeune Hyppolyte Larssonneur, the French boy, whose arrival we alluded to in our fifteenth Report, has played at some of these; and a very extraordinary child he is. His person is very handsome; but, from the manner of curling his hair, and his general dress (which closely resembles that in the miniatures of the young Napoleon), his air and appearance are feminine. This, however, totally disappears when he begins to play. His attitude is commanding; and the motion of his bow-arm superior to that of any player we ever saw. His execution is very perfect; and, bating that it yet lacks a little of the bolder lights and shadows of expression, his performance would be held to be superior even at an age far more advanced; for he seems not to be more than twelve years old.

Miss Angelina Corri, a third daughter of Mr. Natale Corri, appeared at the concert for the benefit of her sisters. Her voice is of the same fine quality, and will, we anticipate, be more rich and powerful than even that of the Signora. Her execution, too, is of the same light and finished kind. In person, she is also very handsome; and if sufficiently exercised, she promises to rise to great

eminence and attraction, though yet in her infancy as a singer.

Mr. Ashe, the veteran conductor of the Bath Concerts, has introduced two daughters to the musical circles of the metropolis. They are singers of brilliant acquisitions.

The novelty of the season has, however, been crowned by the arrival of M. Moschelles, from Vienna. M. Moschelles is a piano-forte player, and his reputation had preceded him. He played at the last Philharmonic Concert, and his performance greatly exceeded even the most sanguine expectations. He combines expression and execution in a very extraordinary degree, and while he has introduced much novelty in the latter branch of his art, his style has perfectly satisfied the feeling and the judgment of the soundest critics. The concerto itself was also highly esteemed; and professors of the best taste declare, they consider M. Moschelles' playing "a prodigious performance" in every respect. M. Moschelles is about thirty, and is an exceedingly modest and sensible man.

Mr. W. F. Collard, of the house of Clementi, Collard, and Co. of London, has obtained a patent for an improvement of the piano-forte, which promises great advantages. It is alike applicable to grand horizontal, upright, cabinet, and square instruments. The objects are general; and a large addition to the volume and richness of tone is the first desideratum obtained. This is effected by giving a lengthened vibration, similar to that produced by raising the dampers; without, however, any of the confusion which attends the latter. Mr. Collard has introduced what he terms a "bridge of reverberation;" being a third moveable bridge parallel to the side of the case; by the action of which, a consentaneous vibration of other parts of the strings than those struck by the hammers, takes place; in the way in which strings in unison are known to vibrate, when another of the same pitch is sounded. By this invention, the player is now empowered to use three degrees of tone, and thus greatly to modify and vary the expression of his performance. The instrument upon the new construction which we heard, appeared perfectly to satisfy



expectation in these several points ; and, indeed, to offer an improvement far beyond what could have been anticipated, after the long attention that has been given to the mechanism of piano-fortes.

A German, named Buschmann, has brought to this country an instrument, called a *terpodion*, which produces some beautiful and novel effects. Many of our readers will probably have seen the *ædephone*, which was some time since exhibited in Catherine-street, in the Strand. To the *ædephone* the *terpodion* bears a close resemblance, both in structure and tone : indeed, we believe the mechanism to be exactly the same, but applied to wood instead of metal ; for the inventor describes the sonorous body to be of beech. The sound is produced by a cylinder set in motion by the foot ; and the instrument is played by keys, like a piano-forte, being, however, not so large.

It occupies about four feet by two. The tone of the principal portion of the *terpodion* resembles a French horn finely played, and the upper notes are exactly those of a flute. Our limits deny us the power of describing more minutely the mechanism of these instruments ; but they who are inclined to the search will find an accurate description in the second number of the Quarterly Musical Review. The *terpodion* would be an admirable substitute for wind instruments in concert rooms ; provided it can be made to speak with sufficient rapidity. M. Buschmann came to England with a view to dispose of the art, and the right of making the *terpodion* ; which, for that reason, has not been yet opened to the public.

Mr. Kalkbrenner has published a very elaborate and difficult, but beautiful, grand sonata ; which he dedicates to the memory of his great master, Joseph Haydn. It consists of three movements ; and opens in a style of dignified melancholy, which is finely sustained by various passages descriptive of the agitations of a wounded spirit. The second is upon the singular subject of " the call of the Quail : " simple in itself,—but wrought with all the powers of art through a minor movement, and a return to the major. The last is not less singular and original. The va-

rious and frequent modulation renders this sonata as difficult as does the expression.

Mr. Neate's *Military Air, with Variations*, and *Fantasia on the Savage Dance* in Robinson Crusoe, have much merit : but they have also the great defect of a general want of melody ; and the ear is wearied by the unceasing succession of rapid passages. This very rapidity, however, confers great brilliancy. The *Fantasia* suffers principally from the poverty of the subject : the *Military Air* is a better motion ; although, in the selection of his themes, Mr. Neate has not done justice to his own powers ; for every thing depends on the choice of a subject in pieces of this description.

Mr. Webbe has arranged *Rossini's Overture to Elisabetta* for the harp and piano-forte, with accompaniments for the flute and violoncello.

Mr. Burrowes is adapting Handel's choruses on the same plan.

*The Eighth Number of the Operatic Airs* is by Bontempo. The air from Alessandro in Efeso is by no means adapted to be the subject of variations, for it is uninteresting : and this want of attraction pervades the whole piece. The variations are complicated, and somewhat difficult. M. Bontempo has avoided the beaten track in their construction ; but his anxiety to be original has led him too far ; and the ear cannot follow him with sufficient facility, to derive pleasure from the exertion.

*The Sixth Number of the Quadrille Rondos*, by M. Latour, is light, lively, and elegant.

Mr. Novello's *Second Number of Airs from Himmel's Fanchon*, arranged as duets for the piano-forte, has appeared. This adaptation comprehends some exquisite pieces of melody, and affords a delightful series. Nor are Mr. Bennett's *Duets upon Cease your Funning*, and *Hope told a Flattering Tale*, less meritorious : they are very full of brilliant effects.

The vocal music this month is far beyond the common range. Some of the songs, indeed, are truly beautiful. Mr. Horsley's *Laura* is classically so ; and, though a ballad, does no dishonour even to the author of *Gentle Lyre*, and *The Tempest*. Mr. W. F. Collard has written words to the song which Shakspeare is said to have

loved; and Mr. Clifton has put very appropriate symphonies to it. *Lorenzo to Jessica* (the title it bears) is a paraphrase of some passages in the scene of the Merchant of Venice, to the tune of "*Light o' Love*," "which goes without a burden." It is an excessively simple and touching melody. The same hands have been employed in the restoration of the old English air, *The Dusty Miller*, to its place of natural beauty. This metamorphosis affords a strong proof that much of pathos may be given to melody by a mere change of time. Again we find these gentlemen's names in connexion, to produce an original composition—"With love fraught eyes"—which is, perhaps, more singular, and not less elegantly expressive, than either of the others.

*The Maid of Valdarno*, the words by Mr. Collard, and the music by Mr. Field, is set both as a single song and

a duet. This also is very pretty; and the duet seems especially fitted to be sung without accompaniment.

Our catalogue closes with a ballad by Mr. Barnett, and a song by M. Cianchettini. "*Lady! the silver moon shines bright*," by the former, is not without rays of the author's talent. We must, however, blame him for faulty accentuation, in making the bar commence with the beginning of the line "Her beams," instead of concluding it with the first syllable. This is an error throughout. M. Cianchettini's is the *Ode to Solitude*, freely translated by Pope from Horace's "*Beatus ille*." It is a curious subject for a ballad, and contains some such very awkward and unmusical words as "*unconcernedly*;" but M. Cianchettini has displayed a chaste fancy, and strong feeling, in setting it. The song is quaint and curious—yet elegant and melodious.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

*Canova*.—This artist has just completed a work that is said to be superior to any of the former productions of his chisel. It is a colossal groupe, representing *Theseus slaying a Centaur*. The hero has seized hold of the neck of his enemy, whose human portion of his figure appears to be still making some impotent efforts against his vanquisher, who is wielding in his other hand the massy club of Periphatos. This composition is intended for the Imperial Court at Vienna.

*Rogers's Human Life*.—Among the recent translations from our own language into that of Italy, is a version of Mr. Rogers's last poem, by Signor Vittorio Pacciotti, who has added some annotations.

*Rain of Silk*.—M. Lainé, the French Consul at Pernambuco, says, in a letter, dated Nov. 1, 1820, that at the beginning of the preceding month there was a shower from the sky, consisting of a substance resembling silk, of which many persons preserved specimens. This phenomenon extended to the distance of 30 leagues inland, and nearly as many off to sea. He adds, that a French vessel was covered with the

silky material. The specimen which M. Lainé has sent to the Editors of the *Annales de Physique et de Chimie*, appears to bear some analogy to the silky filaments which are occasionally to be seen in the environs of Paris, where they are borne through the air in every direction.

*Monument of Copernicus*.—The colossal bronze statue of Nicolaus Copernicus, about to be erected at Warsaw, will be placed in front of the magnificent edifice (belonging to the Society of the Friends of Science), in the Cracow suburb, not far from the site of the church of the Dominicans, which has been taken down. This illustrious man will be represented as seated upon an antique chair, finely dressed in an academical toga, and holding in one hand a celestial sphere, marked with astronomical circles. The expense of this monument will be defrayed by voluntary contributions.

*Scientific Travels in Egypt*.—M. Frederic Caillaud has set out from Syene for Dongolah. Ismael Pacha, son of the celebrated Mohammed Ali Viceroy of Egypt, has obtained a signal victory over the Mamehikes, whom he has expelled from the latter



place, where Abdi Kachef, who is a great friend to the Europeans, has been placed as governor. The journey from Syene to Dongolah, along the left bank of the Nile, occupies about a month. It is the intention of M. Caillaud to make astronomical observations during his route, and to collect whatever information he can respecting the antiquities of the country, which are at present almost unvisited and unknown.

*Mechanical Inventions.*—M. Kuhaiewsky of Warsaw, a very excellent mechanist, has produced the following inventions, viz. 1. *A Threshing Machine*, which has the advantage of being very simple in its construction, durable, economic, and not expensive; and is likewise superior to every contrivance hitherto formed for this purpose, being the only one that injures neither the stalk nor the grain in separating the former from the latter. The machine consists of several wheels, two of which (one at either end) are furnished with 48 flails: these are put in motion by one man as he walks to and fro within the machine, and thus a single labourer is enabled to perform the work of a great number. The most complete success has attended the experiments that have been made, and there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the invention. 2. *A Sawing Mill*, which is also worked by a single person, without any assistance from water. 3. *An Astronomical Watch*, which indicates the difference of time in the principal places in different parts of the globe: this has been accepted as a present by the Emperor Alexander, who has sent M. Kuhaiewsky, in return, a magnificent snuff-box, and has assigned him a sum to enable him to continue his important labours.

*Prophecies.*—Counsellor Lillienstern, of Frankfort on the Mayne, has published a very singular work, in which he attempts to prove argumentatively and methodically, that the predictions respecting Antichrist are now on the eve of being accomplished. Antichrist, he asserts, will appear in 1823; his arrival will be succeeded by ten years of religious wars; after which the millenium, as he assures us, is to commence in 1836.

*Zoology.*—M. Diard, a young French naturalist, found at Sumatra, in 1819, a tapir, an animal which, until then, had never been met with, except in the New World. It does not differ from the American tapir, except in colour; the extremity of the ears, the rump, the back, the belly, and the sides, being white; while every other part is of a deep black. This fact is the more worthy of notice, as it overturns the reasonings of Buffon, respecting the difference between the animals of Asia, and those of America.

*Switzerland.—Literary and Scientific Pursuits.*—The want of an academy of sciences, an institution of which an assemblage of small republican states does not admit, is judiciously supplied by a general annual meeting of all those who cultivate such pursuits. These meetings, which commenced in 1815, are held alternately at the principal towns, and are numerous attended, there being now upwards of 300 members. This year, Geneva is the place of rendezvous, as Berne will be next. Switzerland possesses many literary societies. At Zurich is one, instituted for the purpose of promoting the study of natural history: it possesses collections in zoology, entomology, ornithology, botany, and mineralogy—and has, moreover, an observatory. Dr. Horner, of this city, has lately published his observations, made during the expedition of Capt. Krusenstern round the world. M. Schintz is publishing an ornithological work, containing descriptions of the birds of Switzerland and Germany, and a series of coloured plates which represent the nests, and the eggs of each species.

*Berlin.—Fine Arts.*—The last exhibition of paintings contained many by the students and pupils of the Academy of the Fine Arts, most of whom, after passing several years, either in France or Italy, are now returned to this capital, which they will embellish by their productions. Those who have most distinguished themselves are, M. Schadow (son of the celebrated sculptor of that name), and M. Wach, who exhibited an exquisite portrait of an Italian peasant girl. This picture was universally admired for its delightful colouring,

and its delicate finishing. The excellence of Zimmerman's pictures was such, that it adds to the regret of the public for the untimely end of this young artist who drowned himself last summer. M. Rauch, an eminent sculptor (the same that is now employed in executing marble statues of the Generals Bulow and Scharnhorst), exhibited a very fine bust of the King, and another of the Grand Duchess of Prussia. His model for a statue of the hero Blucher, has been greatly admired; it is intended as a decoration for one of the public squares at Berlin.

*Institute.*—The prize proposed this year, by the 'Academie Royale des Sciences,' in the class of Physics, is—to determine, by means of accurate experiments, what are the causes of animal warmth,—whether chemical or physical? The academy expressly requires that the quantity of caloric emitted in a given time, by a healthy animal, and the quantity of caloric produced by its respiration, be ascertained with the utmost exactitude; also that this caloric be compared with that produced by the combustion of carbon, in forming the same quantity of carbonic acid. The prize will be a gold medal, of the value of 3,000 francs, to be adjudged at the sitting of 1823.

*Belzoni.*—The city of Padua, of which this celebrated traveller is a native, has struck a medal in commemoration of his discoveries, and in testimony of their gratitude for the valuable gift he made to this place, he having presented to it two curious pieces of antiquity,—two lion-headed statues of granite, now deposited in the hall of the Palazzo della Ragione.

*The Austrian Society of Musical Amateurs.*—This admirable institution possesses a very fine library of about 900 volumes; all of which are on subjects belonging to the literature of music. Many of the books are exceedingly rare and costly; among the more valuable articles are many inedited MSS. particularly one containing materials for a continuation of Gerber's *Kunstler-Lexicon*. All these works are classed and described in a catalogue raisonné. In addition to the literary publications and MSS. there is a collection of about

7000 pieces of music, by upwards of 700 different composers; and these also are catalogued both in alphabetical order, and according to their Themes. The same society has likewise a museum of Turkish and other singular musical instruments, and curiosities; with a collection of more than 500 portraits of composers, singers, &c. For the most of what has been done, the public are indebted to the zeal and the ability of Baron von Knorr. He it was who accomplished, in so admirable a manner, the extremely difficult task of systematizing and arranging the various compositions. The catalogue, containing very valuable critical and biographical notices of each composer, is alone sufficient to attest the industry, information, and enthusiasm, with which he labours to promote the excellent views of this institution—to render it of real service, to advance the art, and to animate its professors.

*Fine Arts.*—The Cavalier Tambroni is editing at Rome, a work, entitled, *Istruzioni Pittoriche*. It will throw considerable light on the practice of painting in Italy at the revival of the art, and supply much information relative to its history, being an authentic production of Cennino Cennini, a pupil of Giotto. Among other intelligence to be gained from this valuable document, we here find recorded, that oil colours were employed in that country before the period usually assigned for their invention.

*Lisbon.*—*Abolition of the Punishment of Death.*—The Portuguese Cortes have, by the application of a long-violated principle of justice and humanity, abolished this dreadful punishment, so opposite in its effects to the interests of society, and so degrading to civilization;—one which has been so deservedly reprobated by Beccaria, and a number of other eminent philosophers and writers on the criminal and penal system. Public morality would be much better consulted by the adoption of solitary confinement as a punishment for crimes, than it is at present by the spectacle of death.

*Aquatic Pedestrianism.*—Three years ago, kaleidoscopes were the universal hobby—but these were soon laid



aside; next succeeded something more *hobby-horsical*—but equally short-lived, viz. velocipedes, of which such great expectations were at one time formed, that they threatened to supersede the services of the equine race. Another hobby has now appeared, of a somewhat portentous description. It is said that a person at Glasgow, of the name of Kent, has invented a machine, by means of which he can *walk on water* with perfect safety. On the twenty-third of April, Mr. Kent exhibited on the Monkhead Canal, in the presence of about 200 spectators, who appeared satisfied as to the feasibility of the scheme. Not having heard any thing respecting the nature of the machine, or its construction, it is impossible to judge how far it is likely to prove of real service; but it must be owned, that the term *machine*, sounds as if it were something rather complicated, and therefore does not promise much with regard to simplicity and practicability: neither is much to be said at present in favour of its expedition,—the rate at which Mr. Kent proceeded being not more than three miles an hour; this, however, might be owing more to want of practice than to any defect in the method employed. Mr. Kent has since exhibited with success in Edinburgh.

*Portable Houses.*—The Swedish journals speak very highly of certain portable houses, that have been invented by Major Blom, who is celebrated at Stockholm for his knowledge of mechanics. These edifices, which are constructed of wood, may be elevated in a single day, and contain, if not every comfort, at least all that is necessary for a small family. In cold weather they are warmed by a stove.

*Spanish Literature.*—Don Torribio Nunez, Professor of the University of Salamanca, has collected the various statistical writings of Bentham, and formed them into a regular system of politics; such a one as he conceives to be particularly adapted to the wants of his countrymen at the present juncture. The title of this work, which has already met

with great commendation, is *Sistema de la Ciencia Social Ideado por el Jurisconsulto Ingles Jeremias Bentham, y puesto en egecucion conforme á los principios del autor original, por el Dr. D. Torribio Nunez, &c.*—Marshal De Haro's Account of the Defence of Gerona, *Relacion Historica de la Defensa de Gerona*, is a publication that may be consulted with advantage both by the historian and the military tactitioner, and is particularly rich in materials for a narrative of the important events of the late war. Several works have been translated from the English and French: even the Memoirs of Bergami, and the Queen's Trial, have found both translators and publishers. But books of more permanent interest are not overlooked, as is proved by an announcement of a Spanish version of Robertson's Charles V. and of the Principes de la Legislation Universel.—The Thirteenth Volume of the translation of Mrs. Bennet's Novels has appeared, containing *Rosa ó la nina Mendiga* (the Beggar Girl); and a female writer, named Donna Juana Barrera, has translated another English Novel, under the title of *Cæcilia ó el Padre y al Hija*.—D. Vincente Fernandez Villares has produced a good translation from a French novel of Ducray-Dumenil, called *Dias en el Campo ó Pintura Historica de una piquena Familia*.—Little original poetry has appeared; nothing indeed worthy of mention, except some political and patriotic Odes, and a performance of D. Rafael de Cæceres, which deserves notice merely from the extravagance of the subject, it being a system of myology in verse. The title of this curious poem is, *Exposicion Metrica Succinta y Exacta di todos los Musculos del Cuerpo Humano ó sea la Miologia puesta en verso Castellano!*

*Public Library at Lemberg.*—Count Ossolinsky has, with equal patriotism and munificence, founded a Polish National Library at Lemberg; and Kopstynsky, a wealthy landed proprietor, has presented to the same the sum of 500 ducats.

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

WE have of course very little in the way of foreign intelligence to communicate to our readers since our last, except with respect to the affairs of Turkey, where the insurrection of the Greeks, under Ypsilanti, begins daily to assume a more formidable character. It is now said that a corps, under the Greek leader, had crossed the Danube at Sistow, commanded by Colonel Colcotsony, and were immediately joined by a body of Bulgarians and Servians, to the amount of 10,000. The Greek army of Epines has advanced towards Thessaly; and 30,000 men, who had been sent against it by the Sultan, have been almost annihilated. The Peloponnesus also is almost wholly delivered from the power of the Turks; and all the fortresses of the Morea, with the exception of Mothone and Corone, have been taken by storm. In addition to all this, the feast of the Rhamadan, during which war is prohibited, by their religion, to the Mahometans, is fast approaching; and the month of September terminates the period of service of the present Ottoman army. If this news wanted any confirmation, it would be found in the conduct of the Turks themselves, in the city of Constantinople, where the scenes which daily occur are a disgrace to human nature, and baffle all credibility. The furious infidels have turned the contest into a war of extermination; and, that nothing might be wanting to heighten the ferocity of its nature, they have given it a religious complexion. Every Greek found in the city has been, without exception, massacred; and even the venerable archbishop, the patriarch of the Greek church, has been, at the age of eighty, barbarously murdered, and his mangled body dragged with every indignity through the crowded streets of the barbarians. His successor, appointed by the Porte, is reported to have died of fright at his promotion: surely never did Bishop say "*Nolo Episcopari*" with more sincerity than this man. All the Christian embassies have been obliged

to fortify their hotels against the infuriated mobs; and, indeed, the whole Christian population of Constantinople may be said literally to stand on the brink of the grave. These outrages have not been confined to the capital; whole streets have been set fire to in Pesa, and men, women, and children, either murdered, or devoured by the consuming element. The Greeks have been instigated, by the murder of their patriarch, and the cruelties practised on their priesthood, to the most terrible reprisals; and, in short, there is nothing, either savage or sanguinary, which may not be anticipated from a conflict, in which those who cannot claim the laurel of victory, are sure of at least obtaining the crown of martyrdom.

The affairs of Spain present nothing new; every thing appears to remain unsettled in that unfortunate country; and, in order to render its own intestine divisions still more critical, the South American patriots have put an end to the armistice concluded with the revolted colonies, and are represented as proceeding in an uninterrupted career of success. A commission of the Spanish Cortes has reported, that there should be three sections of that body in South America—one for the northern provinces, and two for the south; and that a member of the royal family should be eligible to the office of Viceroy in each of these secondary monarchies: this, however, is, we fear, an expedient not very likely to arrest the progress of successful insurrection; particularly where the revolt has commenced in a republican principle.

Intelligence has been received from Mogador, of a late date, which states the termination of the Moorish rebellion, and the complete restoration of the old Emperor, Muley Soliman, to all his original power and sovereignty.

With respect to our domestic news, every thing almost is absorbed in the expectation of the grand ceremony of the coronation, which, it is supposed,



will take place on the 19th of July. Bets, however, to a considerable amount, are said to be taken up daily, by persons in the secret, that it will be postponed still further, and, perhaps, indefinitely: the grounds for this surmise are said to be the advanced age of his Majesty, and the great fatigue which such a ceremony must necessarily impose. Be this as it may, every "note of preparation" speaks its approaching consummation. The Hall, the Abbey, the platform, the coronation robes, both of King and Peerage, the re-establishment of the Court of Claims, and, in short, all the necessary arrangements, are in active progress. It does not appear that the Queen is to have any share in this august ceremonial; and this is now confirmed by better authority than mere rumour; as Lord Londonderry, in answer to a question from Mr. Monck upon that subject, in the House of Commons, declared that neither himself, nor any other of the King's Ministers, were prepared to advise any act of the Crown by which the Queen should be included. In the mean time her Majesty has been solacing herself amongst her friends at Cambridge House, where she has given two dinners: she has also dined at the Mansion House with the Lord Mayor, and visited the theatres.—The proclamation of the ceremony has actually taken place. The form was first read at Palace Yard, and then the procession moved to Charing Cross, where it went round the statue of King Charles—but there was no proclamation there; it then moved on to Temple Bar, where the usual ceremony of demanding, and receiving permission to enter the city was gone through; and after grand proclamation there, they proceeded, accompanied by the Lord Mayor in city state, to the Exchange, and all the other customary places. We must not omit to mention that at every place where the announcement took place, it was received by the people with reiterated and enthusiastic shouts of "Long live King George the Fourth." The progress of this splendid cavalcade was varied by alternate performances on the drums and trumpets.

From the accounts with which the papers are filled of the King's pro-

ceedings, we should not be much inclined to credit the reports of his not being able to undergo the fatigue of his coronation. His Majesty has, indeed, it is said, suffered some surgical operation for an excrescence, of but little consequence, on his head, which, happily, however, has had no ill, or even inconvenient effects. He has given a very splendid ball to the children of the nobility during the month, and honoured the Duke of Devonshire with his presence at a banquet of unrivalled magnificence.

A discovery of the original books of registry of births and marriages which took place in the Fleet prison, and also at the Mint, and at Mayfair chapel, between the years 1686 to 1754, has been made, which is of great importance, as they will tend to clear up many doubts with respect to titles, previous to the date of the marriage act. These valuable documents have been deposited with the Registrar of the diocese of London.

The intervention of Whitsun week has created some cessation of parliamentary business; but still a few discussions have arisen of much interest, and measures of considerable importance have had their fates variously decided. Amongst these, we are sorry to have to record the failure of Sir James Macintosh's forgery mitigation bill, which was rejected in its last stage in the House of Commons, by a majority of only six! This bill was intended to effect a change in the punishment attached to the crime of forgery, and had its origin in the utter fruitlessness of the more severe laws at present in existence, which have produced a melancholy effusion of human blood, without operating any change in the progress of the crime. The bill was an experiment, but when present and long existing measures fail, experiments are worth resorting to, at least for the sake of humanity. It is a very curious fact, and is proved beyond doubt, by an official return now on the table of the House of Commons, that during the years 1818—19—20, only seventeen persons were convicted in Ireland of uttering forged notes of the National Bank of that country, and of these not one was executed. We do not believe that this clemency has had the effect of increasing the number of criminals.

Mr. Bennet has been following up the fruitless attempts of the Marquis of Tavistock and Lord Nugent in the cause of reform, by a motion to exclude certain placemen from Parliament, and with similar success. The exertions of Mr. Hume also do not deserve to be passed over in silence; this gentleman has been indefatigable in his scrutiny of the different estimates as they were presented to the House, and produced more divisions than, we believe, were ever before known in a similar period in the House of Commons. His last motion was for an inquiry into the conduct of Sir Thomas Maitland during his government of the Ionian Isles, which was negatived by a majority of seventy. Whether a government be correct or otherwise, the utility of such a man as Mr. Hume cannot be denied. Lord Nugent's motion for a select committee, to inquire into the abuses of justice in the island of Tobago, was also negatived by a considerable majority; and the usury laws repeal bill has been postponed to next Session. Our readers may remember, that in the year 1818, a provision of 6000*l.* a year was made for his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in addition to his previous income, which he, at the time, for some unexplained reasons, thought proper to reject; during the last month, however, Lord Londonderry proposed a revival of the grant, in which he declared the Royal Duke was now ready to acquiesce; and, in addition, moved for an allowance of the arrears which had arisen during the interval: both of these motions were agreed to, though not without a warm and continued discussion. A motion was made by Mr. Curwen, in consequence of the unanimous opinion of the Agricultural Committee with respect to the distress of the country, for the repeal of the agricultural horse-tax bill, which, after a long debate, was agreed to by a division of 141 against 113, leaving ministers in a minority of 28. Government, however, declared their determination to combat, in all its stages, this repeal bill, by which a considerable diminution of its revenue would occur. Upon more mature consideration, this determination was surrendered; and Lord Londonderry attended the Agri-

cultural Committee, and informed them that Ministers, in consequence of the expressed opinion of the House of Commons, had come to the resolution of relinquishing the tax; a communication which was received by the Committee with loud cheers. The important exposition of the finances of the country has taken place; and the budget of the present year, presents the most flattering appearance: it seems, from the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the national income of this year has exceeded the expenditure, by a sum of two millions, which, upon every human calculation, will next year be increased to four. May this calculation prove correct!

Sentence has been passed, in the Court of King's Bench, upon various public characters for libels and other political offences. Mr. Flyndell, the editor of the *Western Luminary*, has been adjudged eight months' imprisonment in Exeter gaol, for a libel on the Queen, which appeared in his paper during the late trial. Mr. John Hunt, of the *Examiner* newspaper, has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment in Cold Bathfields, for a libel on the House of Commons. Maddox, Wooller, and Edmonds, for the election of Sir Charles Wolseley as legislative attorney for the town of Manchester, have been respectively adjudged, the first, eighteen—the second, fifteen—and the third, nine months' confinement in Warwick gaol, and to find security for their good behaviour for a certain term, themselves in 400*l.* and two securities in 200*l.* each. Major Cartwright, who was convicted along with them of a similar offence, was fined 100*l.* and discharged. This mitigated punishment, with respect to him, has arisen out of compassion, it is supposed, for his years. Sentence has also been passed, at the last Sessions of the Old Bailey, dooming no less than 26 unfortunate creatures, men and women, to death. We remarked that there was not one case of murder in the calendar. Surely it is high time that our criminal code should undergo revision. It appears that no less than 107,000 persons have passed through the prisons of the united kingdom in the year 1818.



## AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE practical agriculturist is now employed in the preparation for raising his crop of turnips, and harvesting his grasses—the beginning and the ending of two most important branches of his industry. At this time it may, therefore, be particularly useful to commence our Report with a brief and condensed abstract of the various methods for preserving the turnip from the ravages of the all-destroying fly, which have been lately put forth by those who direct the philosophical and technical pursuits of experimental as well as experienced farmers. The old prejudice against research, as beyond the farmer's reach, or as dangerous to his profits, is fast wearing away, as those engaged in this employment become better educated; and, thanks to the enlightened founders of aggregate meetings of the agricultural body, for the double purpose of inspection of facts, and participation of knowledge, Farming is rapidly collecting the materials, and adopting the arrangement, as well as assuming the name of a Science.

The laborious author of the Code of Agriculture has condensed many of the methods employed to extirpate the fly—amongst which, are rolling the fields at midnight, when the dew is on the ground; drawing tarred boards along the lands, to which the flies skip and adhere, (Mr. Paul's trap);—train-oil and sulphur used with the seed; and preparations of lime: all which have been tried, but with partial and inadequate success. Radish seed has been sown with the turnip, as offering food more attractive:—the growth of the plant has been accelerated by extra quantities of manure, with a view to forward it rapidly, beyond the power of destruction: the quantity of seed has been increased to three pounds per acre, the crop carefully weeded, and the soil frequently stirred. All these are attended with various degrees of benefit. Sir John Sinclair himself has recently proposed to destroy the fly by flame and smoke—that is, by burning the stubbles and other combustibles, on the land, previous to sowing; but Mr. Paul, of Starston, in Norfolk (the inventor of the fly-trap), a gentleman who has employed a diligent attention and great acuteness in his experiments to destroy the insect, asserts, that this plan must be abortive, because the flies are then not to be found in such fields. There are several species which, he says, during the winter inhabit any thing affording shelter from wind and weather. They are very tenacious of life, will remain for some minutes immersed in water, or bear severe pressure of the thumb and finger, without injury. Mr. Paul, however, considers that

one species only, a black insect with yellow feet (*Chrysomela nemorum* of Linnæus), will attack the young turnips. He now destroys them by what he terms a *decoy*. He sows one headland ridge of his intended turnip field, on the south side, in May, with white turnips. He rolls it down to a very level surface. The flies, with their larvæ, assemble here in large quantities, and may be readily caught, by passing the fly-catch rapidly along the surface, stopping occasionally to shake the insects to the bottom of the catch. Six or seven o'clock, in the evenings of warm days, is the best time to take them. Thus Mr. Paul conceives, in a few years, the fly might be *exterminated*. The present season has been so cold and backward, that perhaps it is not, even now, too late to employ this plan to advantage; appropriating a single ridge, earliest sown. But the confidence Mr. Coke expressed in the Northumberland ridge system, at the last Holkham Meeting, will probably incline the farmer to treat Mr. Paul's plan rather as an auxiliary than as a principal. It has been stated, by many practical men, that horse-hoeing has succeeded where Mr. Paul's fly catch has failed: and Mr. Herod, of Creake, Norfolk, a very intelligent agriculturist, has witnessed this year the destruction of a crop, belonging to a neighbour, who sowed the same seed, and the same quantity, with the same drill as himself: the plants looked equally well on both lands; Mr. Herod horse-hoed his, and his neighbour employed Mr. Paul's fly-catch. Mr. Herod's crop is safe—his neighbour's perished under the devouring insects, *although a great many were caught*. Indeed Mr. Coke declared himself *certain* as to the effects of the ridge system, and horse-hoeing, and that he no longer entertained the smallest fear of being able, in all seasons, to secure a crop of turnips. An authority so established, will, no doubt, meet the attention and respect which Mr. Coke has so meritoriously earned of the agriculturist.

The prevalence of northerly winds during the month, and the consequent cold showers, have kept vegetation very backward; and the crops scarcely seem to have made any advancement. The haymaking, which, ere this time in previous seasons, has been approaching to a close, is scarcely begun; particularly in the eastern parts of the kingdom: and, from the want of warm weather, the crop is generally far more scanty than the spring promised. Neither are the meadows so abundantly clothed as usual. The wheats are short in the stalk, and only just coming into ear: in some districts, the wire-worm has injured the spring wheats, particularly where sown after tur-

nips; but, upon the whole, the appearance is good. The barley also is backward, and may have received more injury from the nipping air than the wheats; the late sown looks the best. The light lands, however, have no reason to complain. Beans promise a full crop, and the season has been favorable for hoeing them. The turnip lands were well prepared, and the Swedes are up; but, in some instances, the fly has made considerable ravages. But this crop is in too recent a state to afford any means of fair judgment. The markets are crowded with stock. Fat mutton is greatly depressed; and the holders, who had anticipated a rise, are grievously disappointed. Store pigs, which, in the eastern parts of the kingdom, are cheaper, in Oxfordshire, and the adjoining counties, are dear, in consequence of the heavy losses which some time since fell upon that district; occasioned by a distemper, which carried off a great number of pigs. In wool there has been little doing, and that little at very low prices.

The labours of the Committee, appointed

to consider the agricultural petitions, are at length closed; but, at the moment of writing this article, we know only, and that from a member, that the Report was agreed to by a majority of eleven to nine. Two of the Committee did not approve of the terms of the Report, yet considered that the production even of one they did not entirely accede to, would be better than none at all. The repeal of the Agricultural Horse Tax has been carried in the House of Commons. The country owes its thanks to the talents and perseverance of Mr. Curwen, by whose powerful representations in the Committee, and in Parliament, this boon (as it is called) has been extorted. It will give about three per cent. upon the value of his rent, to the farmer. Such a remission can render no very important service to the tenantry; but, nevertheless, the victory obtained is momentous to the country, since it manifests the determination of an independent body, to lessen the burdens of taxation.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, June 23.)

THOUGH no enactment has been made by Parliament since our last report, respecting the foreign trade of the country, except the passing of the Bill, regulating the timber trade, it is satisfactory to know that the Committees of the two Houses are assiduously prosecuting their researches on the most important subjects of foreign trade, agriculture, &c. A statement which has been laid before the House of Lords respecting the silk manufactures of this country, will probably cause considerable surprise to the generality of the public, who were hardly aware of the great extent to which that manufacture is carried. From this statement, it appears that the quantity of raw silk used in England, in 1820, was no less than 2,500,000 lb., while that used in France, in the same year, was only 2,000,000 lb. The value of the manufactured article in England was 12,000,000*l.* sterling. The great increase of our silk manufactures is ascribed to the extension of the private trade to India, by which the manufacturers are enabled to receive more frequent supplies than before that system was adopted. So important a branch of manufacture, which has confessedly been nurtured into maturity, by the aid of the prohibitory system, can hardly be supported, without the continuance, at least in part, of that protection which it has hitherto enjoyed; and it is, therefore, not

probable that any great changes will be made in it.

*Cotton.*—An extensive purchase of 3,000 bags of Bengal cotton in one contract, in the last week of May, excited some interest in the market. The quality was fair common; the average price 5*½d.* per lb. The transaction, however, took place under peculiar circumstances, and, as reported, for an exchange of manufactured goods. The other purchases amounted to about 1,300 bales. From the end of May, to the middle of the third week of June, the market was heavy and without interest, the prices rather declined, but without much facilitating sales, which amounted in three weeks to only 3,250 bags, all in bond. At Liverpool, during the same period, the market has not presented any improvement of prices; but the demand, during the first fortnight of this month, was pretty steady, though not brisk. The quantity of cotton imported into Liverpool, up to June 16, shows an extraordinary decrease, when compared with that of last year, viz. of 49,500 bags from America, of 37,300 from Brazil, and of 5,100 from the East Indies, with an increase of only 1,700 bags from the West Indies, the total decrease exceeding 90,000 bags, or from 228,000 last year, to 197,800 this year. The diminution of the supply for the last three weeks may be attributed to contrary winds. The



cotton delivered from the East India warehouses, in the month of May, was 1,779 bags for exportation, and 5,775 for home consumption. By the accounts up to this day, we are happy to find that an improvement has taken place. The market remained heavy till Thursday (21st.), when the favourable reports from Liverpool had an immediate effect here. The purchases in the last week, consist of 670 Bengal, 5½d. a 6½d.; 200 Surat, 6d. a 7d.; 30 Madras, 7d.; 137 Sea Island, 15d. a 16d.; 200 Pernambuco, 12d. a 12½d.; 90 Smyrna, 8d. a 8½d. all in bond; 41 St. Domingo, 9½d. a 9¾d. duty paid.

The letters from Liverpool state an uncommon briskness in cottons; in the first three days of this week the sales exceeded 8,000 bags, and more business would have been done, had not the sellers asked an advance of ¼d. per lb.

*Sugar.*—The market has remained for this month past, nearly in the same state as for some time preceding. The quantity of new sugars brought forward has been inconsiderable; and they have in general met with a ready sale at the full market prices; but the transactions have been chiefly confined to purchases made by the grocers for their immediate wants; there being no inducement to lay in a stock, while the supply is so inadequate; for which reason the refiners have shown no inclination to purchase. Foreign sugars have been in general low. At a public sale on the 5th inst. 577 chests of Havannah, and 21 barrels 23 chests of Brazil were sold. The former, white fine 58s. good 56s. to 57s. 6d. middling 52s. to 55s. yellow 30s. to 32s.; the Pernambuco, white, good 55s. middling 38s. 6d. to 39s. 6d. The prices have not since improved.

The refined market, after a reduction of 1s. to 2s. seemed likely to revive, but unfavourable reports from the Continent checked the improving demand. The request was, however, still sufficient to prevent any accumulation of stock; and in the second week of this month there was a considerable demand for goods suitable for the Mediterranean markets; after which the trade became depressed. The following is the latest statement of the markets.

The show of new sugars this week has greatly improved, both in quality and quantity: several of the holders have evinced a determination to effect immediate sales, and in consequence a reduction of 6d. a 1s. per cwt. has been submitted to in grocery sugars; the other qualities are without variation.

The refined market has continued steady all the week; there are no alterations to notice in the prices, and there appears to be little life in the trade.—Molasses are rather lower.

By public sale, 231 chests Havannah sugars met with no buyers, the greater proportion was taken in about 2s. lower than the previous prices by private contract; fine white at 55s. 6d. and 56s. middling 49s. 6d. a 52s.: Barbadoes, Bourbon, and Brazil sugars went off at nearly the previous prices.

*East India sale on Tuesday the 19th inst.*

*Sugar*, 19,523 bags.  
Bourbon, brown...23s. a 25s.  
yellow...26s. a 29s. 6d.  
white ...34s. a 38s. a few lots 40s.  
Bengal, brown ...18s. 6d. a 21s. 6d.  
yellow ...30s. a 31s.  
white ...35s. 6d. a 36s. 6d.  
Siam, yellow .....27s. a 29s. 6d.  
grey.....31s. a 32s.  
white .....34s. 6d. a 40s.  
fine...43s. a 45s.

The shipping sugars sold 1s. a 2s. lower; grocery descriptions supported the late prices. The bill now in progress in Parliament, proposing a new duty, 40s. on brown and yellow, 45s. per cwt. on East-India white sugars, appears to have no effect on the market.

*Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—*

May 26 .....	33s. 9½d.
June 2 .....	35s. 3d.
9 .....	36s. 1d.
16 .....	35s. 2½d.
23 .....	00s. 0d.

*Coffee.*—The reports of the market, up to the middle of this month, were unfavourable. The large public sales went off heavily; and a considerable proportion of the quantity brought forward was supposed to have been taken in on account of the languid demand.

The public sales, last week, consisted of 914 casks and 1457 bags; notwithstanding this extensive quantity, the greater proportion sold, and on Friday an improvement of 1s. a 2s. took place in all descriptions of Jamaica coffee: fine middling realised 146s. 6d. and 147s. By private contract, a cargo of St. Domingo coffee sold at 112s. for money; the request afterwards considerably improved, and for St. Domingo 114s. 6d. was offered.

This week the market appears fluctuating: on Wednesday two extensive parcels of St. Domingo coffee went off with much briskness, casks at 115s. 6d. and bags at 116s. 6d.: on Thursday the demand for foreign coffee again became languid, and a large parcel of St. Domingo met with no buyers at 115s. 6d. and 116s.; the quality of the latter was, however, of inferior description to the parcels of Wednesday.

Jamaica coffee sold with some briskness at an advance of 2s. a 3s. per cwt. The public sale on Friday consisted of Havannah coffee, which was all withdrawn, fine ordinary at 119s. good ordinary 117s. 6d.; there were offers at 117s. 6d. for the former, which is nearly the present price by private contract: generally, foreign coffee may be stated heavy; British Plantation in good demand, at the advance of 2s. to 3s. per cwt.

At the East India sale, on Tuesday, 1521 bags of coffee all sold at a considerable advance. There is scarcely any Mocha left unsold.

*Indigo.*—The prices of indigo are little varied, and the market will probably continue without interest until the result of the sale at the India House transpires: the general premium on the purchases of last sale is 2d. a 3d. per lb. In the warehouses, sold and unsold, it is estimated there are 13,000 chests.

*Spices, &c.*—The India Company have declared for sale 13th August,

Company's Cinnamon. 130,000 lb.

Nutmegs ..... 100,000

Mace..... 20,000

Pepper, Black ..... 2,355 bags

Saltpetre ..... 1,000 tons

*Tea.*—At the East India sale, which finished last week, Bohea sold at 2s. 3½d. to 2s. 4d. (½d. to 1d. higher than last sale.) Common Congou 2s. 6d. a 2s. 7½d. (1d. to 1½d. higher); and finer sorts 2s. 7½d. a 3s. (1d. lower than last sale.) Since the sale, Boheas have realised prices a shade higher, 2s. 4d. being now the lowest market price.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—The rum market is exceedingly heavy, on account of the considerable arrivals, and several parcels have been forced on sale; parcels of low Leewards, 300 puncheons, have been sold at 1s. 4d.; the general price, however, cannot be stated so low; very inferior Jamaica 1s. 9d.: with the exception of these parcels forced upon the market, the purchases are inconsiderable.—Brandy is still held with much firmness, but few sales are reported; Cognac, best marks 3s. 4d. a 3s. 6d., other marks 3s. a 3s. 2d.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—The prices of tallow are a shade lower since Tuesday last, and notwithstanding the principal holders will not sell at the present rates, yet the market continues languid and declining.—In hemp or flax there is little alteration.

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*St. Petersburg, 23th May.*—Above 200 vessels, the greater part with goods, have already arrived; but only a small part of their cargoes is yet at market, as the unloading goes on rather slowly. English refined sugars C. B. are sold at 50 r., H. D. at 51 r. (payment weekly); fine Havannah

coffee 58 a 59 r., white Havannah sugars at 30½ r. with 10 r. earnest, and at 31 r. with 5 r. earnest; the remainder payable in four months. Manilla sugars at 20 r. payable in six months.—*Tallow.* From 200 to 250,000 poods have been sold. Yellow, on the spot, 155 r. for delivery, 150 r. all down; soap tallow 136 r. to 137 r. for that on the spot, 133 r. for delivery. In white, hardly any thing doing; it may be had at 140 r.—*Hemp.* 500,000 poods have been sold; mostly such as is on the spot; because the chief purchasers, the Americans, are not willing or able to wait for the arrivals of the new article.—*Hemp Oil.* 300,000 poods have been purchased; of which, at least, 100,000 poods on speculation to sell again. This article is now dull, and might probably be had at 9¼ r.—*Flax.* On the whole, 100,000 poods have been sold. Nothing has been done this fortnight: 12 head is not to be bought under 150 r. all paid down, or 155 r. with earnest; and 9 head not under 125 r. with earnest, or 120 r. all down.—*Bristles.* Our stock is small, and the demand great; so that 80 r. to 85 r. are willingly given for the first sort, 22 r. to 23 r. for the second, 27 r. to 37 r. for Souchay, and 120 r. for Akalkas.—*Horse-tails.* The first sort, last sold at 55 r., is not to be had; for the second sort, which is still more in demand, 22 r. to 23 r. according to quality, have been given.—*Yellow Wax.* Not in much demand, and therefore to be had at the very reasonable price of 72 r.—*Linseed.* Some purchases for English account, have been made at 28 r. to 32 r., according to quality.

*Riga, 25th May.*—*Hemp.* It seems there is very little clean at market, and this sort being the most in request, our good Ukraine has been bought at 112 r. As the quantity of outshot at market is, of course, large in proportion as that of clean is small, it is probable the price will fall.—*Flax* is not lower, but there seems to be little demand.—*Tallow.* Yellow crown, 155 r.

*June 1.*—The prices are unchanged, There has been a brisk demand for hemp this week: but nothing doing on flax. *Hemp-oil* is held at 97 r. *Pot-ashes* have been sold at 97 r. at which price there are purchasers, but 100 r. are now asked. *Refined Sugars* have been little enquired for this week. *Hamburgh middling* held at 30 cop. but only 29½ cop. offered. *Havannah sugars* white middling have been sold at 19½ cop. yellow at 13 cop. for four months' credit 16 cop. ready money are offered, and 16½ cop. asked for Brazil white.—*Salt.* Terravecchia 65 r. Cadiz 52 r. St. Ubez 56 to 57 r. St. Martin or Noirmoutier greyish, 46 to 47s. fine Liverpool, (being scarce) 58 to 60, Liverpool rock salt 80 r. per last of 18 barrels.

*Hamburgh, June 9.*—*Coffee.* There has



been a good demand, and the prices continue steady.—*Sugar*. This week there has been a tolerable demand for Ham-  
burgh refined. The fixed price for good ordinary is 13½, which may be taken as a standard for the other sorts. Lumps of good middle quality remain steady at 11d. Very little has been doing in raw sugars, except a large parcel of Brazil brown at 7½. Yellow and brown Havannah are in no request, and several parcels of mixed quality might be had at 8d.; but white, of which the stock is small, especially of dry middle quality, is in demand at 12½d. to 13d.

*June 16.—Coffee*. Owing to a pretty brisk demand the prices are still firmer. *Sugar*. There has been a good deal doing in our refined this week, and the prices of the finer descriptions are a little higher. Raw goods as before: fine white, being scarce, is in demand, and steady in price, and the inferior sorts dull, we having an abundant supply.

*Odessa, May 30.*—The Turkish government have stopped all ships that have sailed from this port since the middle of April, without distinction of flags, and obliged them to deliver their cargoes (of wheat) into the corn magazines of Constantinople, on receipt of their value at the market price. This is probably to appease the populace, who were enraged at the capture of 6 corn ships from Egypt. This proceeding, however, injures our trade, and leads to unpleasant differences with the Spanish, Danish and Italian houses, who have ordered this corn. 191 ships of various nations, one with the flag of Jerusalem, have arrived here from January to April. Sailed 102.

*Spain, June 11*—Complaints are received from all parts of the kingdom, of the increase of smuggling, which is carried on by main force, and in open day, in spite of all the vigilance and activity of the officers.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

Mr. Lowe, Author of the Statistical Articles on England and France in Mr. Napier's Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, is preparing for the Press an Octavo Volume, entitled "The Prospects of England in Agriculture, Trade, and Finance, with a Comparison in these Respects between England and France."

A Reprint of that very rare and curious little Manual, Arthur Warwick's "Spare Minutes," or Resolved Meditations and Premeditated Resolutions. This Edition will be printed in super royal 16mo. with Fac-similes of the singular Emblematical Frontispieces, together with the explanatory Poems of Frances Quarles and George Withers.

Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, and on other Subjects, in one Vol. 8vo.

A Treatise on the Game of Chess, including the Games of the Anonymous Madonese, and the *Traité des Amateurs*, and containing many remarkable Situations, Original as well as Selected. By John Cochrane, Esq. in one large Vol. 8vo. Illustrated by numerous Diagrams, and with an Engraved Frontispiece.

The Publishers of Moses's Etchings from Retch's Outlines to the Faustus of Goethe, have engaged a Gentleman of Literary Eminence to prepare a Translation of a considerable portion of that wild and singular play into English Blank Verse. A brief Abstract of the several Scenes will unite those Translations, and form a connected Story; it not being deemed advisable to translate the whole, for reasons which

every reader of Goethe will readily admit. The Work will form an Octavo Volume, and will be published in the course of next month.

Temper, a Tale, by Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar.

Dr. Adam Dods will soon publish, the Physician's Guide, being a popular Dissertation on Fevers, Inflammations, and all Diseases connected with them.

Mr. Wm. James has in the Press, the Naval History of Great Britain, from 1793 to 1820, in four Octavo Volumes, with a separate Volume of Tables.

William Haygarth, Esq. is preparing for the Press, the History of the Roman Empire, from the Accession of Augustus to the Death of the Younger Antoninus, which it is expected will not exceed two Quarto Volumes.

Mr. T. C. Hansard is printing in a Quarto Volume an Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of Printing; including the Process of Stereotyping, and of Lithographic Printing.

Mr. James Henderson will soon publish, a Copious History of Brazil, in Quarto, with thirty Plates and Maps.

Happiness; a Tale, for the Grave and Gay: two Post Octavo Volumes.

A Volume of Sermons, by the Rev. F. Thruston, with his Portrait.

Mr. S. F. Gray has in the Press, in Two Octavo Volumes, a Natural Arrangement of British Plants, preceded by an Introduction to Botany.

Practical Observations on Cold and Warm Bathing; with an Account of the

principal Watering Places in Scotland and England. By Mr. James Miller.

A Treatise on the Principles of Bridges by Suspension, with reference to the Catenary, and exemplified by the Cable Bridge now in Progress over the Strait of Menai.

Prudence and Principle, a Tale, by the Author of Rachel.

The Plays and Poems of Shakspeare, by the late Edmond Malone, Edited by Mr. Boswell, with a New Portrait, &c.

## WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

### *Antiquities, Architecture, and Fine Arts.*

The Architectural Antiquities of Rome, Measured and Delineated by G. L. Taylor and Edward Cressy, Architects, fol. Part I. 11. 11s. 6d.; Proofs, 2l. 2s.

Physiognomical Portraits, Part II. imperial 8vo. 11. 1s.; Proofs, 2l. 2s.

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 Tarlton, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Lowe, London. C.]  
 Tinson, T. Elbow-lane, merchant. [Clarke, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T.]  
 Young, W. Bordwood Farm, Brading, in the Isle of Wight, farmer. [Pownall, Staple-inn. C.]
- June 9.—Beane, B. Hickling, Norfolk, shopkeeper. [Tilbury, Falcon-st. Aldersgate-st. C.]  
 Board, W. Bristol, post-master. [Poole, Gray's-inn-square. C.]  
 Chapman, S. Greenwich, linen-draper. [Brookling, Lombard-street. T.]  
 Corri, D. Percy-street, Bedford-square, dealer in music. [Pike, New Boswell-court, Carey-st. Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.]  
 Croft, J. Kingston upon-Hull, draper. [Appleby, Gray's-inn-square. C.]  
 Dean, J. Accrington, near Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-spinner. [Hadfield, St. Ann's, Manchester. C.]  
 Downs, William, Cheshire, calico-printer. [Chester, Staple-inn. C.]  
 Foster, W. Liverpool, grocer. [Knight, Basinghall-street. C.]  
 Franklin, F. Leamington Priors, Warwick, surgeon. [Platt, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.]  
 Glover, G. Lower East Smithfield, Middlesex, oil and colourman. [Lane, Lawrence Pountney-place. T.]  
 Hall, H. and J. Hall, Sun-wharf, Upper Thames-street, iron-merchants. [Drake, Old Fish-st. Doctor's-commons. T.]  
 Haynes, S. Liverpool, flour-dealer. [Chester, Staple-inn. C.]  
 Holland, Stephen, Bexhill, Sussex, coal-merchant. [Smith, 6, New Basinghall-street. C.]  
 Kirkman, C. F. Deal, linen-draper. [Phillips, King-street, Covent-garden. T.]  
 Paine, J. Wormwood-street, Bishopsgate-street, smith. [Gray, 136, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.]  
 Rely, R. Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, man-milliner. [Fisher, Furnival's-inn, Holborn. T.]  
 Rex, G. Great Driffield, York, grocer. [Chilton, 7, Chancery-lane. C.]  
 Shoobridge, G. Cheapside, tailor. [Castle, Middleton-street, Clerkenwell. T.]  
 Turton, J. Jun. Rolls-buildings, Fetter lane, furrier. [Oriel, Finch-lane, Cornhill. T.]  
 Warton, R. E. and Martin Brookes, Bridge-road, Vauxhall, plumbers. [Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house-street. T.]  
 Weston, M. London-wall, livery-stable-keeper. [Robins, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.]  
 Williams, J. P. Thomas-street, New Kent-road, slater. [Jones, South Sea Chambers, Thread-needle-street. T.]
- June 12.—Atkinson, T. and J. Spark, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper. [Bell, 9, Bow Church-yard. C.]  
 Carver, J. Lancing, Sussex, farmer. [Palmer, Bedford-row. C.]  
 Cross, R. Bridlington, York, chemist. [Harvey, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.]  
 Fletcher, J. P. Fletcher, and B. Fletcher, Patri-croft, Lancaster, cotton-spinners. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.]  
 Hammond, V. Ludlow, Salop, wine-merchant. [Proctor, 6, Gray's-inn-place. C.]  
 Hayward, T. Cheltenham, builder. [Williams, Lincoln's-inn. C.]  
 Hopkins, W. of the parish of St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucester, victualler. [Poole, Gray's-inn. C.]  
 Middleditch, J. Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, plumber. [Bromley, Gray's-inn-square. C.]  
 Renaud, Edw. Birmingham, whip-maker. [Jennings, 4, Elm-court, Temple. C.]  
 Waddington, Jas. Reading, Berks, boot-maker. [Eyre, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
- June 16.—Bass, J. Holbeach, Lincoln, brewer. [Jeyes, Chancery-lane. C.]  
 Billingham, J. Uttoxeter, Stafford, nail-manufacturer. [Tooke, Gray's-inn. C.]  
 Blain, H. Adams-court, Broad-street, merchant. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.]  
 Broomhead, T. Sheffield, grocer. [Rodgers, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.]  
 Bury, Edw. Liverpool, merchant. [Blackstock, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.]  
 Dawson, T. Upton, Norfolk, merchant. [Poole, Gray's-inn-square. C.]  
 Goff, W. Brighthelmston, Sussex, linen-draper. [Watkins, Stone-buildings, Lincoln's-inn. T.]  
 Hurdall, J. Bristol, haberdasher. [Gates, 23, Newgate-street. T.]  
 Kay, T. Princess-square, Ratcliff Highway, coal-merchant. [Saxon, Pump-court, Temple. T.]  
 Manson, Daniel, Throgmorton-street, merchant. [Weston, Fenchurch-street. T.]  
 Parker, Wm. Newark-upon-Trent, Nottingham, wire-worker. [Milne, Temple. C.]  
 Pollock, J. Adams-court, Broad-street, merchant. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.]  
 Wellburn, S. Sealecones, York, grocer. [Gatty, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street. T.]  
 Wight, S. widow, and J. Wight, Leadenhall-street, hat-manufacturers. [Collins, Great Knight Rider-street, Doctors Commons. T.]  
 Wood, P. Kingston, Surry, gardener. [Gregory, Clements-inn. T.]  
 Woodhead, M. Liversedge, York, merchant. [Evans, Hatton-garden. C.]  
 Woolrich, G. and J. Woolrich, Spital-square, silk-manufacturers. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.]  
 Wroots, R. Sleaford, Lincoln, linen-draper. [Wilson, Manchester. C.]
- June 19.—Baghott, Sir Paul, Lypintt Park, Stroud, Gloucester, knight, banker. [Dax, 29, Guildford-street. C.]  
 Bowmar, J. Goltho, Lincoln, farmer. [Taylor, 6, Clement's-inn. C.]  
 Fox, Jas. Dartmouth, Devon, ship-owner. [Fox, Austin-friars. C.]  
 Lowes, J. Angel-court, Throgmorton-street, bill-broker. [Walker, Old Jewry. T.]  
 Renaud, Edw. Birmingham, whip-maker. [Jennings, 4, Elm-court, Temple. C.]  
 Sawyer, T. Ramsgate, chemist. [Young, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry. T.]

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—May 19 to June 19.

- Burrell, R. saddler, Cupar Fife.  
 Lawrie, A. upholsterer, Edinburgh.  
 Macarthur, D. C. merchant, Glasgow.  
 Smart, J. merchant, Leith.  
 Macdougall, D. merchant, Glasgow.  
 Tod, J. Jun. baker, Dundee.  
 Williamson, T. merchant, Thornhill.  
 Sinclair, W. merchant, Lerwick.  
 Walker, J. grocer, Lochwinnoch.  
 Tod, R. Jun. ship-broker, Glasgow.  
 Honeyman, T. mill-master, Dairsie-mills.  
 Weatherley, J. B. merchant, Jedburgh.

## BIRTHS.

- May 23. At Camborne Parsonage, the lady of Hugh Rogers, a son.  
 June 4. At Farley-hill, Lady Lucy Stephenson, a son.  
 5. At Maize-hill, Greenwich, the lady of Capt. Macbearn, Royal Artillery, a son.  
 — In Great Cumberland-place, the lady of Edward Blount, Esq. of Bellamore, Stafford, a son.  
 6. At Lawn-cottage, Battersen, the lady of James Estelle Hammet, Esq. a daughter.  
 7. At Cheltenham, the lady of Capt. J. Hancock, CB. Royal Navy, a daughter.  
 8. At Brompton-crescent, the lady of Lieut.-col. Hook, 16th regt. a son.  
 9. The lady of John Poynder, Esq. a son.  
 Lately, at the house of her father, W. Williams, Esq. MP. for Weymouth, the lady of Capt. H. Lornie Baker, RN. a son.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Inveresk-house, near Edinburgh, the seat of Lady Seaforth, the hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth, a son.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Ballybricken, county of Cork, the lady of Major Burke, a daughter.  
 At Kilkenny, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Wade, 12th Royal Highlanders, a son.

## ABROAD.

- The Infanta Donna Carlotta, Consort of his Royal Highness the Infant Don Francisco y Pablo, brother of the King of Spain, a Princess, named Isabella.  
 At Florence, Mrs. Edward Seymour, a daughter.  
 At Bombay, the lady of John Worthy, Esq. 9th regt. Nat. Inf. a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

- May 22. At St. James's church, by the very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, H. Farnell, Esq. to Margaret Ann, eldest daughter of Alex. Tulloch, Esq. of Charles-street, St. James's-square.  
 24. At Crawley, Hants, John Latham, Esq. Fellow of All Souls', Oxford, eldest son of John Latham, MD. Harley-street, and of Bradwall-hall, Chester, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Dampier.  
 26. George Cooper, Esq. of New Brentford, to Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Nicholas, of Ealing.  
 28. At Mary-le-bone church, Capt. George Wellings, of the 85th regt. or King's Light Infantry, to Anne, the only daughter of John Penwarne, Esq. of Stafford-street.  
 — At St. George's, Hanover-square, Thomas Baldock, Esq. to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Lieut. Col. Ross, of the Royal Marines.  
 29. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Lord Bishop of Landaff, John Tritton, Esq. eldest son of John Henton Tritton, Esq. of Bedington, to Elizabeth Mary, only daughter of the late Edmund Hammond Biscoe, Esq. of Lympsfeld, Surrey.  
 — At Compton Bishop, Charles Smith, youngest son of Henry Coxwell, Esq. of Millfield-house, Middlesex, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Pope, Esq.  
 Lately, the Rev. H. Brackenbury, Rector of Scrimby, Lincolnshire, to Anne, only daughter of John Atkinson, Esq. of Ansthorpe-hall, Yorkshire.  
 31. At Chichester, the Rev. Rowland Grove Cartois, Chaplain of the Forces, to Louisa Georgina, eldest daughter of Major General Widrington.  
 — At Paddington Church, by the Bishop of London, the Rev. Dr. Goodenough, Head-master of Westminster School, and youngest son of the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, to Frances, youngest daughter of Samuel Pepys Cockerell, Esq. of Westbourne-house.  
 — At St. Pancras, Sir Stephen Shairp, of Russell-place, to Harriot, widow of the late Edward Astle, Esq. of Prince's-court, Westminster.  
 Lately, at St. Alban's, the Rev. Sir John Filmer, Bart. of Langleybury, Herts, to Esther, daughter of the late Mr. John Stow, of Tenements of St. Stephen.  
 June 2. At the Earl of Coventry's, in Piccadilly,

- by special licence, Sir Roger Gresley, Bart. to the Right hon. Lady Sophia Catherine Coventry.  
 4. At Yardley, Herts, the Rev. James Camper Wright, MA. Rector of Walkern, in that county, to Maria, only daughter of Wm. Ogle Wallis Ogle, Esq. of Cansey-park, Northumberland.  
 6. At St. Stephens, near Saltash, James Murray, Esq. Capt. of HMS. Valorous, to Miss Tucker, eldest daughter of Benjamin Tucker, Esq. of Trematon-castle.  
 9. James Henry D'Arcy Hutton, Esq. of Aldburgh-hall, in the County of York, to Miss Harriot Aggas, of Earsham, Norfolk.  
 — The Rev. Wm. Seys, Vicar of Telbeck and of Penelt, to Anne, widow of the late John Pooley Kensington, Esq. of Putney.  
 11. At Stoke-upon-Trent, Edmund John Birch, Esq. of Fradswell-hall, Staffordshire, to Mary, youngest daughter of Josiah Spode, Esq. of the Mount, in the same county.  
 12. At Benenden, Cooke Tylden Pattenson, Esq. of Iborden, in the county of Kent, to Miss Hodges, daughter of Thos. Law Hodges, Esq. of Hempstead-place, in the same county.  
 — At Dorking, James Randall, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister at Law, to Hebe, only daughter of Richard Lowndes, Esq.  
 13. At Herstmonceux, Edwin Dashwood, Esq. of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), third son of Sir John Dashwood, Bart. of West Wycombe Park, Bucks, to Amelia, second daughter of the Rev. Robert Hare, of Herstmonceux, Sussex.  
 15. At Spencer-house, by his Grace the Archbishop of York, Charles Neville, Esq. of Neville Holt, Leicestershire, to Lady Georgiana Bligham, fourth daughter of the Earl of Lucan.  
 18. At Greenwich, W. Parkhouse, Esq. of that place, to Frances, widow of the late George Morphet, Esq. of Blackheath.  
 21. The Rev. Charles Shipley, only surviving son of the very Reverend the Dean of St. Asaph, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Robert Arley Sloper, Esq. of Woodhay, Berks.

## IN IRELAND.

- By special licence, at Gloster, in the King's county, the seat of John Lloyd, Esq. Henry King, Esq. to Miss Lloyd, youngest daughter of John Lloyd, Esq.  
 At Glenmire, near Cork, John James Hamilton, Esq. eldest son of — Hamilton, Esq. of Ballymacholl, county of Meath, to the Hon. Anne Geraldine De Courcy, third daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Kinsale.

## ABROAD.

- At Brussels, at the house of his Excellency the British Ambassador, by the Rev. Whitworth Russell, Chaplain, to the Embassy, John Baker Moody, Esq. to Ann, eldest daughter of Walter Mansell, Esq. of Woodferry-house, Oxfordshire.  
 At York, Upper Canada, by special licence, by the Rev. and Hon. Dr. Strachan, Capt. Wm. Bouchier, RN. to Emma, second daughter of John Mills Jackson, Esq. of Downton, Wilts.  
 At the Chapel of the British Embassy, at Paris, Samuel Flood Page, Esq. of Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, to Augusta, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Shaw, Esq. formerly Lieut.-Governor of the Isle of Man.

## DEATHS.

- May 23. At Winster, Mr. Wm. Cuddie, Surgeon. This unfortunate gentleman's death was occasioned by a wound received the preceding day in a duel, which, it appears, he was induced to fight with Mr. W. Brittlebank, of the same place. The Coroner's Jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against all the parties concerned, three of whom are now confined in Derby gaol; but Mr. Brittlebank, the principal, has absconded.  
 26. Aged 71, the lady of Capt. Dennis Butler, of Albany-crescent.  
 — Suddenly, of apoplexy, John Campbell, Esq. of Conduit-vale, Blackheath.  
 27. Wm. Mumford, Esq. of Sutton-place, near Dartford, Kent.  
 — Daniel Key, Esq. Deputy of the Ward of Aldersgate.



28. The Rev. Joshua Ruddock, M.A. Vicar of Hitchin, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.
29. At Portsmouth, Lord Francis Thynne, late midshipman of his Majesty's ship *Rochefort*, and son of the Marquis of Bath.
30. Mr. Stothard, son of T. Stothard, Esq. RA. and brother of Mr. H. Stothard. This gentleman, well known as an artist of considerable talent, was killed by a fall from a ladder, upon which he was standing while copying a window in the church of Beerferris, in Devon; although not more than ten feet from the ground, yet being precipitated on his head, he fractured his skull and expired on the spot.
- The Hon. Morton Eden, brother to Lord Auckland, in his 27th year.
- At his house, Portland-place, in his 86th year, the Earl of Sheffield. His Lordship was the friend of Gibbon, and the Editor of his *Miscellaneous Works*, and was the author of many valuable publications on commerce, agriculture, &c. His son, George Augustus Charles Holroyd, Viscount Pevensy, succeeds to his titles and estates.
31. In Great Pultney-street, Bath, the Right Hon. John Campbell, Lord Cawdor, Baron Cawdor, of Castlemartin, Pembrokeshire. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by the Hon. Frederick Campbell, MP. for Caermarthen, who married the eldest daughter of the late Marquis of Bath.
- At his house, in Spring-gardens, the Earl of Stair. His Lordship was the sixth Earl, and succeeded his father, John, Earl of Stair, in 1789. His titles were, Earl and Viscount of Stair, Viscount Dalrymple, Baron of Newliston, Glenbece and Stranraer, and a Baronet; all Scotch titles. Leaving no issue, he is succeeded by his nephew, John W. H. Dalrymple, now Earl of Stair.
- Lately, at Bath, the Rev. C. H. Simpson, DD. Minister of Laytonstone chapel, Essex, and late one of the East India Company's Chaplains at the Presidency of Madras.
- In his 78th year, the Rev. Sir Henry Poole, Bart. of the Hooke, near Lewes.
- June 1. Mary, daughter of the late — Mills, Esq. of Ripley, Yorkshire, and the bride of Mr. J. Houseman, of Clint, to whom she had been married the preceding Tuesday, when she was given away by Sir Wm. Ingilby, the present High Sheriff. Immediately after the ceremony the Bride and Bridegroom set off with a party of friends to York. On their arrival the unfortunate lady was attacked by apoplexy, which terminated her life so soon afterwards.
3. At Chester, aged 43, Wm. Carter, Esq. many years a Captain in the Royal Cheshire regt. and late of the 22d regt. of foot.
4. After a few days illness, in Edward-street, Portman-square, Sir Geo. Douglas, Bart. of Springwood-park, Roxburghshire, which county he had formerly represented in several successive Parliaments.
- At Calthorpe-house, Oxfordshire, in his 72d year, Thomas Cobb, Esq. Deputy-Lieutenant, and Commissioner of the Peace, for that county.
5. In Euston-square, after being delivered of a still-born child, the wife of George Ranking, Esq. Jun.
- At Beverley-lodge, near Colchester, Lachlan Robt. Mackintosh, Esq. of Dalmunzie, Perthshire, in his 60th year.
- At his residence, at Potter's Bar, in his 72d year, Daniel Carpenter, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and Deputy-Lieutenant of the counties of Middlesex and Herts.
6. The Rev. R. D. Squire, one of the Prebendaries of Hereford Cathedral, and many years Headmaster of the College School.
- Lately, in St. Michael's-place, Brompton, Mrs. Storace, sister to the late Dr. John Trusler, and mother of the late Stephen Storace, well known by his musical talents, also of the celebrated Signora Storace.
7. At the residence of the Earl of Mexborough, in Piccadilly, after a few hours illness, the Countess of Mexborough.
- Francis Markett, Esq. of Meopham Court-lodge, in the county of Kent.

9. In Old Elvet, Durham, aged 84, the Right Rev. W. Gibson, DD. Roman Catholic Bishop of Acanthos, and Vicar Apostolic for the Northern District of England.
- Capt. Wm. Haddon, of the 6th, or Inniskillen, regt. of Dragoons, eldest son of the late Major-General Haddon, of the Royal Artillery.
- At Munster-house, Fulham, Stephen Sullivan, Esq. in his 79th year.
- At Clifton, Penelope, relict of the late General Edward Smith, and daughter of the late Sir Wm. Bowyer, Bart. of Denham-court, Bucks.
10. At Romsey, of an inflammation of the chest, after four days illness, Rebecca, wife of John Reynolds Beddome, and youngest daughter of the Rev. Robert Winter, DD.
- At Southgate, Middlesex, in his 40th year, Charles Pasley, Esq. late Major in the Hon. East India Company's service, and Charge d'Affaires at the Court of Persia.
- In Baker-street, Mrs. Bengough, relict of the late Alderman Bengough, of Bristol, in her 82d year.
12. At Dover, John Minet Fector, Esq. aged 67.
- Lately, at Mount-row, Lambeth, Mrs. Ashe, relict of the late Rev. Samuel Ashe, rector of Langley Burrell, Wilts.
14. At his house, in Somerset-street, Portman-square, the lady of Neville Reid, Esq.
- At Tichborne-house, Hants, in his 65th year, Sir Henry Tichborne, Bart.
15. In Gower-street, Martha, the wife of Jacobs Hans Busk, Esq. of Ponsborne-park, Herts.
16. At the Parsonage, Langdon-hills, Essex, in his 79th year, the Rev. John Moore, LL.B. rector of the above Parish, and of St. Michael Bassishaw, London, one of the priests of his Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. James's, and for 54 years Minor Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral.
17. At her residence, in Upper Harley-street, Mrs. King, of Kelsey-park, Beckenham, Kent, relict of the late Edward King, Esq. FRS. and FAS.
18. At Gosport, Major Bennet, of the Royal Engineers.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Edinburgh, aged 45, John Ballantyne, Esq. Bookseller to his Majesty for Scotland.
- At Inglis-Maldie, Kincardineshire, the Hon. Alexander Keith, in his 22d year.
- At Dumfermline, Dr. Stenhouse, of Comeby-park.
- At Newington, Edinburgh, the lady of the Rev. Dr. McCrie.

## IN IRELAND.

- At Castleclackan, in the county of Mayo, in his 74th year, the Right Hon. James Lord Baron Tyrawly.
- At Newbrook, in the county of Mayo, aged 56, the Right Hon. Lord Baron Clanmorris. The title and part of his estates descend to his Lordship's eldest son, the Hon. Barry Bingham (now Earl Clanmorris).
- At her father's house, Granby-row, Dublin, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Duncan; and at her residence, in Beresford-street, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Wm. Duncan, Esq. and cousin to the above. These ladies were interred at the same time, in the same grave.
- At Carlow, the Rev. John Faulkner, LL.D. Rector of the Union of Carlow and Killeslin upwards of 40 years, and Chaplain to his Grace the late Duke of Leinster.
- The Rev. W. Mears, Rector of Kildallen, in the county of Cavan.

## ABROAD.

- At Lausanne, Jane Allott, youngest daughter of the Dean of Raphoe.
- On board the Duke of Kent Packet, on his passage from Lisbon to Falmouth, the Right Hon. Lord Clifford.
- At Cosséram, in the Presidency of Bombay, Anne, third daughter of the late W. Hodges, Esq. RA.
- At Canunore, Capt. John Cruikshank, 24th regt. N.I. by the accidental discharge of a pistol.
- At Paris, after an illness of two years, the lady of Lieut.-General Hodgson.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT STRATFORD, MIDDLESEX.

By Mr. R. Howard.

Ma. denotes the Maximum, Mi. the Minimum.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
May			9 a. m.						9 a. m.		
1	Ma. 61 30.05 Mi. 38 29.92		65	NE	Cloudy	17	Ma. 56 30.01 Mi. 42 29.92		65	Var.	Rainy
2	Ma. 67 29.92 Mi. 52 29.82		62	NE	Cloudy	18	Ma. 60 30.27 Mi. 36 29.98		71	NW	Fine
3	Ma. 71 29.82 Mi. 44 29.74		67	SW	Fine	19	Ma. 64 30.27 Mi. 40 30.23		61	NW	Fine
4	Ma. 73 29.74 Mi. 42 29.68		64	SW	Fine	20	Ma. 59 30.23 Mi. 31 30.17		67	NE	Fine
5	Ma. 72 29.68 Mi. 45 29.50		59	SE	Cloudy	21	Ma. 61 30.17 Mi. 32 30.06		—	NE	Fine
6	Ma. 62 29.87 Mi. 42 29.53		58	SW	Showery	22	Ma. 57 30.06 Mi. 37 29.87		—	NE	Cloudy
7	Ma. 65 29.96 Mi. 42 29.87		58	SW	Fine	23	Ma. 51 30.01 Mi. 30 29.86		—	NE	Showers
8	Ma. 63 30.16 Mi. 38 29.96		80	SW	Showery	24	Ma. 55 30.03 Mi. 29 30.00		—	N	Cloudy
9	Ma. 65 30.26 Mi. 42 30.16		64	NW	Fine	25	Ma. 61 30.00 Mi. 34 29.84		—	SW	Cloudy
10	Ma. 64 30.25 Mi. 44 30.07		60	NW	Cloudy	26	Ma. 52 29.95 Mi. 30 29.84		—	NW	Showery
11	Ma. 70 30.07 Mi. 54 29.91		78	NW	Fine	27	Ma. 57 29.98 Mi. 39 29.95		—	NW	Cloudy
12	Ma. 62 29.91 Mi. 41 29.45		63	NW	Fine	28	Ma. 58 30.15 Mi. 38 29.98		—	NW	Showery
13	Ma. 56 29.45 Mi. 38 29.44		61	NW	Showery	29	Ma. 61 30.25 Mi. 34 30.15		—	NW	Fine
14	Ma. 59 29.44 Mi. 42 29.29		64	NW	Fine	30	Ma. 66 30.26 Mi. 39 30.20		—	E	Fine
15	Ma. 54 29.74 Mi. 38 29.29		80	SW	Showery	31	Ma. 64 30.20 Mi. 40 30.09		—	E	Fine
16	Ma. 57 30.01 Mi. 38 29.74		65	W	Showers						

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 20 June	Hamburg. 19 June	Amsterdam 21 June	Vienna. 9 June	Genoa.	Berlin. 16 June	Naples.	Leipsig. 8 June	Bremen. 19 June
London.....	25.70	37.5	42.1	10.8	—	7.2½	—	6.19	621
Paris.....	—	26½	58½	118½	—	82½	—	77½	17½
Hamburg...	180½	—	35½	143½	—	151½	—	144½	131½
Amsterdam.	58½	107½	—	145½	—	141½	—	137	123½
Vienna .....	251	146½	37	—	—	104	—	100½	—
Franckfort..	34	147½	56½	—	—	102½	—	99½	112
Augsburg...	249	146½	36½	99½	—	103½	—	100½	—
Genoa .....	480	84½	91½	61	—	—	—	—	—
Leipsig .....	—	—	—	—	—	104	—	—	112
Leghorn ....	575	89½	99½	56½	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon .....	556	38	41½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cadiz.....	15.65	93½	103½	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples .....	443	—	64	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao .....	15.55	—	103	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid.....	15.17	94½	105	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto .....	556	38	41½	—	—	—	—	—	—

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 18 June	Nuremberg 14 June	Christiana. 7 June	Petersburg. 1 June	Riga. 4 June	Stock- holm. 1 June	Madrid. 11 June	Lisbon. 28 May
London .....	154½	fl. 10.12	7sp. 48	9½	9½	11.44	37½	51
Paris .....	80	fr. 119	34½	101½	—	—	16.2	548
Hamburg....	146	144½	163	84½	9½	122	—	38½
Amsterdam .	137½	137	150½	9½	9½	116	—	41½
Genoa.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	880



# MARKETS.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From May 25 to June 22.

Amsterdam, C. F.....	12-14..	12-18
Ditto at sight .....	12-11..	12-15
Rotterdam, 2 U .....	12-15..	12-19
Antwerp .....	12-10..	12-12
Hamburgh, 2½ U .....	38-7..	38-10
Altona, 2½ U .....	38-8..	38-11
Paris, 3 days' sight.....	25-80..	25-85
Ditto, 2 U .....	26-15..	26-20
Bordeaux .....	26-15..	26-20
Frankfort on the Main }	157½..	159
Ex. M.....		
Petersburg, rble, 3 U.....	9	
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M .....	10-20..	10-28
Trieste ditto .....	10-20..	10-28
Madrid, effective ...	36	
Cadiz, effective .....	35½	
Bilboa .....	35½	
Barcelona .....	35	
Seville .....	35½	
Gibraltar .....	30½	
Leghorn .....	46½..	47
Genoa .....	43½..	44
Venice, Ital. Liv.....	27-60	
Malta .....	45	
Naples .....	39½..	40
Palermo, per oz. ....	116	
Lisbon.....	49½	
Oporto .....	49½-50	
Rio Janeiro.....	48½..	49
Bahia .....	58-59	
Dublin .....	9-9½	
Cork .....	8½-8¾	

## PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons ....	3	15	0	3	14	0
New dollars .....	0	4	10	0	4	9
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	10	0	4	10

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 35s. 8¼d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Cwt. in Spitalfields.

Ware	£0	8	0	to	0	10	0
Middlings	0	4	0	to	0	5	0
Chats	0	1	6	to	0	2	0
Common Red	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from May 28 to June 18.

	May 28.	June 4.	June 11.	June 18.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle....	31 3 to 43 3	37 9 to 43 6	30 3 to 42 6	32 0 to 42 0
Sunderland...	0 0 to 43 6	0 0 to 40 3	34 0 to 43 0	34 3 to 42 9

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	May 19	May 26	June 2	June 9	June 16
Wheat	51 5	51 9	52 7	53 1	52 2
Rye -	31 2	32 0	32 3	31 7	31 3
Barley	23 6	23 3	23 9	23 11	23 3
Oats	17 4	17 3	17 6	17 7	17 7
Beans	29 7	29 5	28 9	30 4	30 2
Peas	30 10	30 4	31 11	30 7	30 8

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from May 22, to June 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	35,110	2,465	1,310	38,885
Barley	14,700	350	—	15,050
Oats	58,992	9,010	450	68,562
Rye	52	—	—	52
Beans	8,088	—	—	8,088
Pease	1,351	—	—	1,351
Malt	21,876	Qrs.;	Flour 42,026	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 800 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags ...	40s. to	75s.
Sussex, ditto .....	40s. to	60s.
Essex, ditto .....	00s. to	00s.
Yearling Bags .....	00s. to	00s.
Kent, New Pockets	40s. to	84s.
Sussex, ditto .....	40s. to	65s.
Essex, ditto .....	00s. to	00s.
Farnham, ditto ....	00s. to	00s.
Yearling Pockets ....	35s. to	50s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
	Smithfield.		
3 0 to 4	4..4	0 to 5	0..1
	Whitechapel.		
3 10 to 4	4..3	10 to 5	0..1
	St. James's.		
3 10 to 4	12..4	0 to 5	0..1

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef ...	3s.	0d. to	4s.	0d.
Mutton ..	2s.	8d. to	3s.	8d.
Veal ...	3s.	4d. to	5s.	4d.
Pork ...	3s.	0d. to	5s.	0d.
Lamb ...	3s.	4d. to	5s.	4d.
Leadenhall.—Beef ...	3s.	0d. to	4s.	0d.
Mutton ..	2s.	8d. to	3s.	8d.
Veal ...	4s.	0d. to	5s.	4d.
Pork ...	3s.	8d. to	5s.	4d.
Lamb ...	4s.	4d. to	5s.	4d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from May 25, to June 22, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
12,031	2,538	146,293	1,490

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(June 21st, 1821.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
£.	£.	s.		£.	£.	£.	s.		£.
Canals.					Bridges.				
350	100	—	Andover.....	5	7356	100	—	Southwark.....	17
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch.....	16	1500	50	—	Do. new.....	53
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham.....	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall.....	18
1260	100	—	Basingstoke.....	6	54,000l.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes.....	93
54,000l.	—	2	Do. Bonds.....	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo.....	5 5
2000	25	24	Birmingham (divided).....	560	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 8l.....	27 5
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury.....	95	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7l.....	22 10
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny.....	80	60,000l.	—	5	— Bonds.....	100
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater.....	90				Roads.	
1500	100	8	Chesterfield.....	120				Barking.....	34
500	100	44	Coventry.....	970	300	100	—	Commercial.....	105
4546	100	—	Croydon.....	3	1000	100	5	— East-India	
600	100	6	Derby.....	135	—	100	5	Branch.....	100
2060 1/2	100	3	Dudley.....	63				Great Dover Street.....	33
3575 1/2	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester.....	65	492	100	1 17 6	Highgate Archway.....	4
231	100	58	Erewash.....	1000	2393	50	—	Croydon Railway.....	12
1297	100	20	Forth and Clyde.....	500	1000	65	1	Surrey Do.....	10
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	20	1000	60	—	Severn and Wye.....	31 10
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan.....	57	3762	50	1 12	Water Works.	
11,815 1/2	100	9	Grand Junction.....	222				East London.....	87
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey.....	59 10	3800	100	—	Grand Junction.....	56
48,800l.	—	5	Do. Loan.....	98	4500	50	2 10	Kent.....	33 10
2849 1/2	100	—	Grand Union.....	23	2000	100	—	London Bridge.....	50
19,327 1/2	—	5	Do. Loan.....	94	1500	—	2 10	South London.....	22
3096	100	—	Grand Western.....	4	800	100	—	West Middlesex.....	54 10
749	150	7	Grantham.....	130	7540	—	2	York Buildings.....	23 10
6312	100	—	Huddersfield.....	13	1360	100	—	Insurances.	
25,328	100	18	Kennet and Avon.....	19 10				Albion.....	41
11,699 1/2	100	1	Lancaster.....	27	2000	500	2 10	Atlas.....	5
2879 1/2	100	12	Leeds and Liverpool.....	315	25,000	50	6	Bath.....	575
545	—	14	Leicester.....	290	—	—	40	Birmingham.....	320
1895	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union.....	83	300	1000	25	British.....	50
70	—	170	Loughborough.....	2600	—	250	3	County.....	39
250	100	12	Melton Mowbray.....	—	4000	100	2 10	Eagle.....	2 12 6
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell.....	—	20,000	50	5	European.....	20
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire.....	153	50,000	20	1	Globe.....	123
43,526l.	100	5	Do. Debentures.....	92	1,000,000l.	100	6	Hope.....	3 5
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire.....	70	40,000	50	5	Imperial.....	92
247	—	25 5 1/2	Neath.....	410	2400	500	4 10	London Fire.....	24
1770	25	—	North Wilts.....	—	3900	25	1 4	London Ship.....	20
500	100	12	Nottingham.....	200	31,000	25	1	Provident.....	17
1720	100	32	Oxford.....	630	2500	100	18	Rock.....	1 19
2400	100	3 10	Peak Forest.....	68	100,000	20	2	Royal Exchange.....	230
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel.....	35	745,100l.	—	10	Sun Fire.....	—
12,294	—	—	Regent's.....	26	—	8 10	10	Sun Life.....	23 10
5631	100	2	Rochdale.....	42	4000	100	10	Union.....	35
500	125	9	Shrewsbury.....	165	1500	200	1 4	Gas Lights.	
500	100	7 10	Shropshire.....	140				Gas Light and Coke (Chartered Company).....	61
771	50	—	Somerset Coal.....	—				Do. New Shares.....	39
700	100	40	Stafford. & Worcestershire.....	700	8000	50	4	City Gas Light Company.....	107
300	145	9	Stourbridge.....	210				Do. New.....	55
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon.....	12	4000	50	2 8	Bath Gas.....	18 10
—	—	22	Stroudwater.....	495	1000	100	8	Brighton Gas.....	15
533	100	12	Swansea.....	195	1000	100	4	Bristol.....	26
350	100	—	Tavistock.....	90	2500	20	18 4	Literary Institutions.	
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway.....	23	1500	20	—	London.....	34
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk.....	1810	1000	20	2	Russel.....	11 11
1000	100	12	Warwick and Birmingham.....	224	700	75gs	—	Surrey.....	7
1000 1/2	50	—	Warwick and Napton.....	210	700	25gs	—	Miscellaneous.	
980	100	11	Wilts and Berks.....	5	700	30gs	—	Auction Mart.....	21
14,288	—	—	Wisbeach.....	60				British Copper Company.....	50
126	105	5	Worcester and Birmingham.....	25	1080	50	1 5	Golden Lane Brewery.....	14
6000	—	1	<b>Docks.</b>		1897	100	2 10	Do.....	10 10
2200	146	—	Bristol.....	—	2299	50	—	London Commercial Sale Rooms.....	19
268,324l.	100	5	Do. Notes.....	—	3447	50	—	Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class.....	—
3132	100	3	Commercial.....	68	2000	150	1	Do..... 2d. Class.....	—
450,000l.	100	10	East-India.....	170				City Bonds.....	106
1038	100	—	East Country.....	20					
3,114,000l.	100	4	London.....	102					
1,200,000l.	100	10	West-India.....	178					



# Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th May to 25th June.

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Old Ann.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
May															
26	229	74 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	75 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	84 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	93	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	235	49	—	—	4	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
28	—	75 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	85 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	93	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	50	—	—	4	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
29	230 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	75 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	75 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	85 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	93	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	—	—	—	2	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
30	232 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	75 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	6 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	85 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	74 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	237 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	52	—	—	3	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
31	234	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	86 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	238 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	52	—	—	3	78 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
June															
1	233 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	7 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	86 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	95	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	75 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	238 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	52	—	—	4	78 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
2	—	74 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	75 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	85 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	238	46	—	—	2p	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
4	230	75 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	75 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	85 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	40	—	—	3	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
5	230	75 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	6 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	85 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	236 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	46	—	—	1	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
6	231	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	—	86 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	75	—	47	—	—	2	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
7	230 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	—	86 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94	—	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	50	—	—	1	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
8	230	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	—	86 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94	—	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	75	—	52	—	—	3	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
9	—	76	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	94	—	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	51	—	—	2p	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
11	Hol.														
12	Hol.														
13	—	75 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	6 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	86 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	75 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	49	—	—	3	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
14	230 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	75 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	—	85 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	50	—	—	3	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
15	—	75 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	6	—	85	94	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	73 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	50	—	75 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	3	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
16	229	75 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	6	—	—	93 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	—	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	49	—	—	1	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
18	—	76	5 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	94	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	48	—	—	3	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
19	229 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	75 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	6 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	85 <sup>7</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	94	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	48	—	—	2	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
20	—	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	—	86 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	75	—	45	—	—	1	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
21	230	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	—	86 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	110 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	46	—	—	2	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
22	229	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	—	86 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	94	111	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	75 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	45	—	—	3	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
23	—	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	—	—	94 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	45	—	—	1	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
25	—	76 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	—	85 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	94 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	19 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>16</sub>	—	—	46	—	—	2	77 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>

## IRISH FUNDS.

## Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From May 26, to June 18.

	Bank Stock.	De- benture, 3 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> per ct.	Government Stock, 3 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> per ct.	De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	Grand Canal Stock.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Pipe Water De- benture.	Wide Street Certificates.	1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
May												May	fr.	c.
31	268 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	107 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	107 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	—	44 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	26	84	40
June												29	85	—
1	—	—	84 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	—	107 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	107 <sup>3</sup> / <sub>8</sub>	—	—	—	—	June	2	86
2	270	85 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	85	—	—	108 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	108 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	44	—	—	—	—	1580
7	269 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	85	84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	108 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	108 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	—	—	—	487	35
8	268 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	85 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	108 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	108 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	—	—	—	686	90
9	—	84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	84	—	—	108 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	108 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	—	—	—	987	30
14	—	84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	83 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>4</sub>	—	—	108	108	—	—	—	—	—	1187	10
15	—	84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	84	—	—	108	108	—	—	—	—	—	1386	50
16	225	85	84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	108 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	108 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	—	—	—	1685	75
18	—	85	84 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	—	—	108	108	—	—	—	—	—	1886	50

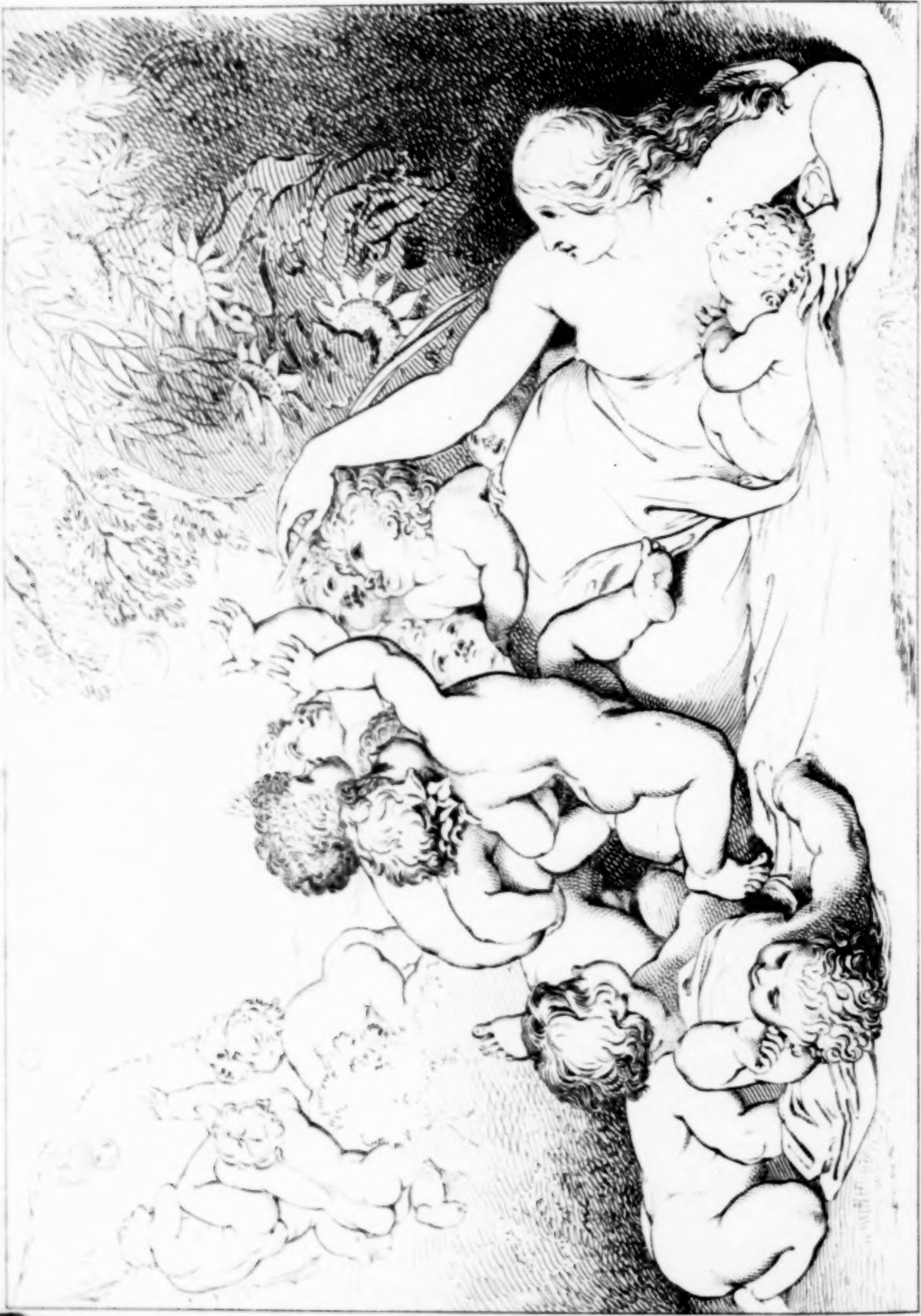
## AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.								NEW YORK.		
	May	June							Apr.	May	
	29	1	5	8	12	15	19	22	28	9	19
Bank Shares.....	24	23-15	23-15	23-15	24	24	24-10	24-10	117 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	117 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	117 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
6 per cent.....	1812	101	100	101	101	100	100	100	108	108	108
	1813	101	101	102	102	101 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	100	100	109	109	109
	1814	103	103	104	104	103	102 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	102	110	110	110
	1815	104	104	105	105	104	104	103	111	111 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	111 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>
3 per cent.....	71 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	71 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	71	71	70 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	70 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	70 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	70 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub>	77	78	—

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.







SKETCH FROM MR. HILTON'S PICTURE OF

MAURE BLUWING BOBBLES FOR HER CHILDREN.

THE

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With an Etching, by Mr. George Cook, from Mr. Hillman's Picture of  
NATURE BLOWING BUBBLES FOR HER CHILDREN.

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